

# REVIVAL SPECIAL

BY

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

# You Cannot Read

*Everything,* but I want you to know that REVIVAL SPECIAL is a book intended for special meetings.

In sending it out as such not only does it fill this place, but brings before you our other publications especially suited to SUNDAY-SCHOOL and general Church work.

Yours in His service,  
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

WITHDRAWN

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# REVIVAL SPECIAL

The first NINE Revival songs are from **THE REVIVAL No. 1.**

A book of 144 pages. For ready use and singable songs IT'S GOOD ENOUGH.

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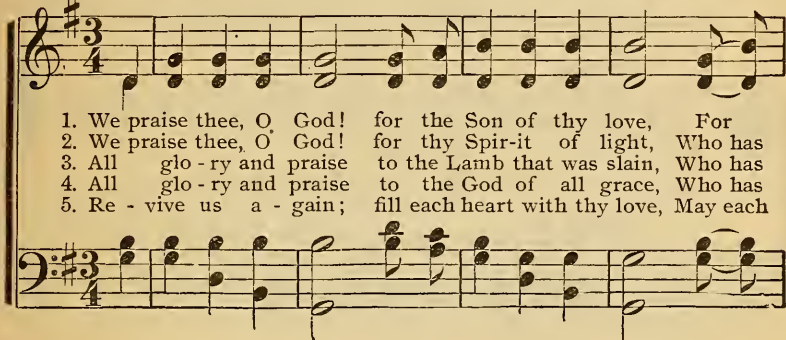
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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## No. 1. Revive Us Again.

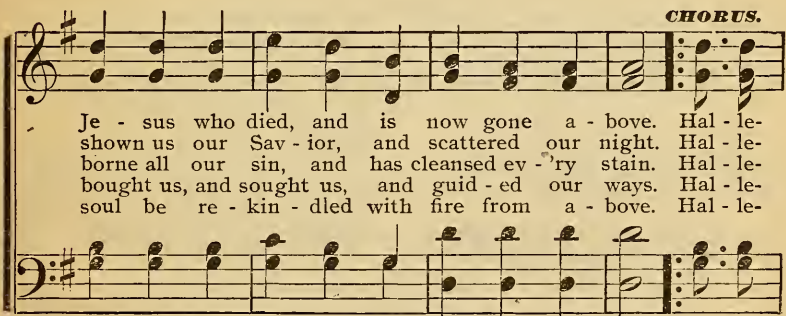
DR. W. P. MACKEY.

English Melody.



1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For  
 2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir-it of light, Who has  
 3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has  
 4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has  
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love, May each

**CHORUS.**



Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le-  
 shown us our Sav - ior, and scattered our night. Hal - le-  
 borne all our sin, and has cleansed ev - ry stain. Hal - le-  
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways. Hal - le-  
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove. Hal - le-



lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hallelujah! Amen. Revive us a - gain.

## No. 2. Lord Revive Us.

*Fine.*

1. { Come thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, }  
 { Streams of mercy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }

*D. C. Lord revive us, oh, revive us, All our help must come from thee.*

**CHORUS.**

*D. C.*

Lord revive us, oh, revive us, All our help must come from thee.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,—  
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I'm come,  
 And I hope by thy good pleasure  
 Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger  
 Wandering from the fold of God;

He to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be;  
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind me closer, Lord, to thee.

6 Prone to love thee, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to love thee and adore,  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Wholly thine forever more.

## No. 3.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love and power,  
 ¶: He is able, he is able,  
 He is willing, doubt no more. :||

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh—  
 ¶: Without money, without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :||

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Lost and ruined by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all:  
 ¶: Not the righteous, not the righteous,  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call. :||

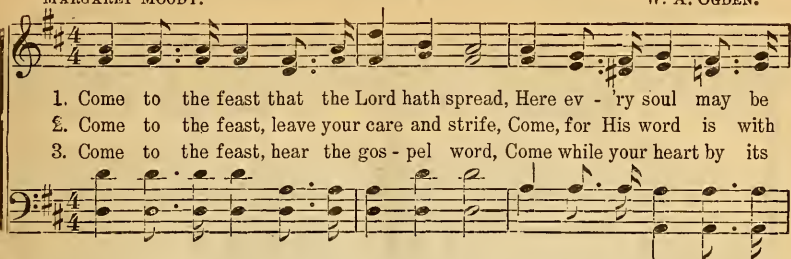
4 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him:  
 ¶: This he gives you, this he gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam. :||

## No. 4.

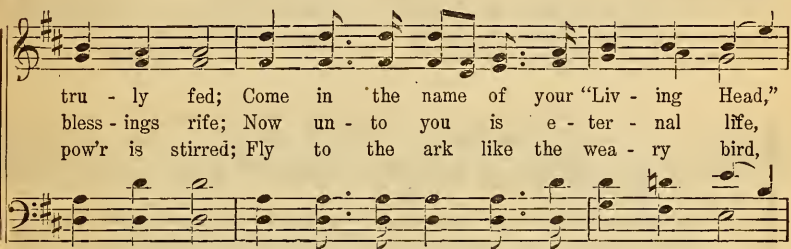
## COME TO THE FEAST.

MARGARET MOODY.

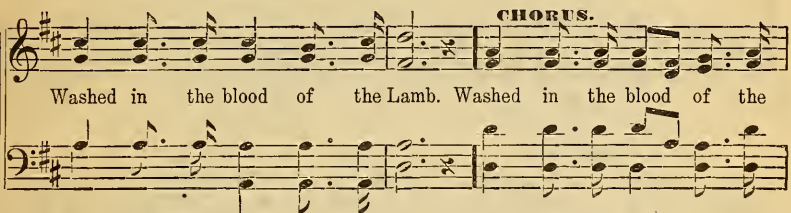
W. A. OGDEN.



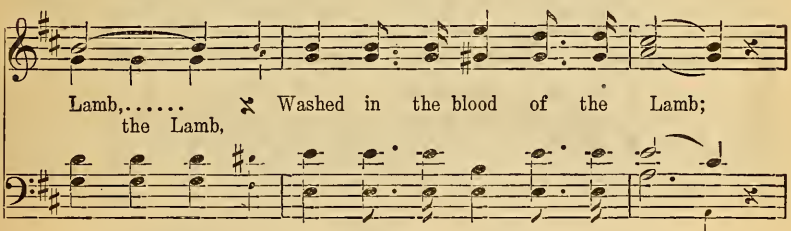
1. Come to the feast that the Lord hath spread, Here ev - ry soul may be  
 2. Come to the feast, leave your care and strife, Come, for His word is with  
 3. Come to the feast, hear the gos - pel word, Come while your heart by its



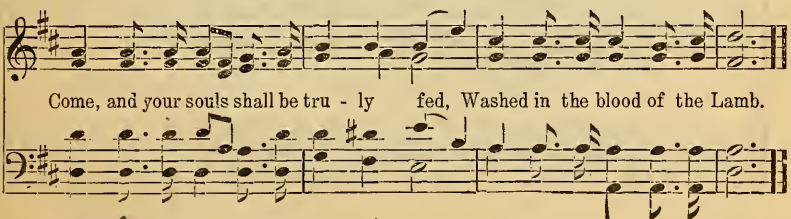
tru - ly fed; Come in the name of your "Liv - ing Head,"  
 bless - ings rife; Now un - to you is e - ter - nal life,  
 pow'r is stirred; Fly to the ark like the wea - ry bird,



**CHORUS.**  
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Washed in the blood of the



Lamb,..... x Washed in the blood of the Lamb;  
 the Lamb,



Come, and your souls shall be tru - ly fed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

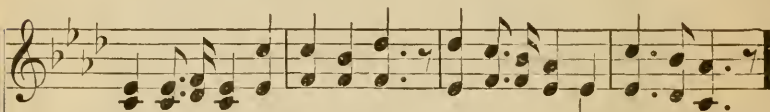
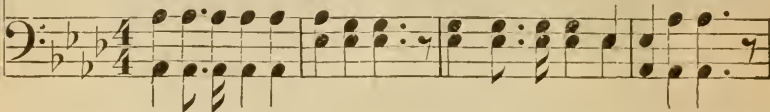
# No. 5. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

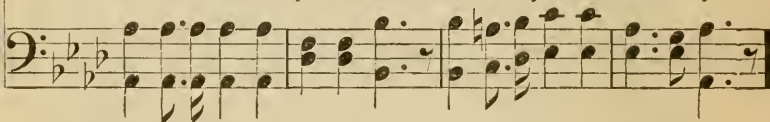
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,



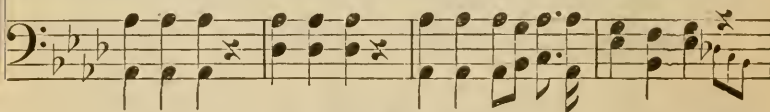
Calling the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold away.  
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?  
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."



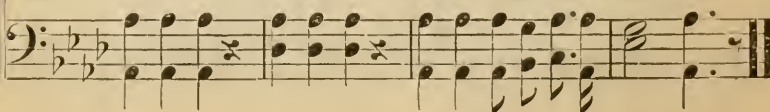
## CHORUS.



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;



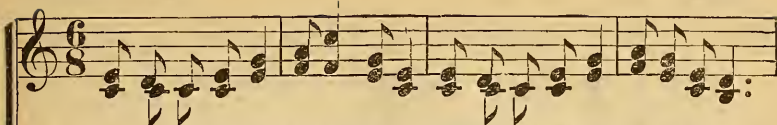
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je - sus.



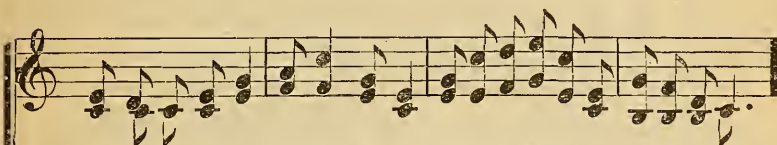
## No. 6. Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

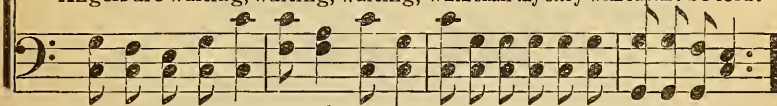
JNO. R. SWENEY.



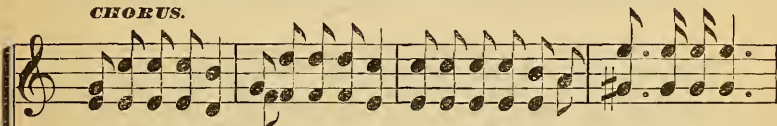
1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Jesus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, Oh, what compassion beams in his eye;
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;



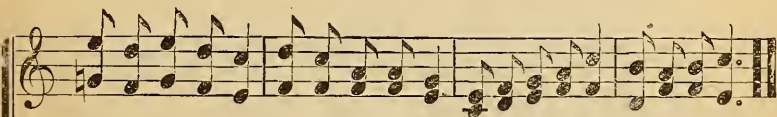
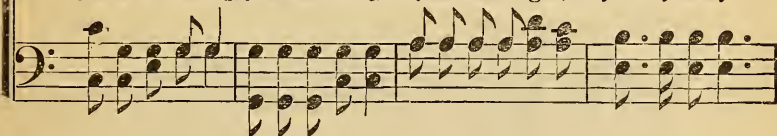
Tenderly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, oh, come unto me.  
Hear him repeating gently, gently, Come to thy Savior, oh, why wilt thou die?  
Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.  
Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?



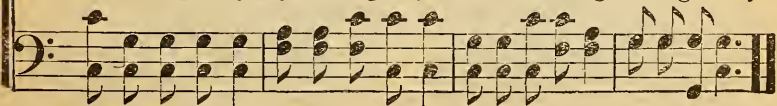
### CHORUS.



Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?



Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.



## No. 7. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arranged for this Work.  
Fine.

1. Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kindling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }  
High - er still, and ris - ing high - er, All my soul o'er - flow - ing; }

D. C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive,—O the won - drous sto - ry. D. C.

2 Now I am from bondage freed,  
Every bond is riven;  
Jesus makes me free indeed,  
Just as free as heaven;  
'Tis a glorious liberty—  
O the wondrous story!  
I was bound, but now I'm free,  
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,  
Roll through every nation;  
Witnessing from soul to soul  
This immense salvation,  
Now I know its full and free—  
O the wondrous story!  
For I feel it saving me,  
Glory! glory! glory!

## No. 8. Let Me Die.

Fine.

1. O God, my heart doth long for Thee, Let me die, let me die. }  
Now set my soul at lib - er - ty, Let me die, let me die. }

D. C. My Sav - iour calls, I'm go - ing forth, Let me die, let me die.

To all the trifling things of earth, They're now to me of lit - tle worth; D. C.

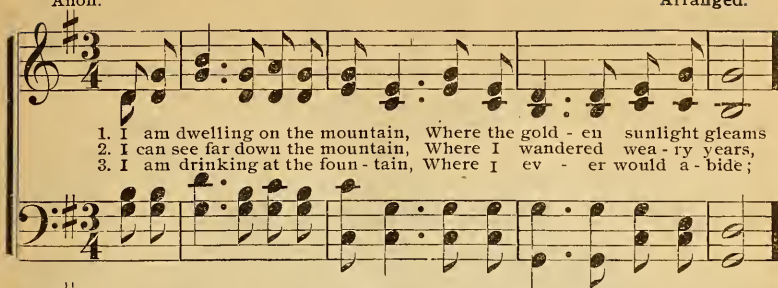
2 The slaying power in me display,  
Let me die, let me die.  
I must be dead from day to day,  
Let me die, let me die.  
Unto the world and its applause,  
To all the customs, fashions, laws,  
Of those who hate the humbling cross,  
Let me die, let me die.

3 My friends may say, "I'll ruined be,"  
Let me die, let me die.  
But all I leave and follow Thee,  
Let me die, let me die.  
Their arguments will never weigh,  
Nor stand the trying judgment day;  
Help me to cast them all away,  
Let me die, let me die.

# No. 9. Is not this the Land Beulah?

Anon.

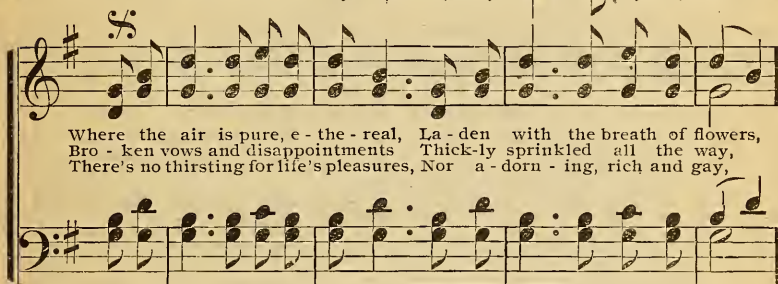
Arranged.



1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams  
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea - ry years,  
 3. I am drinking at the foun - tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;



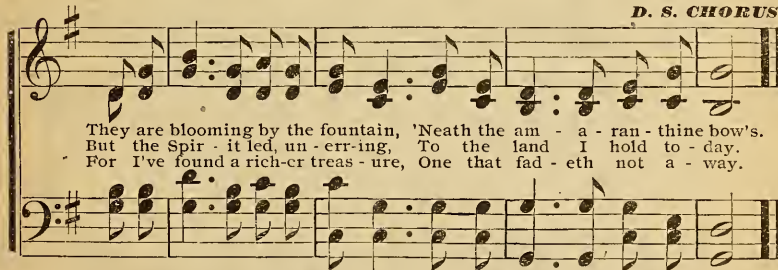
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fond - est dreams;  
 Oft-en hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
 For I've tast-ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;



Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,  
 Bro - ken vows and disappointments Thick-ly sprinkled all the way,  
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu - lah? Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,

**D. S. CHORUS.**



They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow's.  
 But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.  
 For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom forev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
 For I've found this great salvation  
 Makes each burden light appear;  
 And I love to follow Jesus,  
 Gladly counting all but dross,  
 Worldly honors all forsaking  
 For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!  
 Oft I've proved this to be true;  
 When I'm in the way so narrow,  
 I can see a pathway through;  
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:  
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,  
 For I've tried the way before thee,  
 And the glory lingers near.

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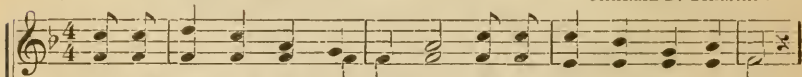
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## No. 10. OLD TIME POWER.

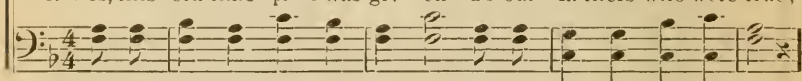
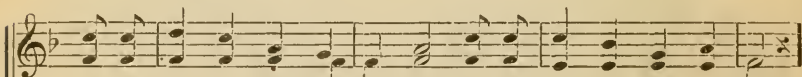
"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—ACTS 2: 4.

C. D. T.

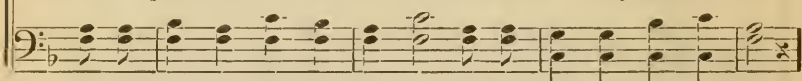
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



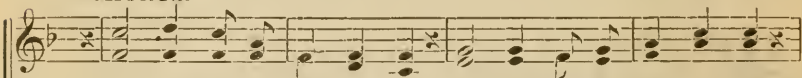
1. They were in an up - per chamber; They were all with one ac-cord,  
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descend-ed With the sound of rushing wind;  
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa-thers who were true;

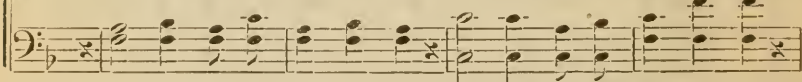

When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was promised by our Lord.  
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.  
This is promised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.




### CHORUS.



O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev - 'ry one.

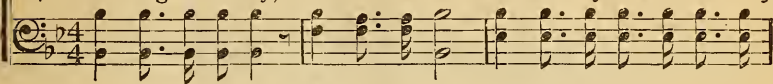


CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. A. OGDEN.



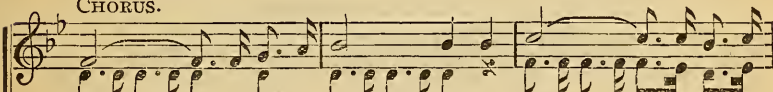
1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev - ry care and worldly



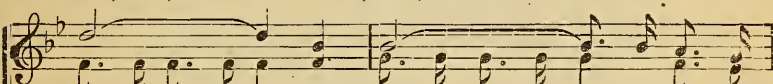
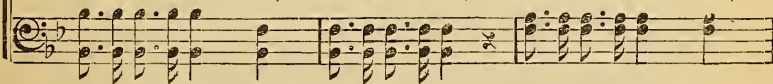
spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.  
 wide; A place of hon - or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.  
 thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev - er be.  
 strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ev - er - last - ing life.



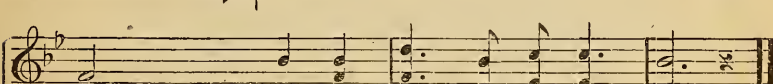
## CHORUS.



Hear . . . . the in - vi - ta - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er  
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev-er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,



will," . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal -  
 "Who - so - ev - er will," Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For

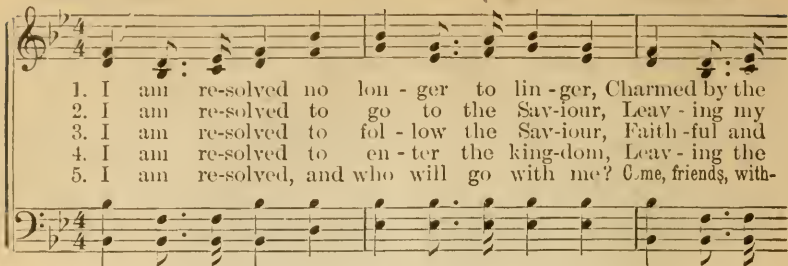


va - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er - will."  
 "who - so - ev - er will."

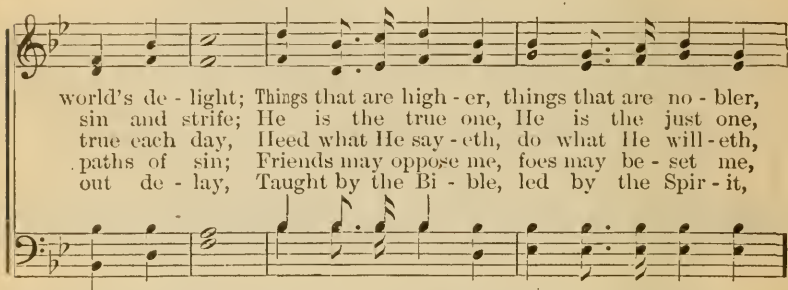


PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

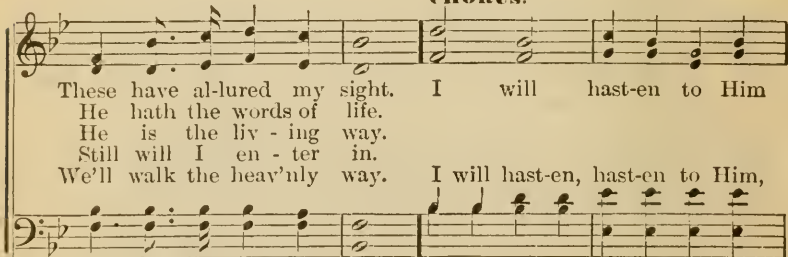


1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the  
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my  
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith - ful and  
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the  
 5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

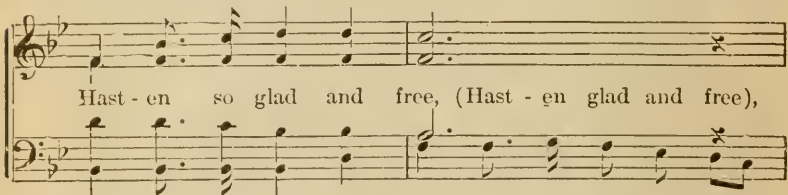


world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,  
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,  
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,  
 paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,  
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

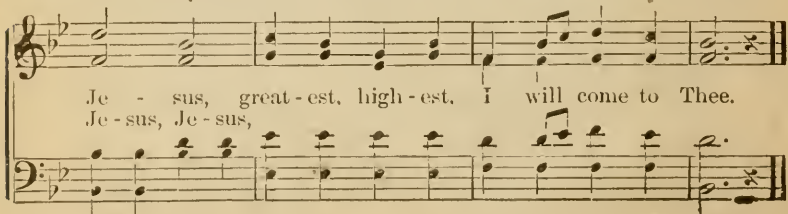
## CHORUS.



These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en to Him  
 He hath the words of life.  
 He is the liv - ing way.  
 Still will I en - ter in.  
 We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,



Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),



Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.  
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

No. 13.

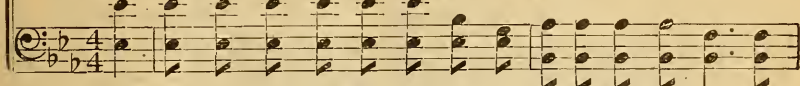
"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON.

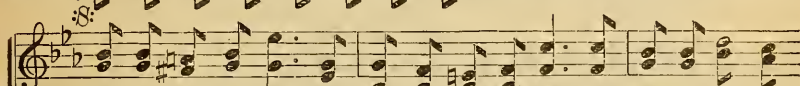
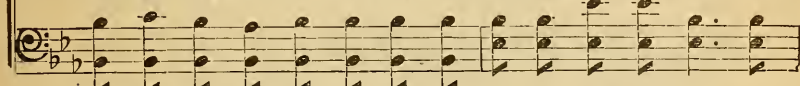
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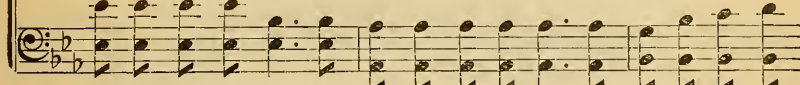
1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver - head, And  
2. When these who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And  
3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And



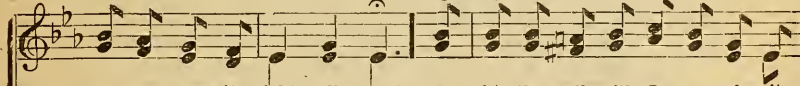
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How  
more who once pro - fessed to love, Have dis - tant grown, and mute, I  
march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With



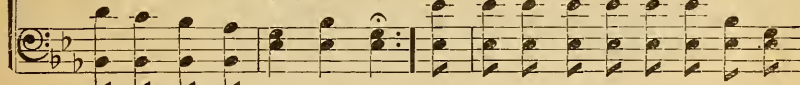
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with  
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief, A lit-tle talk with  
Je-sus as my Friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A lit-tle talk with



D.S. trials of ev - ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with  
CHORUS.



Je sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it

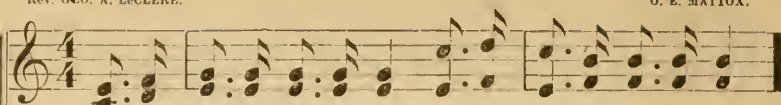


*Je - sus makes it right, all right.*

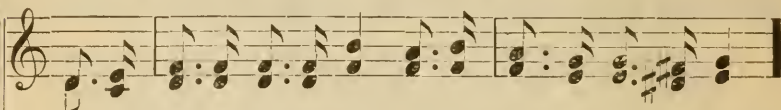


right, all right, A - lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right. In

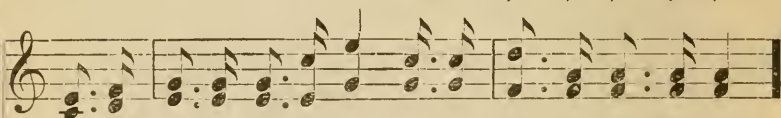
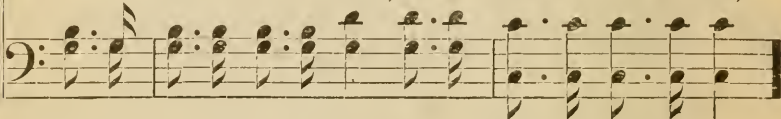




1. Do you hear the voice of God As He call-eth now to thee?
2. Ma - ny times the voice has come, Call-ing thee from paths of sin;
3. Now's the time to let Him in, While He calls to thee to-day;
4. Now I see my life's mistake, And I'm com-ing to the Lord,



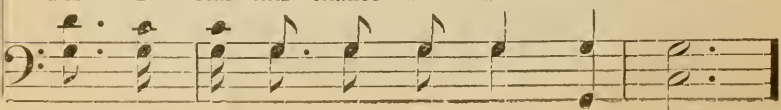
Hear Him speak in tenderest tones, As He calls to mer - cy free;  
Knocking at the heart's-door loud, Pleading that you let Him in;  
O - pen wide the heart's-door now, E're He turns from thee a-way,  
It is "now's the time" to come, So I read His bless-ed word;



Oft He calls thee to His breast, And He of - fers to thy soul,  
Yet you've turned Him from your heart, By your sin you've barred the door,  
All the lost souls now that die, In the land of deep de-spair,  
Now I come my heart to cast At the bless - ed Saviour's feet,

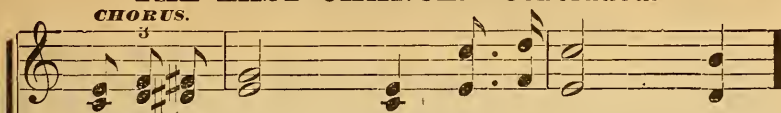


Wea - ry with its bur - den, rest, sweet rest.  
You have caused the spir - it to de - part.  
Let their last chance to be saved pass by.  
For I fear this chance will be the last.



# THE LAST CHANCE. Concluded.

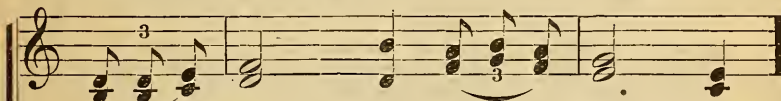
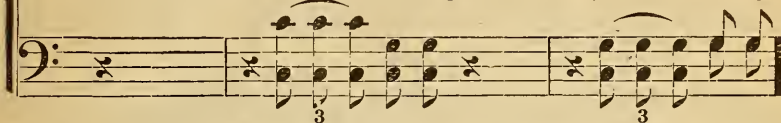
## CHORUS.



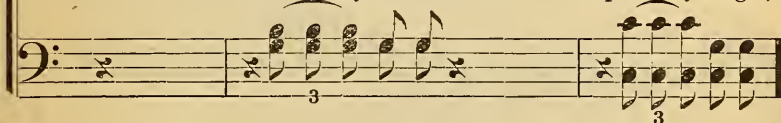
There is a last chance for sal - va - tion,  
There is a last chance for sal - va - tion,

*Cho. for last verse.*

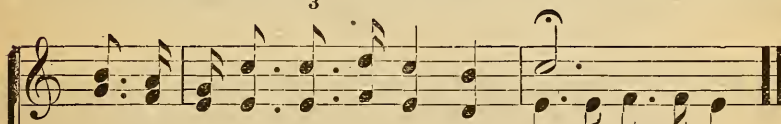
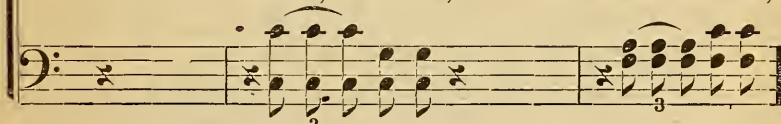
Lord, I am com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing,  
Lord, I am com-ing, yes, I am coming,



Do you not hear Him ten - der - ly call - ing -  
Do you not hear Him tenderly calling,  
Down at Thy feet I pa - tient - ly lin - ger,  
Down at Thy feet I patiently lin-ger,



Ur - gent - ly call - ing, long He has wait - ed,  
Ur - gent - ly call-ing, long He has waited,  
Je - sus, re - ceive me, cleanse and re - lieve me,  
Je - sus, re-ceive me, cleanse and relieve me,



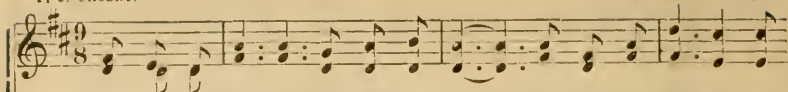
Turn, O sin - ner, ere it is too late, (it is too late.)  
I am com-ing now with-out de - lay, (without de-lay.)



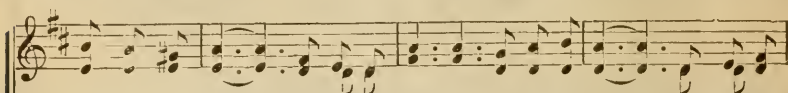
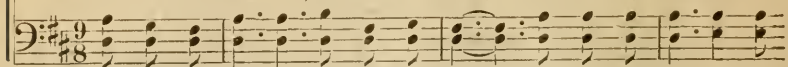
"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

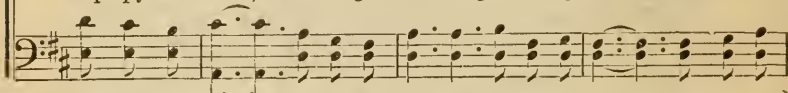
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



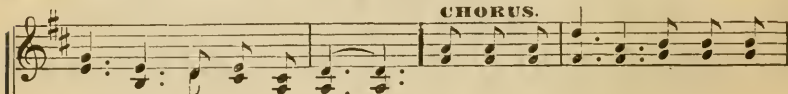
1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



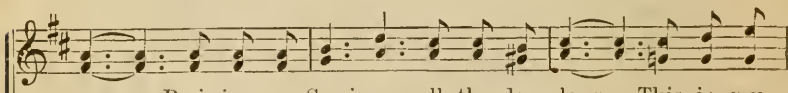
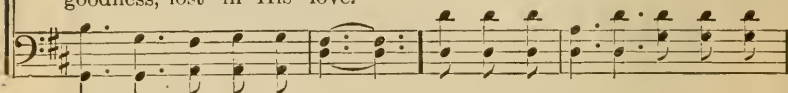
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His  
burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech-oes of  
hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His



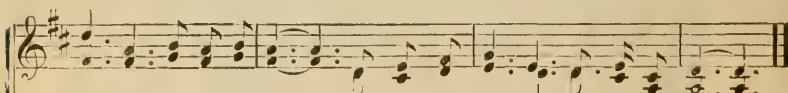
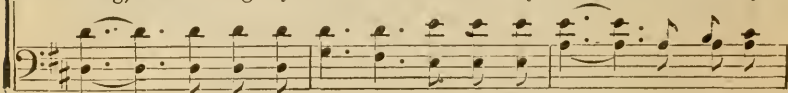
## CHORUS.



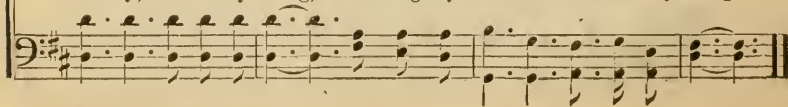
Spir - it, washed in His blood.  
mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my  
goodness, lost in His love.



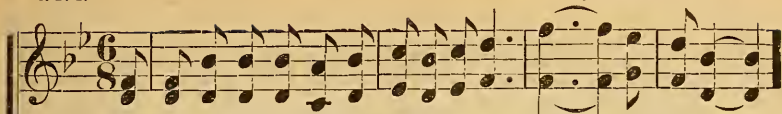
song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



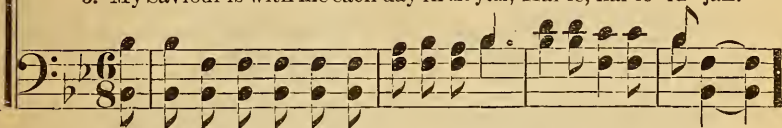
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.



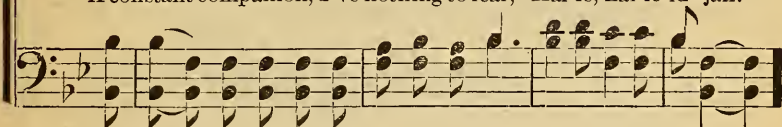
C. D. T.

Melody furnished by the Salvation Army.  
Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. I now have the Spirit that setteth me free, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. No longer I'm doubting His power to save,
3. So glad I can trust Him, I cannot but shout,
3. My Saviour is with me each day in the year, Hal-le, hal-le-lu - jah!



My Sav-iour's presence a-bid-eth with me, Hal - le-lu-jah!  
 The world - ly pleasures no long-er I crave,  
 The in-bred cor-rup-tion is all tak-en out,  
 A constant companion, I've nothing to fear, Hal-le, hal-le-lu - jah!

**CHORUS.**

Oh, hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le-lu - jah! I am glad to tell,



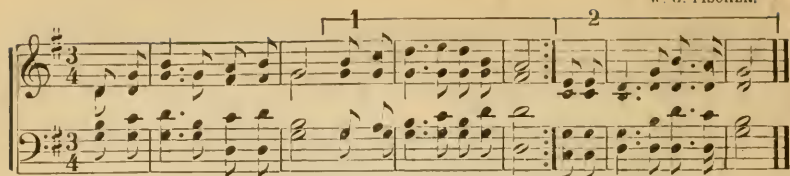
Oh, hal - le-lu - jah! hal - le-lu - jah! With my soul 'tis well.



## No. 17.

## I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.



I am coming to the cross;  
I am poor, and weak and blind;  
I am counting all but dross.  
I shall full salvation find.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends and time, and earthly store;  
Soul and body, Thine to be,—  
Wholly Thine for evermore.

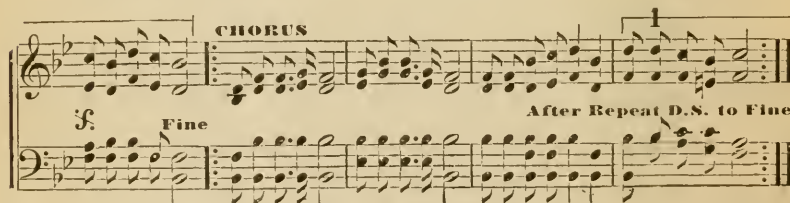
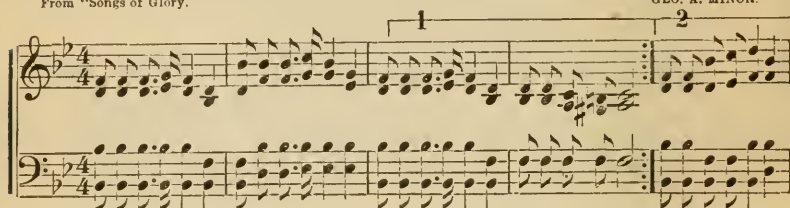
CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,  
Jesus, saves me, saves me now.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
Perfect in love I am;  
I am every whit made whole;  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

## No. 18. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

From "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

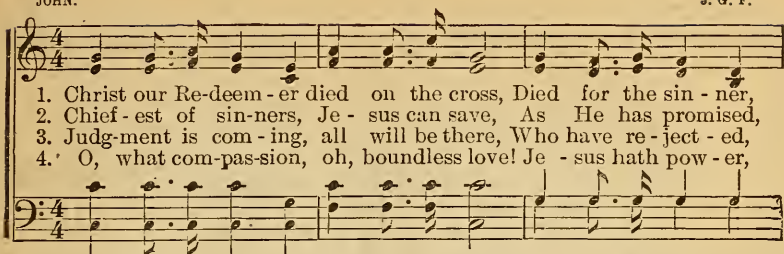
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

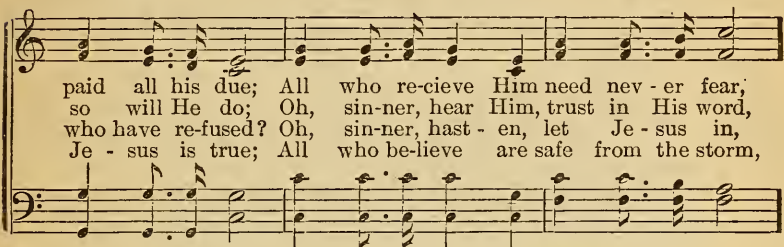
# No. 19. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN.

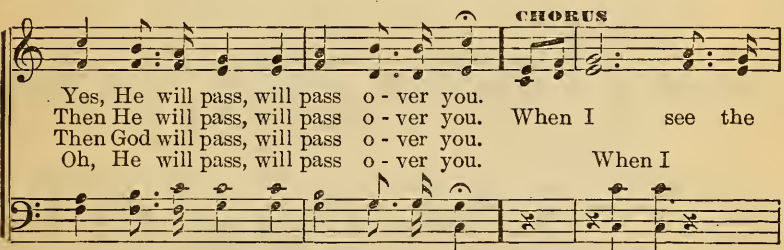
J. G. F.



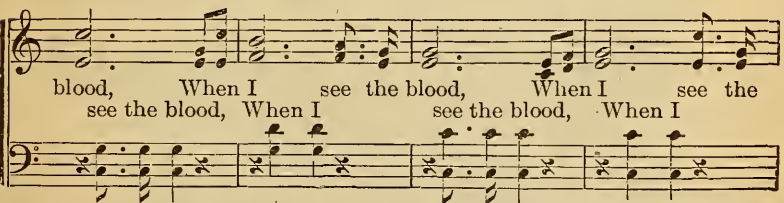
1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,  
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has promised,  
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,  
 4. O, what com-pas-sion, oh, boundless love! Je-sus hath pow-er,



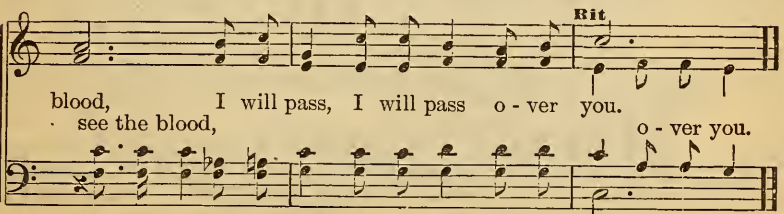
paid all his due; All who re-cieve Him need nev-er fear;  
 so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,  
 who have re-fused? Oh, sin-ner, hast-en, let Je-sus in,  
 Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,



**CHORUS**  
 Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the  
 Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.  
 Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the  
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

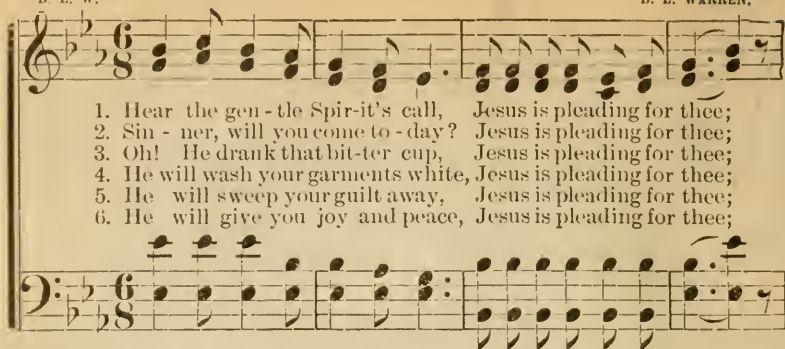


**Rit**  
 blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.  
 see the blood, o-ver you.

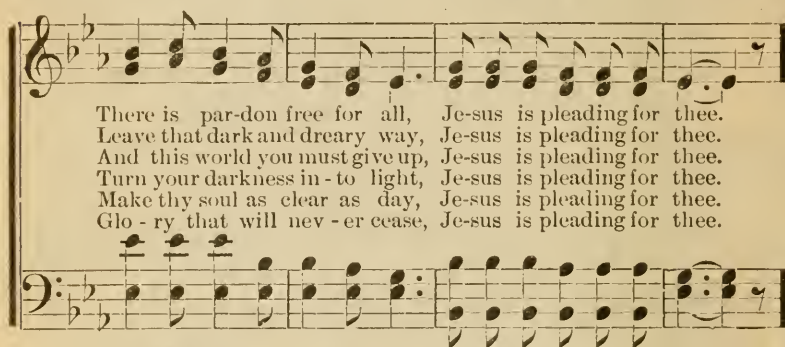
# No. 20. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

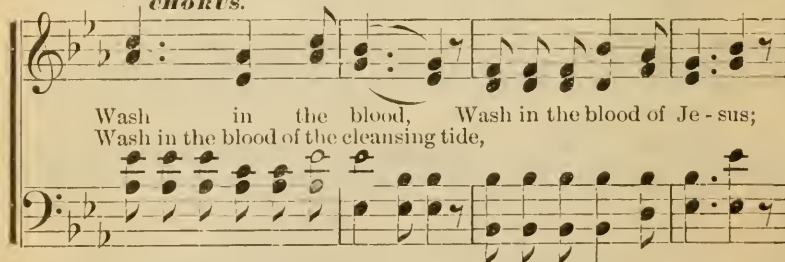


1. Hear the gen - tle Spir - it's call, Jesus is pleading for thee;  
 2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Jesus is pleading for thee;  
 3. Oh! He drank that bit - ter cup, Jesus is pleading for thee;  
 4. He will wash your garments white, Jesus is pleading for thee;  
 5. He will sweep your guilt away, Jesus is pleading for thee;  
 6. He will give you joy and peace, Jesus is pleading for thee;

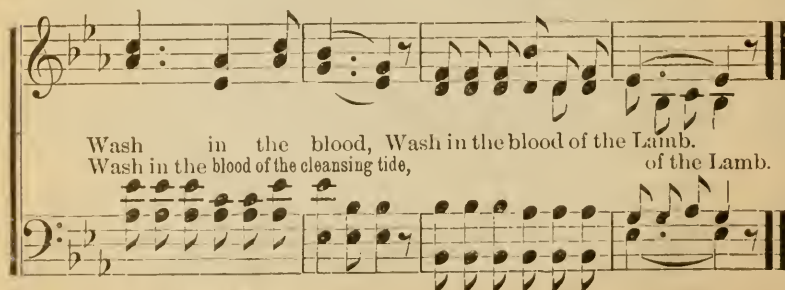


There is par - don free for all, Je - sus is pleading for thee.  
 Leave that dark and dreary way, Je - sus is pleading for thee.  
 And this world you must give up, Je - sus is pleading for thee.  
 Turn your darkness in - to light, Je - sus is pleading for thee.  
 Make thy soul as clear as day, Je - sus is pleading for thee.  
 Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je - sus is pleading for thee.

## CHORUS.



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of Je - sus;  
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,

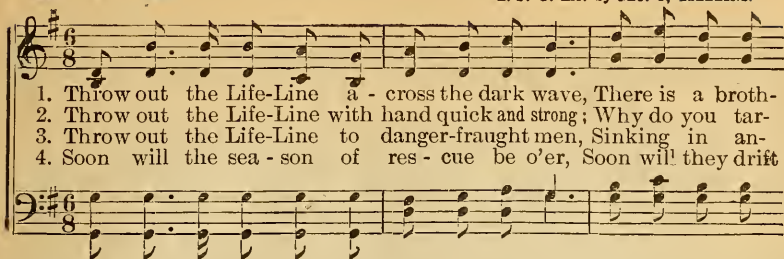


Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.  
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

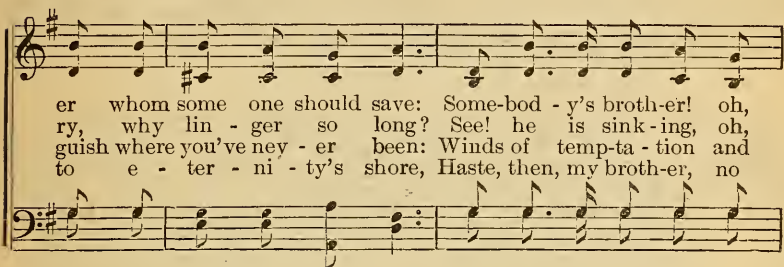
# No. 21. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

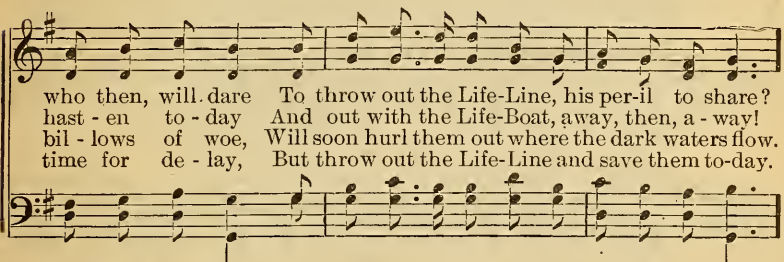
E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-  
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-  
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in an-  
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift

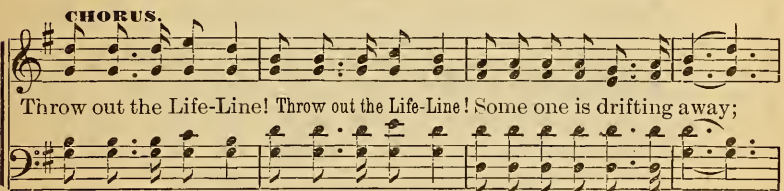


er whom some one should save: Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh,  
 ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing, oh,  
 guish where you've ney - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and  
 to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no

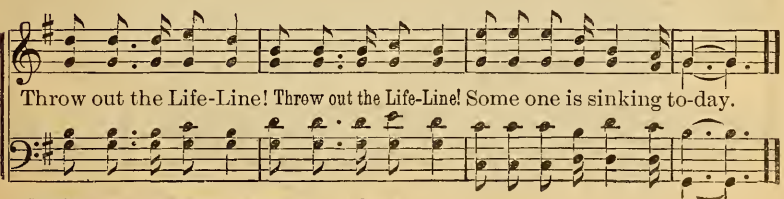


who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?  
 hast - en to - day And out with the Life-Boat, away, then, a - way!  
 bil - lows of woe, Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.  
 time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

**CHORUS.**



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting away;



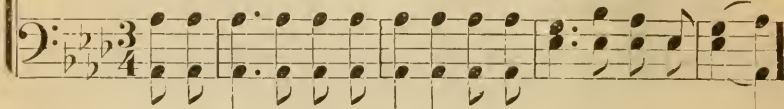
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

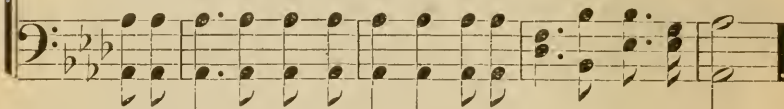
MISS DORA BOOLE.



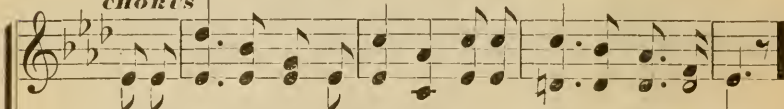
1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast sav'd me; Thine and only Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was trying To en-joy this perfect rest;
3. Trust-ing, trust-ing, ev-'ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con - se - cra - ted to Thy service, I will live and die to Thee;
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je-sus; He has sweetly saved my soul;
6. Glo-ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r!



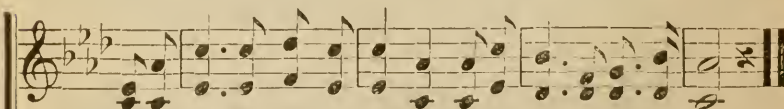
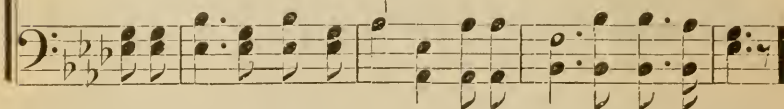
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
 But I give all try-ing o-ver; Simply trusting, I was blest.  
 Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.  
 I will wit-ness to Thy glo - ry Of Sal-va-tion full and free.  
 Cleansed me from inbred corruption, Sanctified and made me whole.  
 Glo-ry to the blood that keeps me! Glory, glory, ev - er - more!



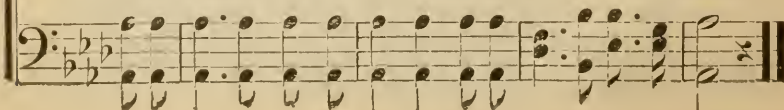
## CHORUS



Glory, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glory, glo - ry to the Lamb!



Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glo-ry to the Lamb!



## No. 23.

## I'LL GO WITH HIM.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. for This Work.

1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,  
 2. Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, Tho' He lead me thro' the valley,  
 3. Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, Tho' He lead me thro' the garden,

CHO. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,  
 Repeat for Chorus.

I have heard the Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."  
 Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 4   :Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :  <br>I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 7   :I will follow on to know Him, :  <br>He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,<br>Friend. |
| 5   :Tho' He lead me to the conflict, :  <br>I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  | 8   :He will give me grace and glory, :  <br>He will keep me, keep me all the way.      |
| 6   :Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials, :  <br>I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  | 9   :Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :  <br>And be with Him, with Him all the way.      |

## No. 24. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time religion, 'Tis the old time re-  
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our  
 2. Makes me love ev'-ry-body, Makes me love ev'-rybody, Makes me love ev'-ry-  
 3. It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our

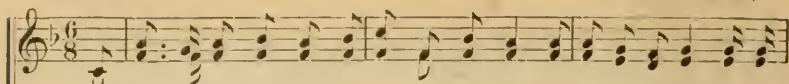
li-gion, It's good enough for me.  
 mothers, It's good enough for me.  
 bod-y, It's good enough for me.  
 fathers, It's good enough for me.

4   :It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :   It's good enough for me.
5   :It was good for the Hebrew Children, :   It's good enough for me.
6   :It was tried in the fiery furnace, :   It's good enough for me.
7   :It was good for Paul and Silas, :   It's good enough for me.
8   :It will do when I am dying, :   It's good enough for me.
9   :It will take us all to heaven, :   It's good enough for me.

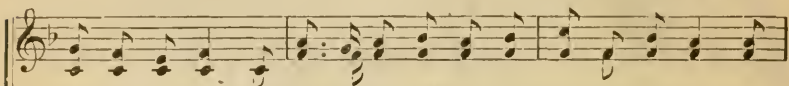
Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

L. E. JONES.

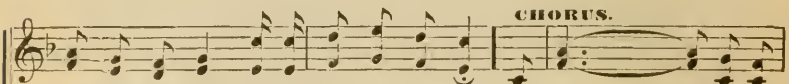
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,



1. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not de-lay, But turn, quickly turn from the  
 2. The Spir-it is call-ing, in ten-der-est voice, Oh, hasten to-day and your  
 3. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not say no, Escape from a service that's




danger-fraught way; There's safety nowhere but in Je - sus the Lord, So  
 heart shall rejoice, For with the Redeemer, the tried and oppressed, Shall  
 freighted with woe; Just come as you are to the foot of the throne And

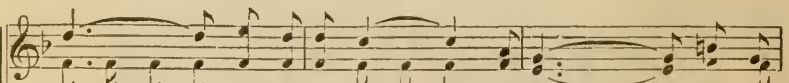


CHORUS.

come to Him now and be-lieve in His word. The Spir - - is  
 find a blest ha - ven of comfort and rest.  
 Christ will accept you and make you His own. The Spir-it is call-ing, is



call-ing, Is ten - - der-ly call-ing; . . The  
 call-ing for thee, Is ten-der-ly call-ing, "Oh, come unto me;" The



Spir - - it is call-ing, . . Is call - - ing for  
 Spir-it is call-ing, is call-ing for thee, Is call-ing, is call-ing for

# THE SPIRIT IS CALLING. Concluded

thee. . . Re - sist . . . not His pleading, . . . His  
 . thee, for thee, Re - sist not His pleading, His pleading for thee, His

sweet . . . tender pleading, . . . He's love - - ing - ly  
 sweet tender pleading, His pleading for thee, He's lovingly pleading, "Oh,

plead-ing, . . . "Oh, come . . . un - to me." . . .  
 come un - to me, Oh, come un-to me, Oh, come un - to me."

## No. 26.

## JESUS WILL SAVE.

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

**FINE.**

1. { Brother hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Je - sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,  
 { Come receive this great salvation, Je - sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,

D. C. Brother hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Je - sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,

Sent in mer - cy from a - bove, Purchased by re - deem-ing love;

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

2 Jesus calls in sweet compassion;  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;  
 Don't reject the invitation;  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;  
 He will set your spirit free,  
 Rise forthwith, He calleth thee;  
 Brother hear the invitation,  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

3 Hear that dying intercession,  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;  
 He will pardon your transgression,  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;  
 Come, ye weary souls, to me,  
 Rise forthwith, He calleth thee,  
 Brother hear the invitation,  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;  
 2. This is the way I long have sought, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;  
 3. The King's highway of holiness, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;  
 4. My grief a burden long has been, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;  
 5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;  
 6. Nothing but sin have I to give; Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;  
 7. Then will I tell to sinners 'round, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;

He whom I fix my hopes upon; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 And mourned because I found it not; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 Be-cause I was not saved from sin, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 Shalt take me to Thee, as I am; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 Nothing but love shall I receive, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 What a dear Saviour I have found, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.

He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus saves me.  
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

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Tune "Sweet Bye and Bye."

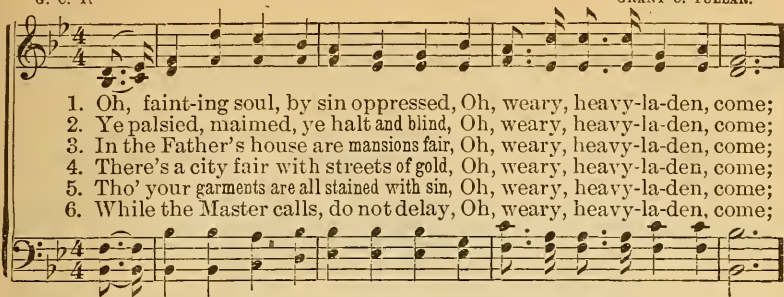
- I am coming to Jesus for rest,  
 Rest, such as the purified know;  
 My soul is athirst to be blest,  
 To be washed and made whiter than snow.
- CHO. I believe Jesus saves,  
 And His blood washes whiter than snow,  
 I believe Jesus saves,  
 And His blood washes whiter than snow.
- 2 In coming, my soul I deplore,  
 My weakness and poverty show;  
 I long to be saved evermore,  
 To be washed and made whiter than snow.
- 3 To Jesus I give up my all,  
 Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;  
 For His fullness of blessing I call,  
 Till His blood washes whiter than snow.
- 4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,  
 Trusting now His salvation to know;  
 And His blood doth so fully atone,  
 I am washed and made whiter than snow.
- 5 My heart is in raptures of love,  
 Love, such as the ransomed ones know,  
 I am strengthened with might from above,  
 I am washed and made whiter than snow.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

# No. 29. WEARY, HEAVY-LADEN COME.

G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

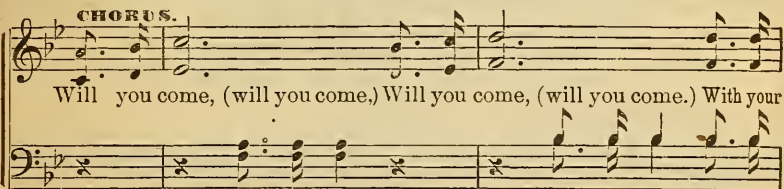


1. Oh, faint-ing soul, by sin oppressed, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
2. Ye palsied, maimed, ye halt and blind, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
3. In the Father's house are mansions fair, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
4. There's a city fair with streets of gold, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
5. Tho' your garments are all stained with sin, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;
6. While the Master calls, do not delay, Oh, weary, heavy-la-den, come;

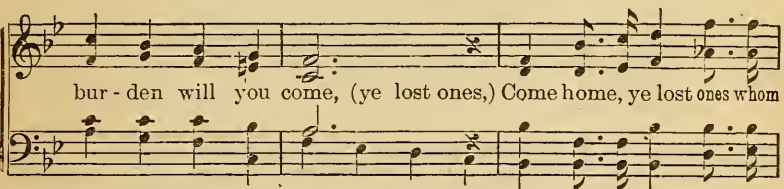


Come unto Christ and find sweet rest, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.  
 Ye need not one be left behind, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.  
 Which He'll give to you when you get there, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.  
 There's a victor's palm with joys untold, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.  
 If you'll repent He'll take you in, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.  
 But come to Jesus while you may, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come.

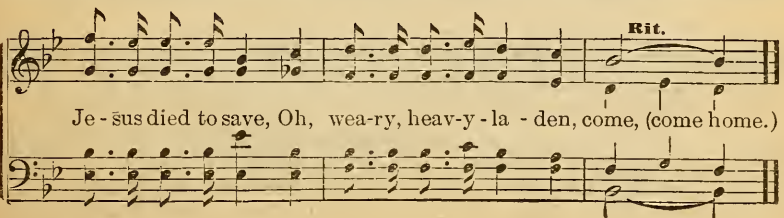
**CHORUS.**



Will you come, (will you come,) Will you come, (will you come.) With your



bur - den will you come, (ye lost ones,) Come home, ye lost ones whom

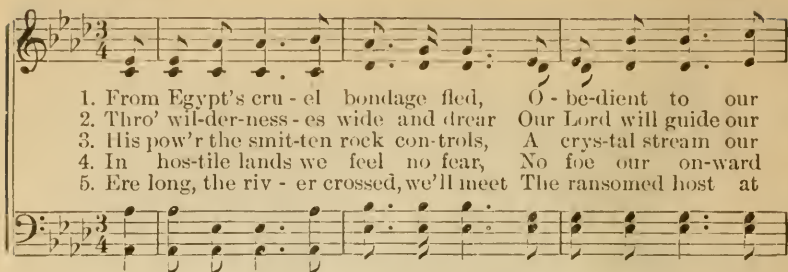


Je - sus died to save, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, come, (come home.)

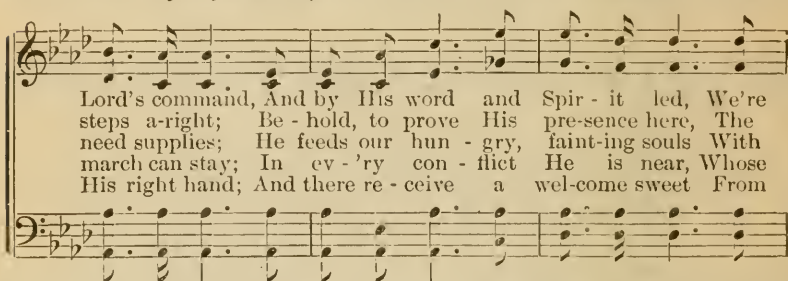
# No. 30. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

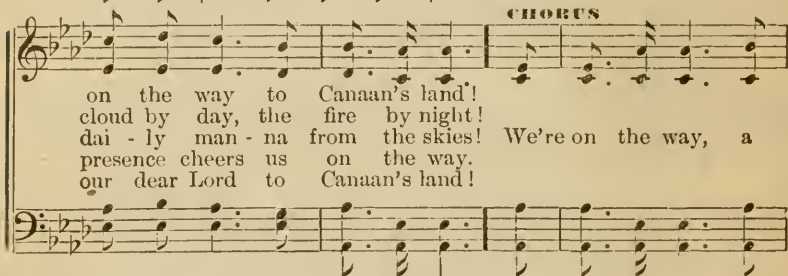
W. S. NICKLE.



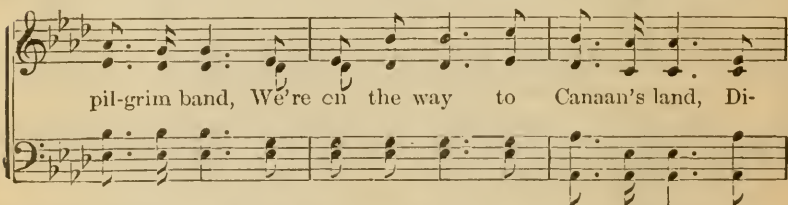
1. From Egypt's cru - el bondage fled, O - be-dient to our  
 2. Thro' wil-der-ness-es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our  
 3. His pow'r the smit-ten rock con-trols, A crys-tal stream our  
 4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on-ward  
 5. Ere long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ransomed host at



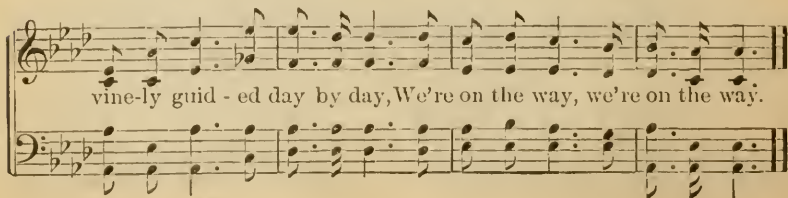
Lord's command, And by His word and Spir - it led, We're  
 steps a-right; Be - hold, to prove His pre-sence here, The  
 need supplies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint-ing souls With  
 march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose  
 His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel-come sweet From



**CHORUS**  
 on the way to Canaan's land!  
 cloud by day, the fire by night!  
 dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, a  
 presence cheers us on the way.  
 our dear Lord to Canaan's land!



pil-grim band, We're on the way to Canaan's land, Di-

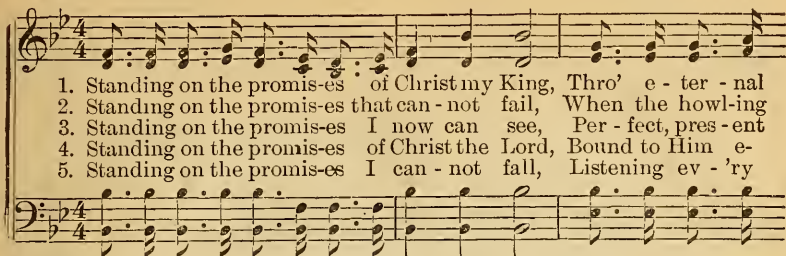


vine-ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

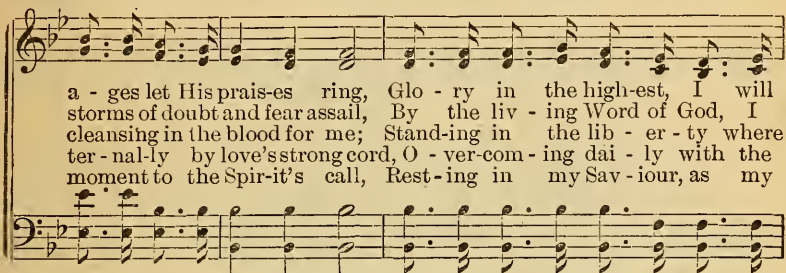
# No. 31. STANDING ON-THE PROMISES.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

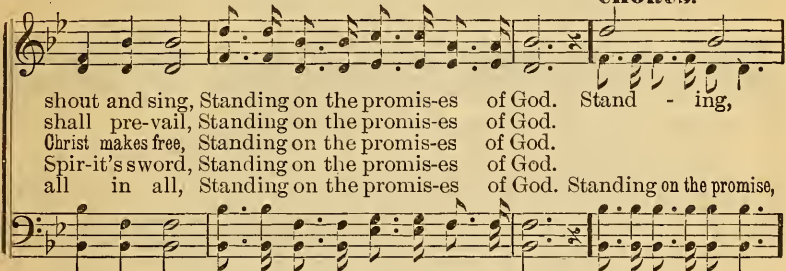


1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal  
 2. Standing on the promis-es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing  
 3. Standing on the promis-es I now can see, Per - fect, pres - ent  
 4. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -  
 5. Standing on the promis-es I can - not fall, Listening ev - 'ry

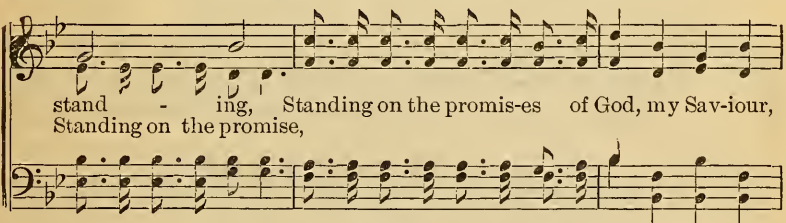


a - ges let His prais-es ring, Glo - ry in the high-est, I will  
 storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv - ing Word of God, I  
 cleansing in the blood for me; Stand - ing in the lib - er - ty where  
 ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the  
 moment to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - iour, as my

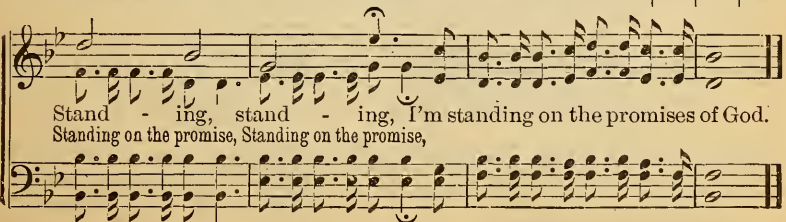
## CHORUS.



shout and sing, Standing on the promis-es of God. Stand - ing,  
 shall pre - vail, Standing on the promis-es of God.  
 Christ makes free, Standing on the promis-es of God.  
 Spir - it's sword, Standing on the promis-es of God.  
 all in all, Standing on the promis-es of God. Standing on the promise,



stand - ing, Standing on the promis-es of God, my Sav - iour,  
 Standing on the promise,



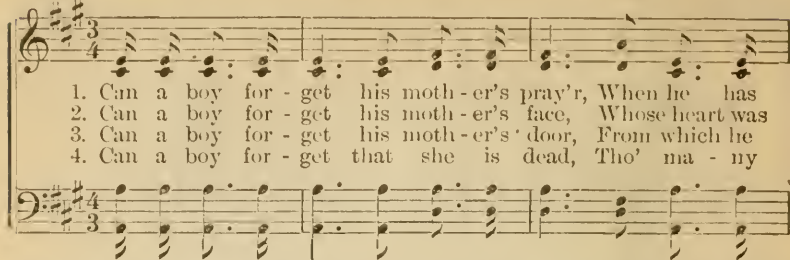
Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the promises of God.  
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

# No. 32. CAN A BOY FORGET HIS MOTHER?

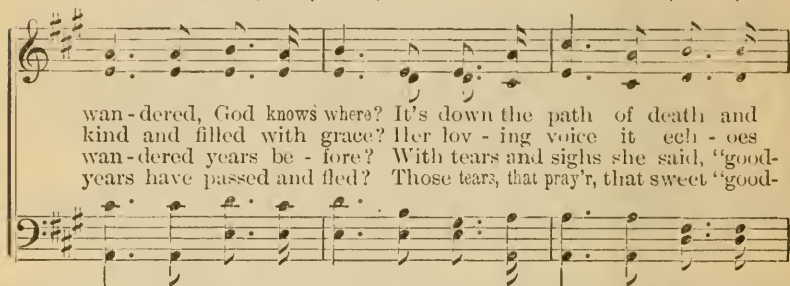
(Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. R. G. Chandler, Coldwater, Mich.)

J. H. W.

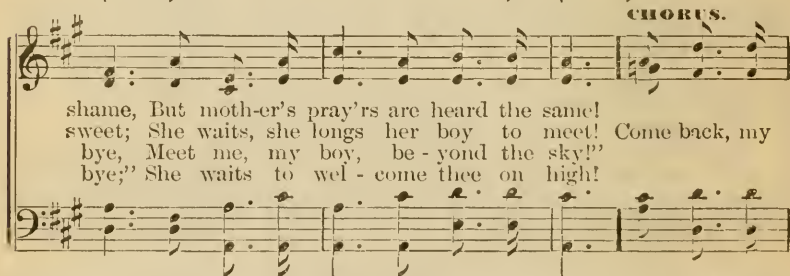
Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.



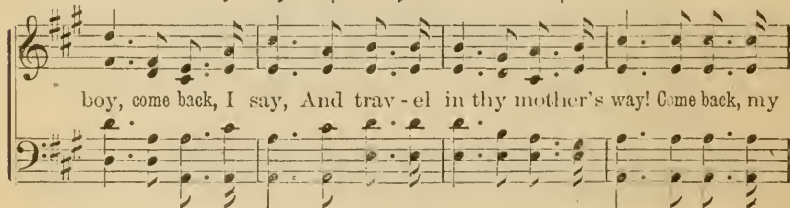
1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has  
 2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was  
 3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he  
 4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny



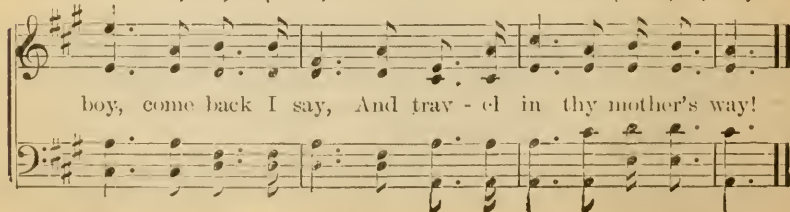
wan - dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and  
 kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes  
 wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "good-  
 years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "good-



**CHORUS.**  
 shame, But moth - er's pray'rs are heard the same!  
 sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet! Come back, my  
 bye, Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"  
 bye;" She waits to wel - come thee on high!



boy, come back, I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way! Come back, my



boy, come back I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way!

# No. 33.

# FILL ME NOW.

E. R. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
 2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can not tell Thee how;  
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;  
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;

**Fine.**

Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, O come and fill me now.  
 But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.  
 Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.  
 Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D. S. *Fill me with Thy hal-owed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*

**CHORUS.** **D. S.**

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now;

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# No. 34.

# GRACIOUS SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE.

J. STOCKER.

IGNACE-PLEYEL.

**Fine.** **D. S.**

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,  
 Let Thy light within me shine!  
 All my guilty fears remove;  
 Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;  
 Set the burdened sinner free;  
 Lead me to the Lamb of God;  
 Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;  
 Seal salvation on my heart;  
 Breathe Thyself into my breast,  
 Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;  
 Keep me in the narrow way;  
 Fill my soul with joy divine;  
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

R. KELSO CARTER, except 1st verso.

. A.

1. Did you hear what Jesus said to me? They're all taken a-way, away,  
 2. Oh, this wondrous grace so full and free; They're all taken a-way, away,  
 3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all taken a-way, away,  
 4. I have plunged beneath the crimson tide; They're all taken a-way, away,

Your sins are pardoned and you are free, They're all taken a - way.  
 Tho' red like crimson, they're now as wool; They're all taken a - way.  
 My sins like scar-let are white as snow; They're all taken a - way.  
 And now by faith I am pu - ri - fied; They're all taken a - way.

## CHORUS

They're all tak - en a - way, a-way, They're all taken away, a-way,

They're all tak-en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a - way.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter. Used by per.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul;<br/>         They're all taken away, away;<br/>         And Jesus' healing has made me whole;<br/>         They're all taken away.</p> <p>6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;<br/>         They're all taken away, away;<br/>         And keeps me standing in liberty;<br/>         They're all taken away.</p> | <p>7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,<br/>         They're all taken away, away;<br/>         While onward pressing my way to heav'n;<br/>         They're all taken away.</p> <p>8 And when in glory we meet above,<br/>         They're all taken away, away;<br/>         We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;<br/>         They're all taken away.</p> |
|---|---|

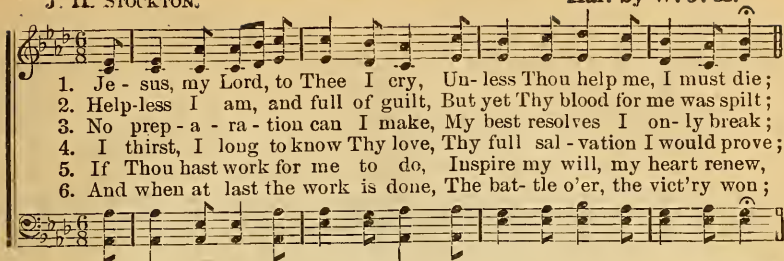
## No. 36.

## TAKE ME AS I AM.

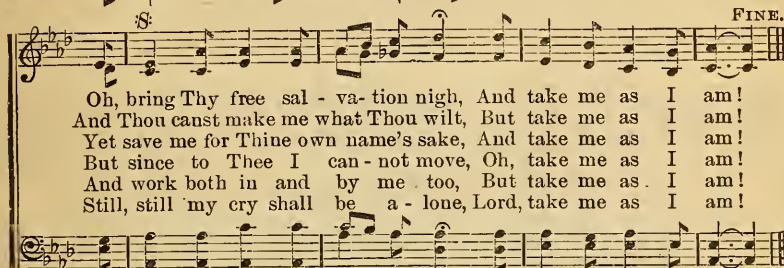
From the "Garner." By per. J. J. Hood.

J. A. STOCKTON.

Har. by W. J. K.



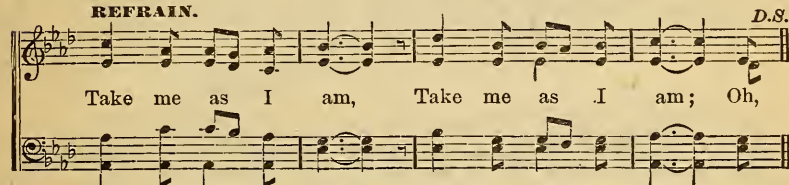
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me, I must die;  
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;  
 3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I on-ly break;  
 4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;  
 5. If Thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,  
 6. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vict'ry won;



Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!  
 But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!  
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

## REFRAIN.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

## No. 37.

## I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.



1. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat,  
 2. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart,  
 3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,

CHO.—I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe,



I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer  
 Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - min - ate my heart.  
 O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume.  
 I can, I will, I do believe, That Je - sus saves me now.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by H. L. G.

1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me, My fainting soul was  
 2. The Spirit roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me  
 3. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me, For say-ing from an  
 4. And when I reach the gold paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a-dor-ing

tempest tossed, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me,  
 strong and deep, Love found me, Al-tho' I long withstood His grace, Love found me,  
 end-less death, Love found me, Christ is my ad-vo-cate a-bove, Love found me,  
 at His feet, Love found me, And sing hosannas round the throne, Love found me.

## CHORUS.

Come, weary, heavy laden, rest, Love found me. Oh' 'twas love, love,  
 He wooed me to His kind embrace, Love found me.  
 I'm yoked to Him in perfect love, Love found me.  
 Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love

Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

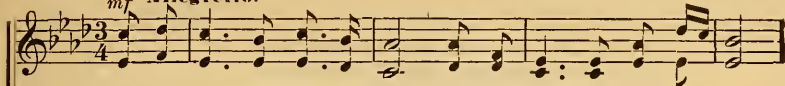
# No. 39. I'M BELIEVING AND RECEIVING.

"Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable." 1 PET. 1: 8.

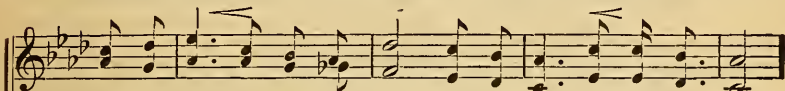
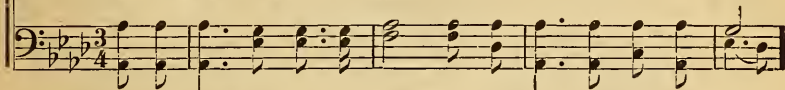
H. H. R.

Commandant HERBERT BOOTH, by per.

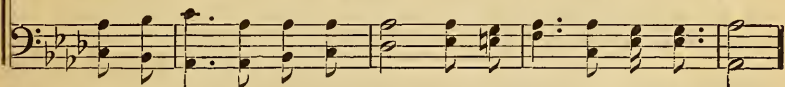
*mf* Allegretto.



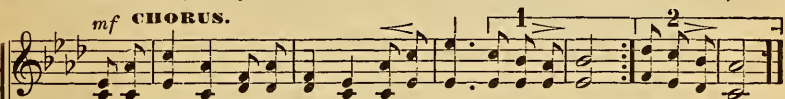
1. Sins of years are washed a-way, Blackest stains be-come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a-long On the cur-rent's cease-less flow,
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless, earth's de-lights and show,
4. Self-ish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know,
5. Fight-ing is a great de-light, Nev-er will you fear the foe,



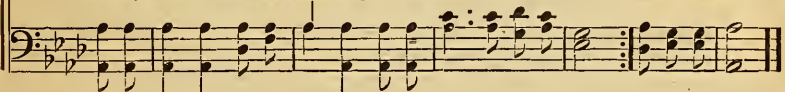
Dark-est night is changed to day, When you to the riv-er go.  
 Sor-row chang-es in-to song, When you to the riv-er go.  
 All your boast is in the cross, When you to the riv-er go.  
 All your treas-ure is a-bove, When you to the riv-er go.  
 Armed by King Je-ho-vah's might, When you to the riv-er go.



*mf* CHORUS.



I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceiv-ing, While I to the riv-er go, (Omit . . . )  
 And my heart its waves are cleansing Whiter than (Omit . . . ) the driv-en snow.



# No. 40. HOW I LOVE THEE.

TUNE—"What a friend we have in Jesus."

- 1 Precious Jesus, how I love Thee,  
 Thou hast done so much for me,  
 Thou hast pardoned my transgressions,  
 Thou hast given liberty.
- Precious Jesus, I will trust Thee,  
 When I'm tempted and oppressed,  
 Thy great hand will keep me safely,  
 Till the storm has o'er me passed.
- 2 Precious Jesus, Thou hast bought me—  
 Bought me with Thy precious blood;  
 I belong to Thee, dear Saviour,  
 I belong to Thee, my God.

I am Thine to do Thy bidding,  
 Thine to go where Thou dost send,  
 Thine to tell to those in darkness,  
 Thou art every sinner's friend.

- 3 Light is found alone in Jesus;  
 Christ, our Everlasting Light,  
 Shine into these hearts, O Saviour,  
 Turning darkness into light.
- Help us, Lord, to be more watchful  
 O'er our thoughts and actions too.  
 While we keep our eyes on Jesus,  
 He will keep us ever true.

By M. LOUISA MILLS, New York.

The next fifteen Revival songs are from the REVIVAL, No. 3. A book of 283 songs. Many leading Sunday-schools are supplied with this book, and they write like this:

NORTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL, HOS. HOKK SMITH, Supt.

Mr. Charlie D. Tillman, Atlanta:—

Dear Sir:—I have used your song book, Revival No. 2, for three years. I now use Revival No. 3. I have never seen any song books which, I think, give more satisfaction than yours. I cordially commend them for use in Sunday-school.

Very truly yours, HOKK SMITH.

By mail, postpaid—Muslin, per copy, 25c.; per doz., \$3.00. Board, per copy, 30c.; per doz., \$3.60. By express, not prepaid—Muslin, per doz., \$2.50; per hundred, \$18.00. Board, per doz., \$3.00; per hundred, \$23.00.

Published in Round and Shaped Notes.

Order from **CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,**

Atlanta, Ga.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kansas City, Mo.

## No. 41. Get Acquainted With Jesus.

A. R. CAREY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Get acquainted with Jesus, my friend, He is seeking a place in your heart,  
 2. Get acquainted with Jesus, I pray, 'Tis a banquet His smile to behold,  
 3. Get acquainted with Jesus, I pray, Do not wait till distress brings you low,

Let Him come all its wand'rings to end, And to bid pride and error depart.  
 Those who trust Him, He'll never betray, And His love is far better than gold.  
 Lest a stranger you find Him in need, And your soul know not whither to go.

**CHORUS.**

Call Him in and know Him, This friend who is waiting to-day;  
 Call Him in and know thy friend, to-day;

Call Him in and know Him, Get acquainted with Jesus, I pray.  
 thy friend,

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.  
SOLO.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;  
 2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Humbly at His feet I bow;  
 3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me. Saviour, wholly Thine;  
 4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;  
 5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live.  
 Worldly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.  
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Truly know that Thou art mine.  
 Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy blessing fall on me.  
 Oh, the joy of full sal - va-tion! Glo-ry, glo - ry to His name!

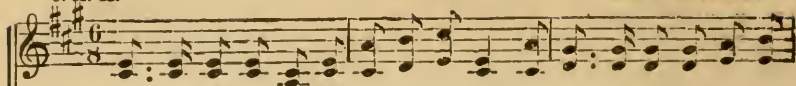
## CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I surrender all;  
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,

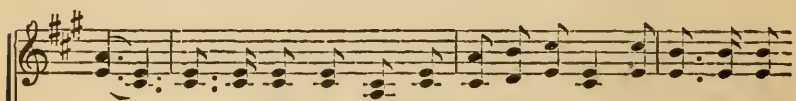
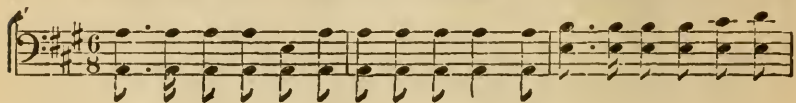
All to Thee my bless - ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

C. H. M.

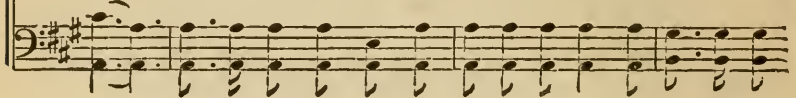
MRS. C. H. MORRE.



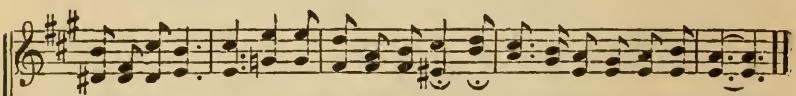
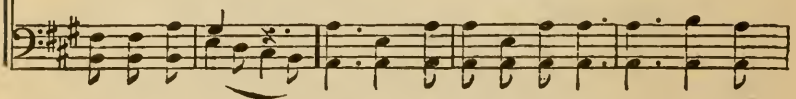
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in-to your
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let 'Je - sus come in-to your
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come in-to your
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come in-to your
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in-to your



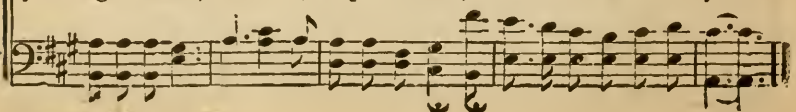
heart; If you de - sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je - sus come  
heart; Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come  
heart; If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je - sus come  
heart; Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Je - sus come  
heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come



in - to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-  
in - to your heart. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-



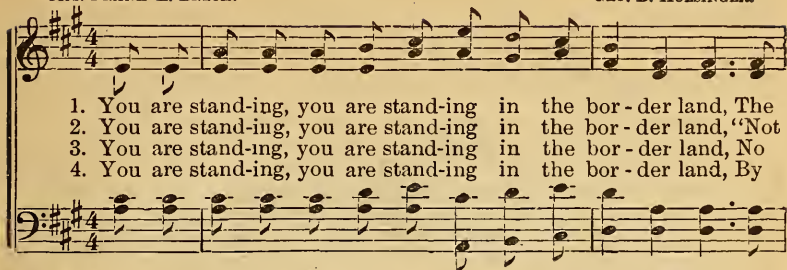
ject Him no more; Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart,  
ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door; And Jesus comes in-to my heart.,



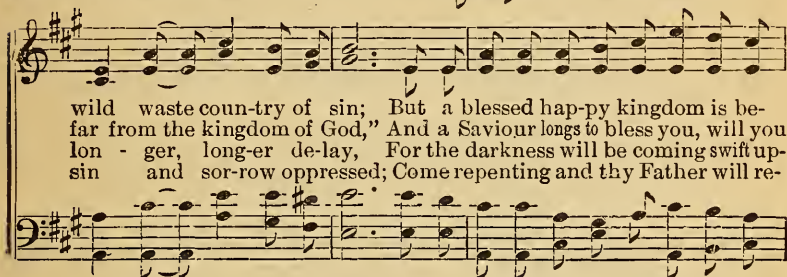
# No 44. DANGER IN THE BORDER LAND.

Mrs. FRANK E. BRECK.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

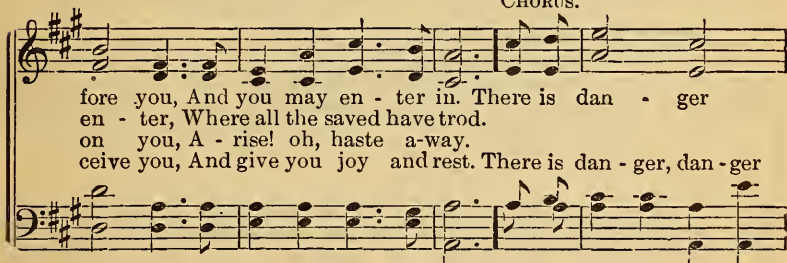


1. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor-der land, The  
 2. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor-der land, "Not  
 3. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor-der land, No  
 4. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor-der land, By

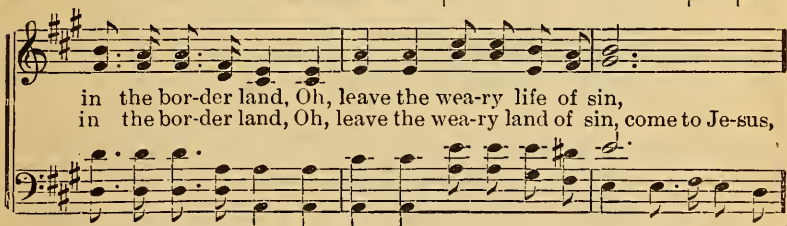


wild waste coun-try of sin; But a blessed hap-py kingdom is be-  
 far from the kingdom of God," And a Saviour longs to bless you, will you  
 lon - ger, long-er de-lay, For the darkness will be coming swift up-  
 sin and sor-row oppressed; Come repenting and thy Father will re-

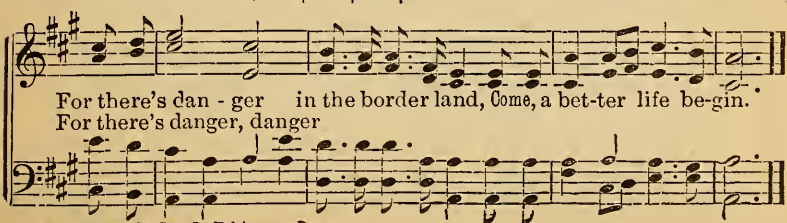
## CHORUS.



fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger  
 en - ter, Where all the saved have trod.  
 on you, A - rise! oh, haste a-way.  
 ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan - ger, dan - ger



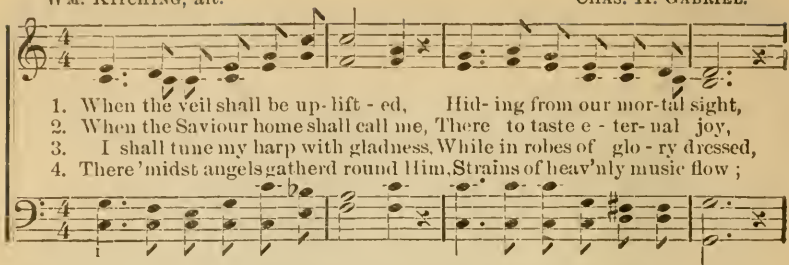
in the bor-der land, Oh, leave the wea-ry life of sin,  
 in the bor-der land, Oh, leave the wea-ry land of sin, come to Je-sus,



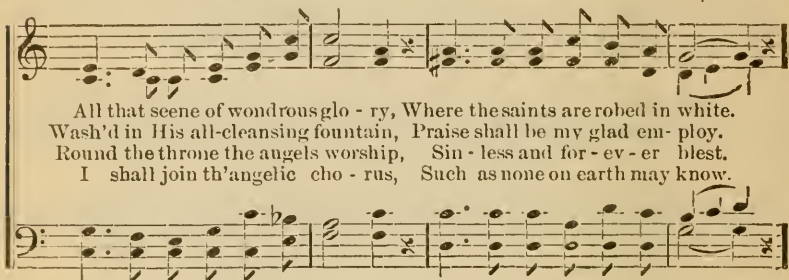
For there's dan - ger in the border land, Come, a bet-ter life be-gin.  
 For there's danger, danger

WM. KITCHING, alt.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

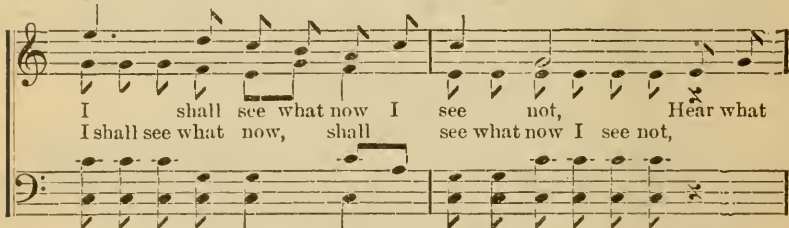


1. When the veil shall be up - lift - ed, Hid - ing from our mor - tal sight,  
 2. When the Saviour home shall call me, There to taste e - ter - nal joy,  
 3. I shall tune my harp with gladness, While in robes of glo - ry dressed,  
 4. There 'midst angels gatherd round Him, Strains of heav'nly music flow ;

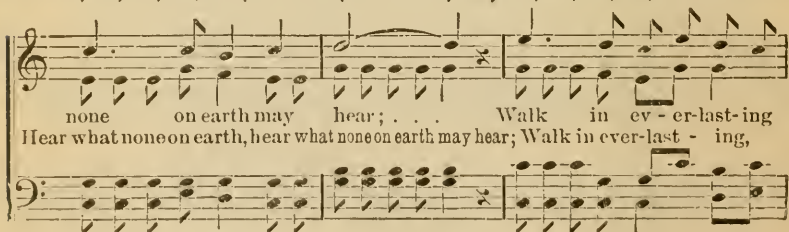


All that scene of wondrous glo - ry, Where the saints are robed in white.  
 Wash'd in His all-cleansing fountain, Praise shall be my glad em - ploy.  
 Round the throne the angels worship, Sin - less and for - ev - er blest.  
 I shall join th'angelic cho - rus, Such as none on earth may know.

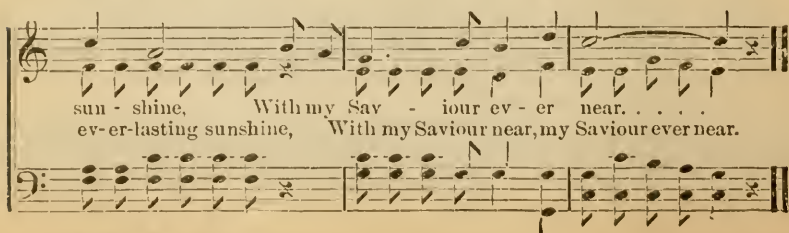
## CHORUS.



I shall see what now I see not, Hear what  
 I shall see what now, shall see what now I see not,

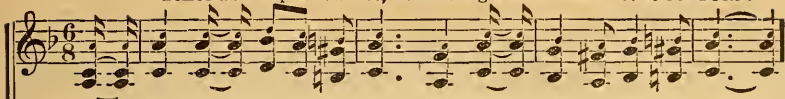


none on earth may hear; . . . Walk in ev - er - last - ing  
 Hear what none on earth, hear what none on earth may hear; Walk in ever - last - ing,

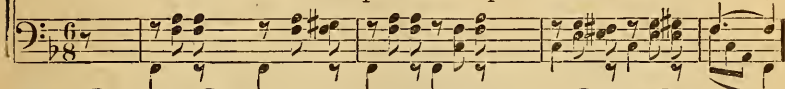


sun - shine, With my Sav - iour ev - er near. . . .  
 ev - er - last - ing sunshine, With my Saviour near, my Saviour ever near.

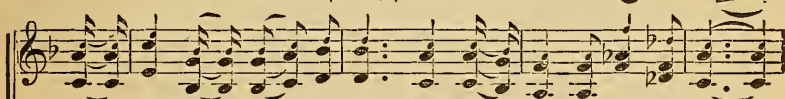
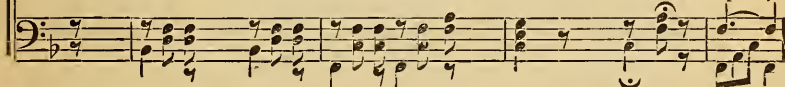
Tenor and Soprano Duet, Tenor sing small notes. C. S. COLBURN.



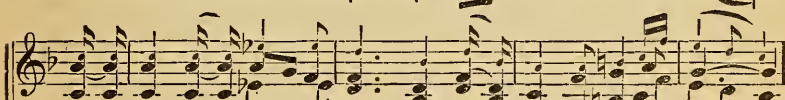
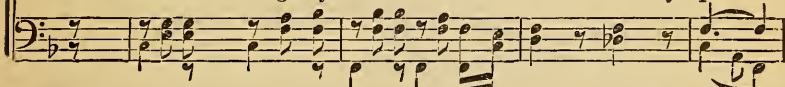
1. I walked thro' the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life stricken By sin's se-duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a broken pin - ion Kept an-oth-er from the snare,



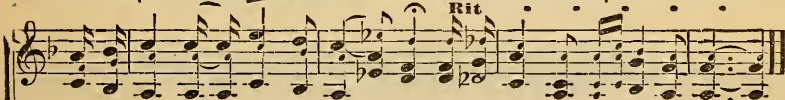
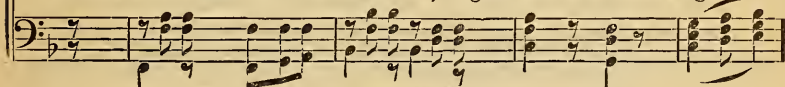
And found on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a broken wing;  
 And touched with a Christ-like pit - y I took him to my heart;  
 And the life that sin had strick-en Raised an-oth-er from de - spair;



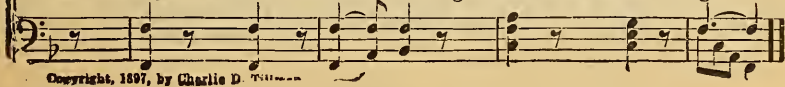
I healed its wound and each morning It sang its old sweet strain.  
 He lived with a no - ble pur - pose And struggled not in vain.  
 For Christ the might-y heal - er Has a balm for ev - ry pain.



But the bird with a broken pin - ion, Never soared as high a - gain,  
 But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain,  
 And the soul that He has heal - ed, Higher still shall soar a - gain.



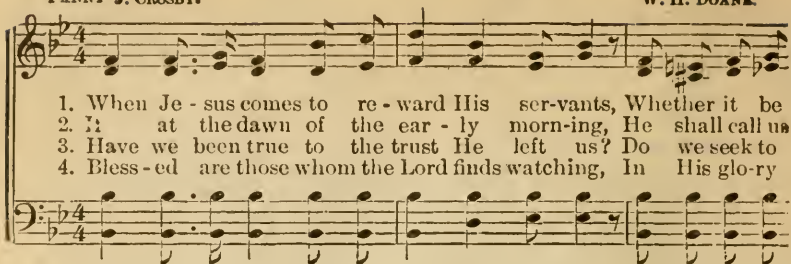
But the bird with a broken pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain.  
 But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain.  
 And the soul that He has heal - ed Higher still shall soar a - gain.



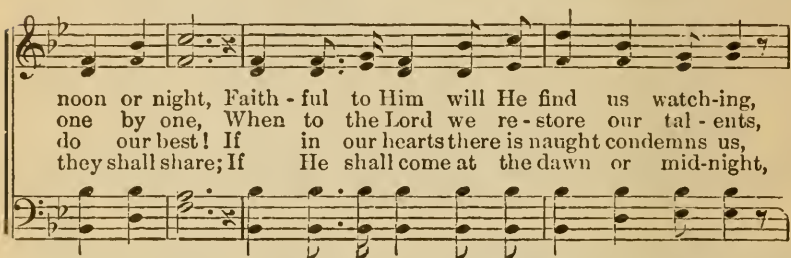
# No. 47. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

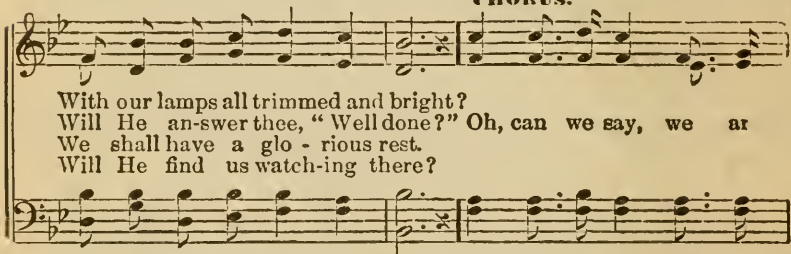


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Whether it be  
 2. At the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us  
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

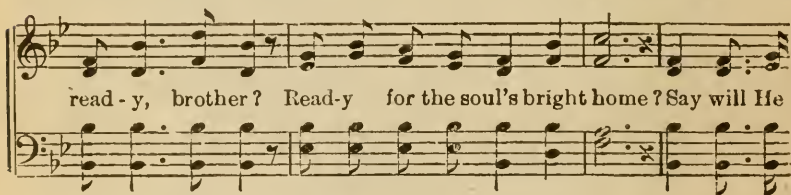


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
 do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

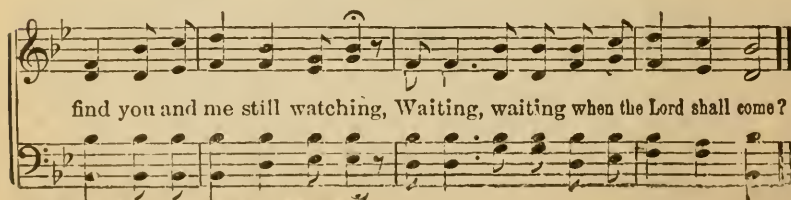
## CHORUS.



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
 Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we ar  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He



find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je'-sus came to me,  
 2. Though clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll,  
 3. While walking in the light of God, I, sweet communion find;  
 4. I cross the wide ex-tended fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,  
 5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,

And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world behind.  
 And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.  
 Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e-ter-ni - ty.

**CHORUS**

Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight,  
 to-day, yes,

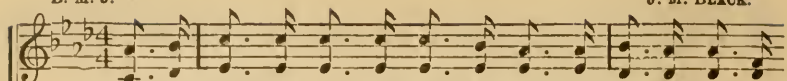
all a-long the way; Since the Sav-iour found me,  
 nar - row way,

took away my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.  
 load of sin,

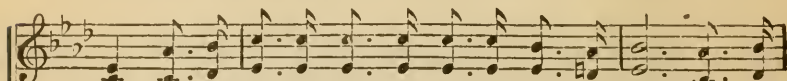
# No. 49. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.


J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no  
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall  
3. Let me la - bor for my Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting

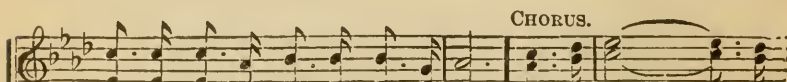


more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the  
rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His  
sun, Let me talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

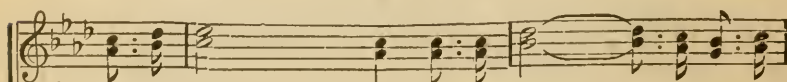


saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the  
chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the  
all of life is o - ver, and my work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.



roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is  
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is  
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.



called up yon - der, When the roll..... is called up  
called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

# WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.

yon - der, When the roll . . . is called up  
 yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

## No. 50. HE CAME TO SAVE.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Jesus laid His crown aside, He came to save me; }  
 { When on the cross He bled and died, (Omit . . . .) } He came to save me.  
 2. { In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; }  
 { Oh, praise His name, I know it well, (Omit . . . .) } He came to save me.  
 3. { With gentle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; }  
 { And trusting Him I fear no ill, (Omit . . . .) } He came to save me.  
 4. { To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; }  
 { To Him my heart looks up and sings, (Omit . . . .) } He came to save me.

### REFRAIN.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,

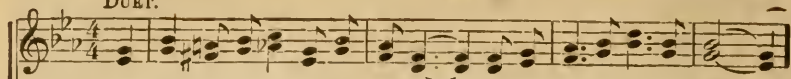
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

## No. 51.

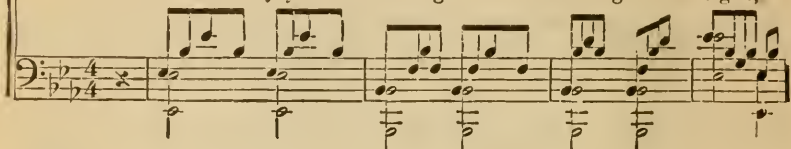
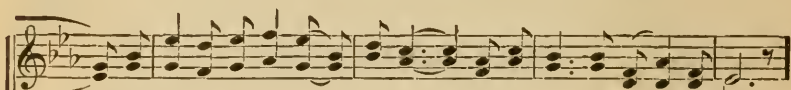
## THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

COM. B. B.  
DUET.

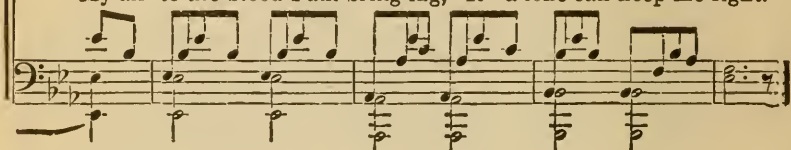
COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.



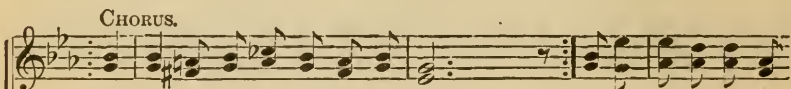
1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The scorn of my foes may be daring, For they bowed and mocked my God;
4. The light of His love shines the brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
5. His will I have joy in ful-fill - ing As I'm walking in His sight,

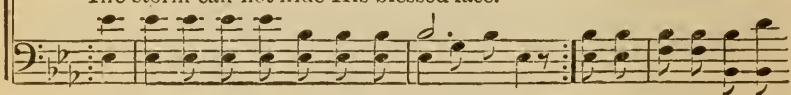
'The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.  
The cup which I drink not more bitter Than He drank in Gethsemane.  
They'll hate me for holy liv - ing, For they cru-ci - fied my Lord.  
The toil of my work grows lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.  
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.



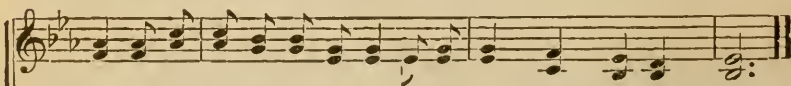
CHORUS.




The cross is not greater than His grace, I am sat-is-fied to  
The storm can not hide His blessed face:



than His grace,  
blessed face:



know that with Jesus here below, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



conquer ev'ry foe, ev'ry foe.

## No. 52.

## COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
178. 196. 76.

Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n'ly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;  
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;  
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
Ho - san - nahs lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

## No. 53.

## JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
318. 283. 192.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood washed for me,  
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid myself of one dark blot,  
3. Just as I 'am! tho' toss'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,

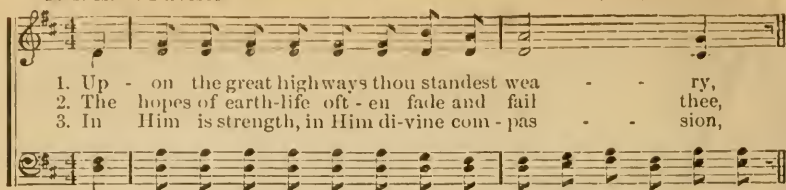
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
Fighting and fears with - in, without, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve  
Because Thy promise I believe:  
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

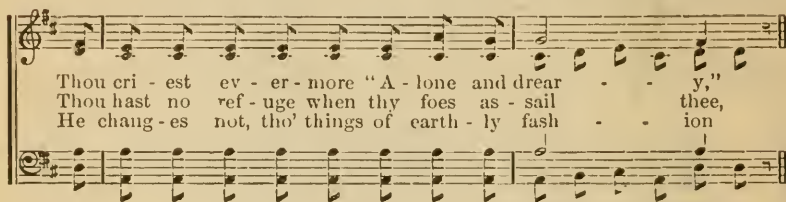
Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.



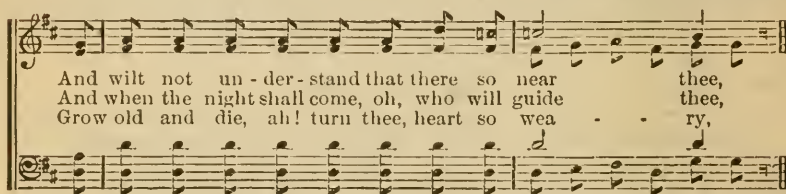
1. Up - on the great high ways thou standest wea - - - ry,  
 2. The hopes of earth-life oft - en fade and fail - - - thee,  
 3. In Him is strength, in Him di-vine com - pas - - - sion,

wea - ry, standest wea - ry,  
 fail thee, fade and fail thee,  
 com - pas-sion, great com-pas-sion,



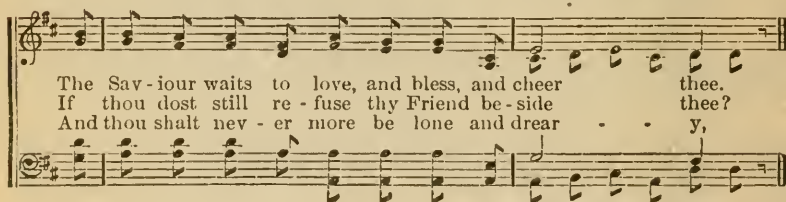
Thou cri - est ev - er - more "A - lone and drear - - - y,"  
 Thou hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail - - - thee,  
 He chang - es not, tho' things of earth - ly fash - - - ion

drear - y, lone and dreary,  
 sail thee, foes as-sail thee,  
 fash-ion, earthly fash-ion



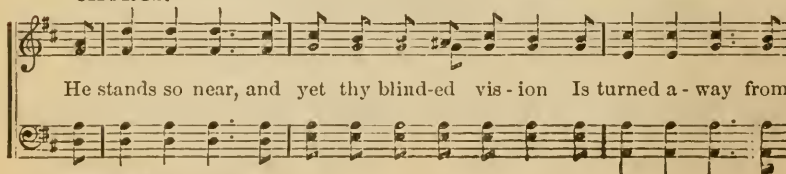
And wilt not un - der - stand that there so near thee,  
 And when the night shall come, oh, who will guide thee,  
 Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea - - - ry,

near thee, there so near thee,  
 guide thee, who will guide thee,  
 wea-ry, heart so wea - ry,



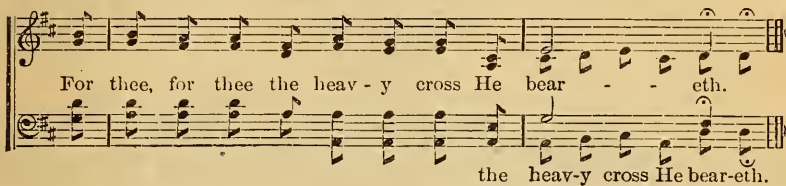
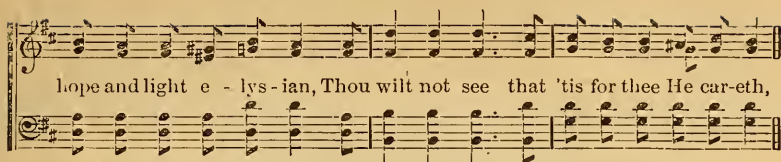
The Sav - iour waits to love, and bless, and cheer thee.  
 If thou dost still re - fuse thy Friend be - side thee?  
 And thou shalt nev - er more be lone and drear - - - y,

cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.  
 side thee, Friend beside thee?  
 drear-y, lone and drear-y.

**CHORUS.**


He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vis - ion Is turned a - way from

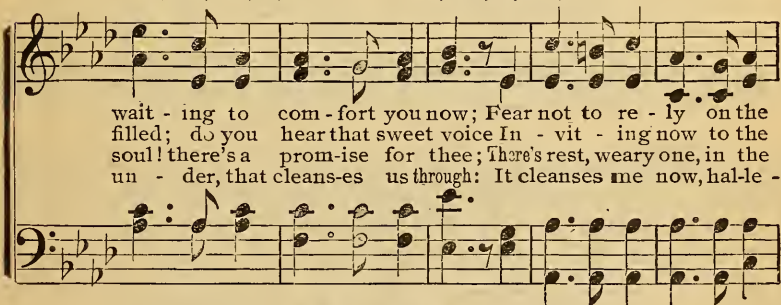
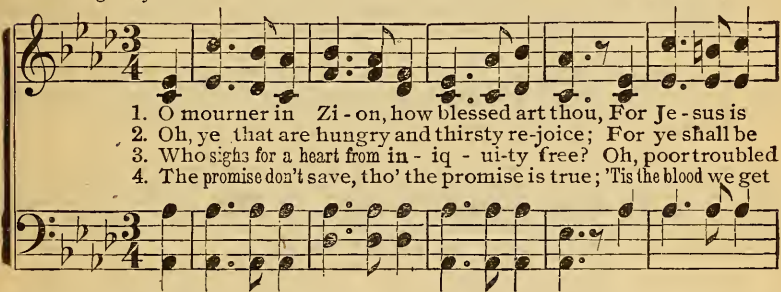
# HE STANDS SO NEAR.



## No. 55. STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

The Highway.

E. F. MILLER.



The next 74 Revival songs are from the REVIVAL, No. 4. Our best effort is put in this to make it a Sunday-school book. Quite a number of children's songs, together with the bright, stirring choruses and the easy singable pieces, make it up-to-date in every particular. The Cornet and Clarinet edition transposed for B-flat instruments is a feature ahead of other books.

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**No. 56.**

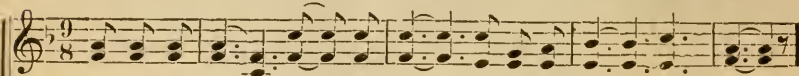
**READY.**

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall

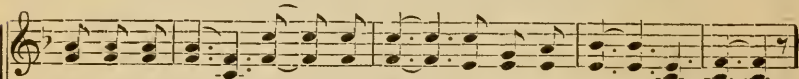
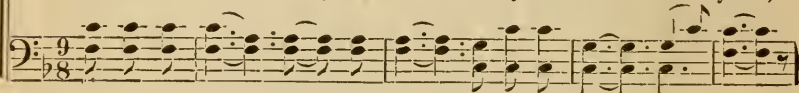
S. E. L.

appoint."—II. SAM. 15: 15.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



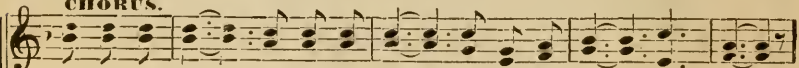
1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;  
 2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;  
 3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;  
 4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;



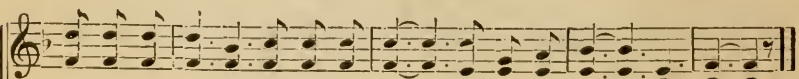
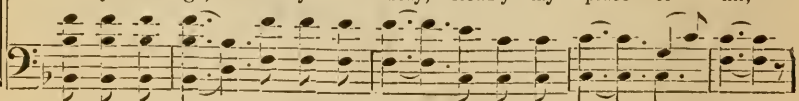
Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.  
 Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.  
 Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.  
 Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re - turn.



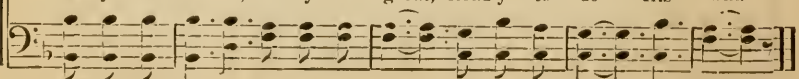
**CHORUS.**



Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;



Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.



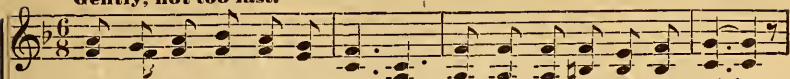
# No. 57. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

ANNIE L. JAMES.

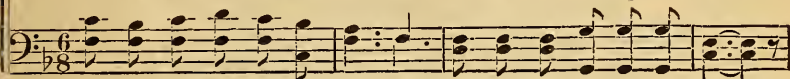
"He was to pass that way."—LUKE 19: 4.

W. H. DOANE.

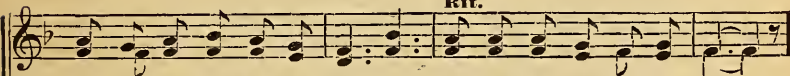
*Gently, not too fast.*



1. Is there a heart that is wait-ing, Long-ing for par-don to-day?
2. Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Quick-ly now un-to Him go;
3. List-en, the Spir-it is call-ing, Je-sus will free-ly for-give,
4. He is so ten-der and lov-ing, He is so near you to-day;



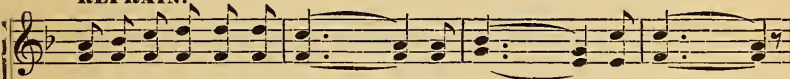
*Rit.*



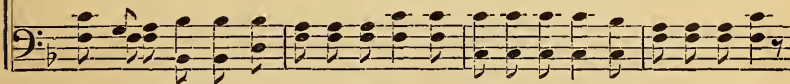
Hear the glad mes-sage we bring you, Je-sus is pass-ing this way.  
O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Par-don and peace He'll be-stow.  
Why not this mo-ment ac-cept Him? Trust in God's mer-cy and live.  
O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.



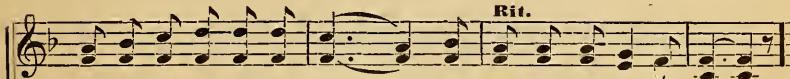
**REFRAIN.**



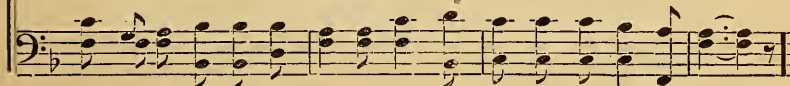
Je-sus is pass-ing this way,..... This way..... to-day;.....  
Je-sus is pass-ing, is passing this way, Is passing this way, Is passing to-day;



*Rit.*



Je-sus is pass-ing this way,.... Is pass-ing this way to-day.  
way to-day,

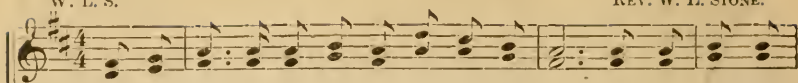


## No. 58.

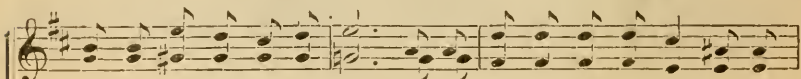
## IT'S JUST LIKE HIM.

W. L. S.

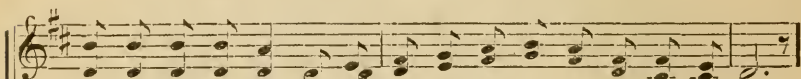
REV. W. L. STONE.



1. O I love to read of Je - sus and His love, How He left His  
 2. O I love to read of Jo - sus as He went Ev - 'ry-where to  
 3. O I love to read of Je - sus on the tree, For it shows how  
 4. O my dear and pre-cious Sav-iour, at Thy feet Here I give my-

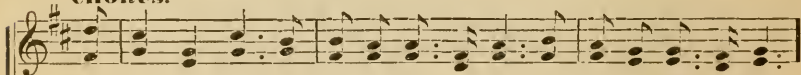


Fa - ther's man-sion far a - bove, How He came on earth to live, How He  
 do His Fa - ther's will in - tent; How He gave the blind their sight, How He  
 great the love that died for me; And the blood that from His side Flowed, when  
 self and all I have com-plete; I will serve Thee all my days With a

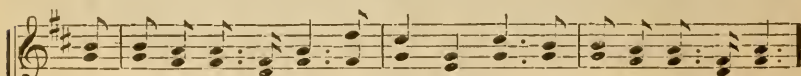


came His life to give, O I love to read of Je - sus and His love.  
 gave the wronged ones right, How He swift de - liv-rance to the cap-tive sent.  
 on the cross He died, Paid my debt and ev - er-more doth make me free.  
 heart all filled with praise, And I'll thank Thee face to face when we shall meet.

## CHORUS.



"It's just like Him" to take my sins a - way, To make me glad and free,



To keep me day by day; "It's just like Him" to give His life for me

# IT'S JUST LIKE HIM. Concluded.

That I might go to heav - en ' and ev - er with Him be.

## No. 59. LEAD ON, O CROSS.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Lead on! O bless - ed cross of Christ, Il - lu - mine with thy ray
2. Lead on! for dy - ing souls are there, Who long to look and live,
3. Lead on where ri - pened har - vests wait, Ere falls the gold - en grain;
4. Lead on! O bless - ed cross of Christ, Till from each mountain height,

The heath - en lands where darkness reigns, And turn their night to day.  
 Lord, on the cross up - lift - ed high, Thy peace and com - fort give.  
 We fain would share the rich re - ward, And sheaves for Christ ob - tain.  
 Un - to the earth's re - mot - est bounds, Shall gleam thy glo - ry light.

### CHORUS.

Lead on, O bless - ed cross, lead on, Till dy - ing souls shall see

The light di - vine, the love of God, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL

1. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Who-so the word be - lieves, From the wide fields of  
 2. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Whereso our lot is cast, Hast-ening hours re-  
 3. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, He will our baskets fill, Scatter His bounty

serv-ice, Gather the gold-en sheaves. Scatter the seeds of blessing, Scatter them  
 deeming, Till the brief day is past. Now while the sun is shin-ing, Now while the  
 free-ly, More will be giv-en still. Gather the sheaves for Jesus, Till He shall

all a - round, O-ver the barren hill - side, O-ver the fer-tile ground.  
 sky is bright, Gather the sheaves for Je - sus, Toil in the Master's might.  
 bid us "come," Singing His grace and glo - ry, At the great Harvest Home.

## CHORUS.

Joy, joy, Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Joy, joy,  
 O what joy, heav'nly joy, O what joy, heav'nly joy,

joy the heart re - ceives, Sheaves, sheaves, Gather the sheaves for  
 Golden sheaves, golden sheaves,

# GATHER THE GOLDEN SHEAVES. Concluded.

Je - sus, Sheaves, sheaves, Gath-er the gold-en sheaves.  
Golden sheaves, golden sheaves, golden sheaves.

## No. 61. SAVE ONE SOUL FOR JESUS.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

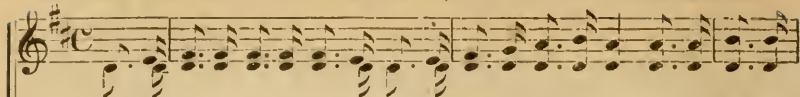
1. Try and save one soul for Je - sus, Some poor soul by sin de - filed;  
2. Try and bring one soul to Je - sus From the wea-ry paths of sin;  
3. Try and lead one soul to Je - sus, To the fount of life and light;  
4. Try to do some work for Je - sus, Try some precious soul to win;

Bring him to the lov - ing Sav-iour, He will own him as His child.  
All will have a heart - y wel-come Who a bet - ter life be - gin.  
He can cleanse from all de - file-ment, Make the sin-stained pure and white.  
Some poor wand'rer in the dark-ness, Waits for thee to bring him in.

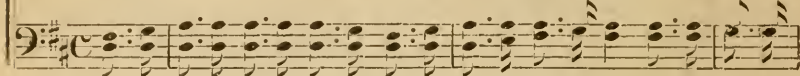
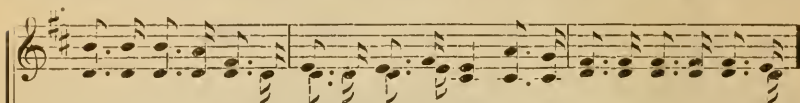
### CHORUS.

He is lov - ing and com-pas-sionate, Standing ready, wait-ing to forgive;

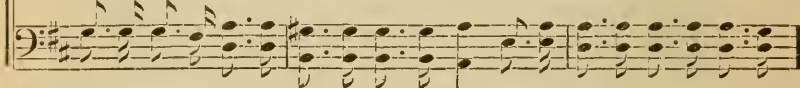
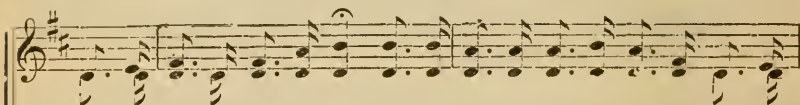
He will wel-come all who come to Him, He the sin - ner will re-ceive.



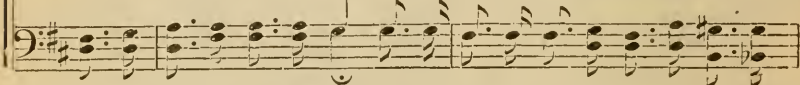
1. O come o-ver in-to Canaan, Where the milk and honey flow; Come and taste its  
 2. O come o-ver in-to Canaan, Leave the wilderness be-hind. Where so long your  
 3. O come o-ver in-to Canaan, There the rose and lil-y grow, All the grac-es

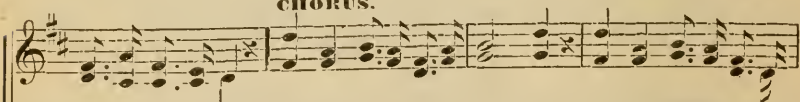
pom-e-gran-etes, All its rich-es free-ly know; There are giants to be conquered,  
 soul has wandered, Where no rest your heart can find; On-ly ven-ture in-to Jor-dan,  
 of His spir-it, All the fruits of heav'n be-low; There the Saviour gently lead-eth

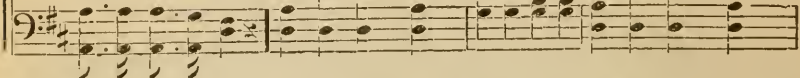
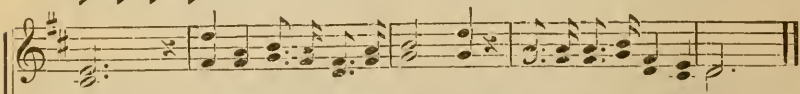
But the shin-ing of His face, Leads from vic-t'ry on to vic-t'ry, In the  
 And its swell-ing shall di-vide; He will hold back all that threatens, Till you've  
 And where'er your feet shall stand, He hath giv'n you for pos-ses-sion In that



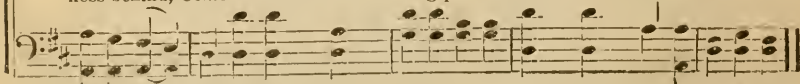
## CHORUS.



full-ness of His grace. O come o-ver in-to Ca-naan, Leave the wilderness be-  
 reached the Canaan side.  
 good-ly pleasant land. O come o-ver in-to Canaan, Leave the wil-der-

hind, Come and trust His loving promise, Come and full salvation find.  
 ness behind, Come and trust His loving promise, Come and full salvation find.



A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Trusting Je-sus, trusting ev'-ry day, Trusting Je-sus all a-long the way,  
 2. Lov-ing Je-sus, who in deep-est love Came in mer-cy from His throne above;  
 3. In a world of sor-row and distress, Bear-ing burdens that so heav-y press,

Trusting Him, we never can fall, He will hear when-ev-er we call; Swift to an-swer  
 Un - to Him we fer-vent-ly pray, As we jour-ney o-ver the way, We may love and  
 Cheerful words will brighten the way, Willing hands will lighten the day, "Ye have done it

**CHORUS.**  
 is the King who rules us all.  
 serve Him better ev'-ry day.  
 un-to me," shall Je-sus say.

We will fol-low Thee, We will fol-low Thee,

Tho' the way be rugged and steep, Tho' it leads us o-ver the deep; We will fol-low

Thee, We will fol-low Thee, Thou wilt guide in tenderest care and safe-ly keep.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gather for e-ter-ni-  
 2. We are a faith-ful glean-ing band, And la-bor at our Lord's com  
 3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are pass-ing

ty, The gold-en sheaves of rip-ened grain From ev-'ry  
 mand, Un-yeild-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the  
 by; Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor

val-ley, hill and plain; Our song is one the reap-ers  
 reap-ers are but few; Be-hold the wav-ing har-vest  
 for a fade-less crown; Why will you i-dly stand and

sing, In hon-or of their Lord and King—The Mas-ter  
 field A-bundant with a gold-en yield; And hear the  
 wait? Be-hold, the hour is grow-ing late! Can you to

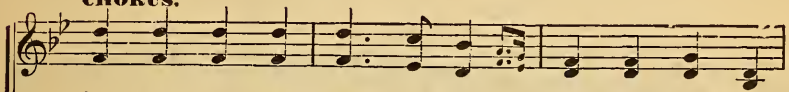
## To the Harvest Field. Concluded.



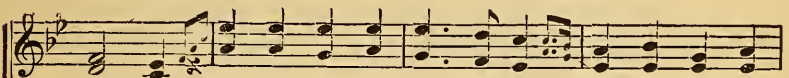
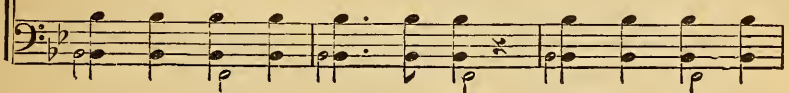
of, the har-vest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.  
 Lord of har-vest say To all: "Go reap for me to-day."  
 judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting gold-en sheaves?



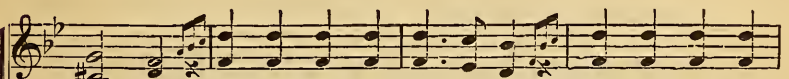
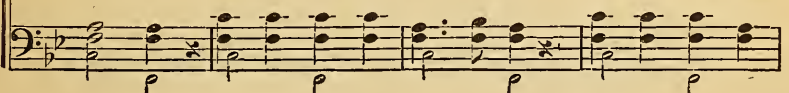
### CHORUS.



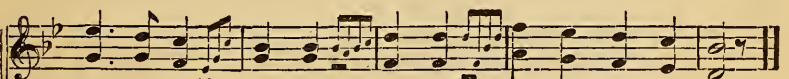
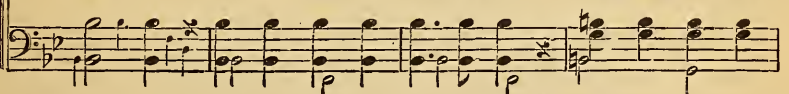
To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter



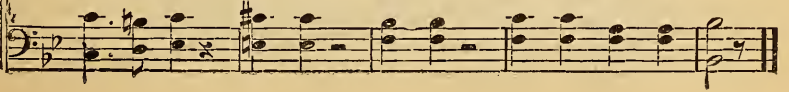
call-eth; There is work for all to-day, Ere the dark-ness



fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly, Har-vest days are

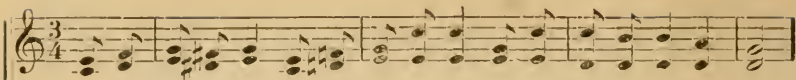


go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

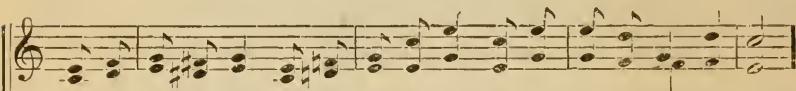
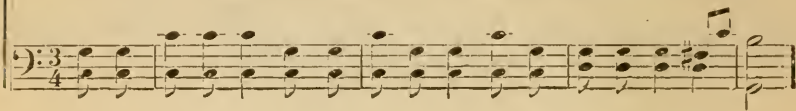


S. O. L.

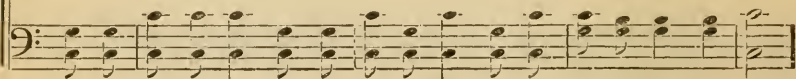
S. O. LOWE.



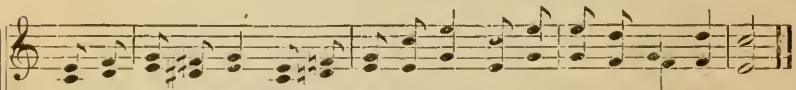
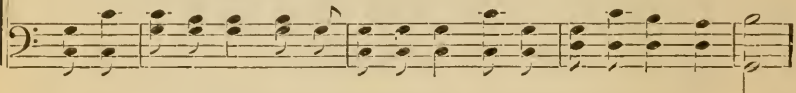
1. Is your name enrolled in the book of life, Is it with the tried and true;
2. When the bu-gle blows and the or-ders come For the forward march be true;
3. Where the conflict's fierce and the battle's long, Where the faith-ful dare and do.



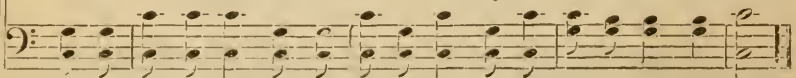
In the marching ranks of the sons of God, I am marching there, are you?  
 In the forward ranks, in the battle's front, I'll be fighting there, will you?  
 With the col - ors high, loy - al to my King, I will hold my p'ace, will you?

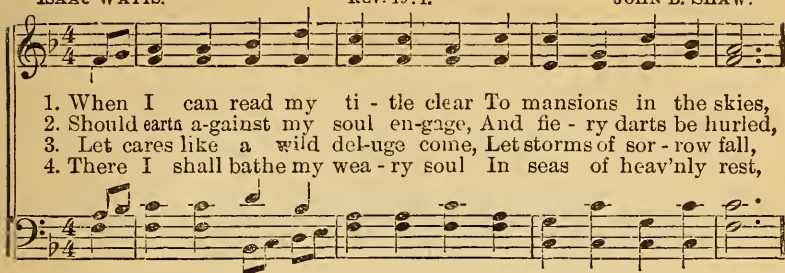
**CHORUS.**

Is your name enrolled with the loy - al ones, With the Saviour's faith ful few;

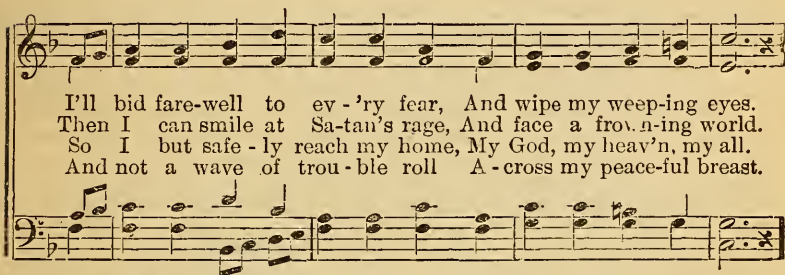


In the read - y ranks where they dare and do, I'll be ev - er there, will you?



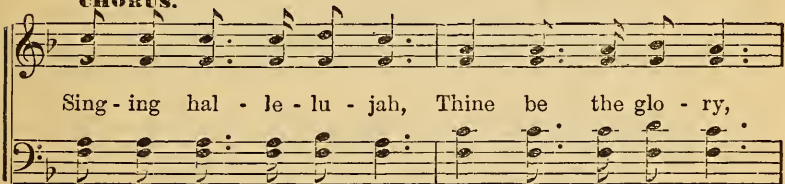


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,  
 2. Should earta a-against my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,  
 3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sor - row fall,  
 4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,

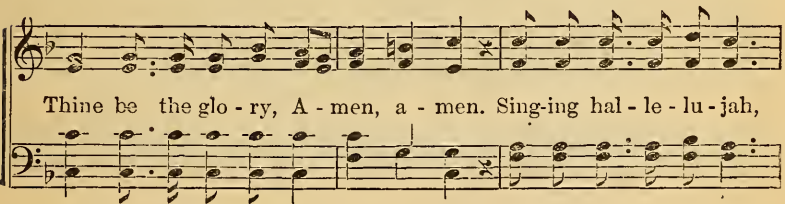


I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.  
 Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frow-n-ing world.  
 So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.  
 And not a wave of trou-ble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

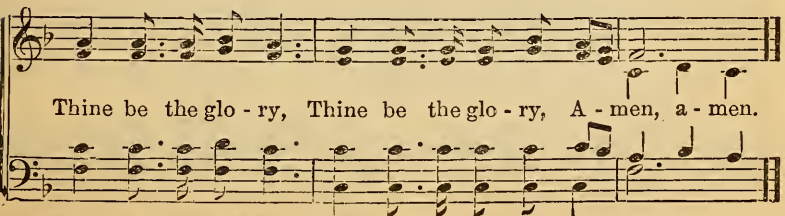
## CHORUS.



Sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah, Thine be the glo - ry,



Thine be the glo - ry, A - men, a - men. Sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah,



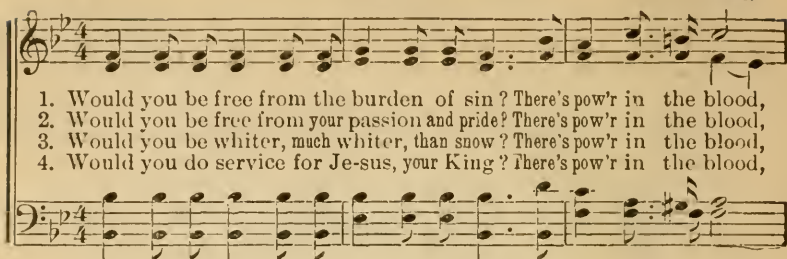
Thine be the glo - ry, Thine be the glo - ry, A - men, a - men.

# 67. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

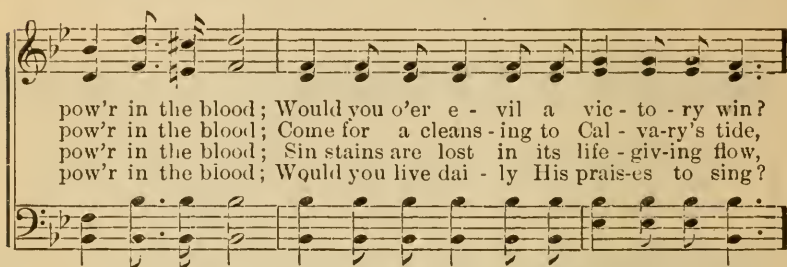
L. E. J.

I. JOHN 1: 7.

L. E. JONES.

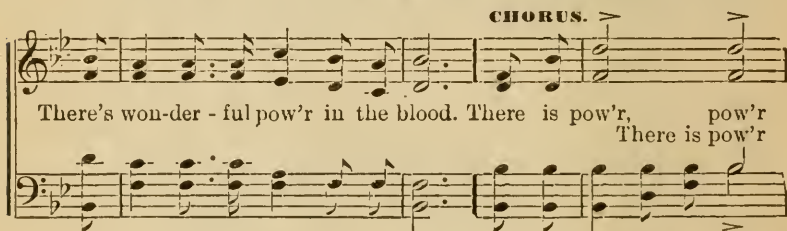


1. Would you be free from the burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 3. Would you be whiter, much whiter, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,  
 4. Would you do service for Je-sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

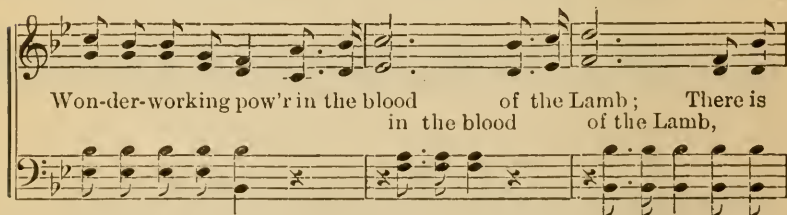


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?  
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,  
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,  
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

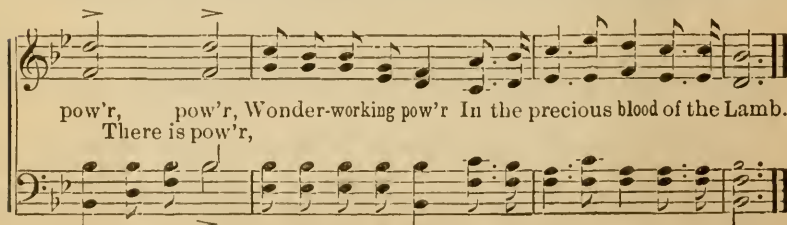
**CHORUS.**



There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r  
 There is pow'r



Won - der - working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is  
 in the blood of the Lamb,

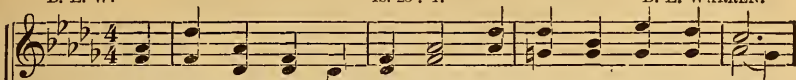


pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.  
 There is pow'r,

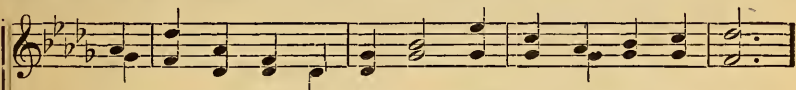
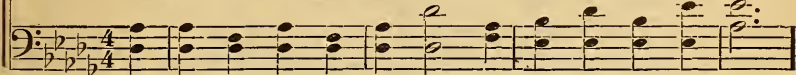
B. E. W.

Is. 25 : 1.

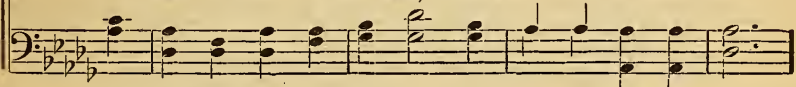
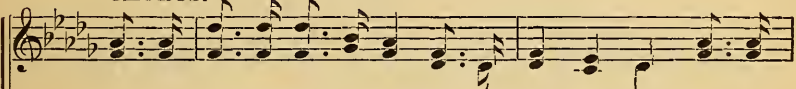
B. E. WARREN.



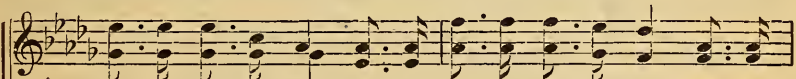
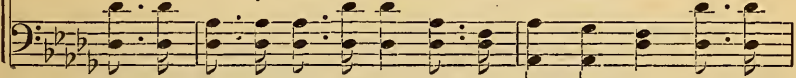
1. He par-doned my trans-gres-sions, He sanc-ti-fied my soul,
2. He keeps me ev-'ry mo-ment By trust-ing in His grace;
3. He brings me through af-flic-tion, He leaves me not a-lone;
4. He pros-pers and pro-TECTS me, His bless-ings ev-er flow;
5. He keeps me firm and faith-ful, His love I do en-joy,
6. There's not a sin-gle bless-ing Which we re-ceive on earth



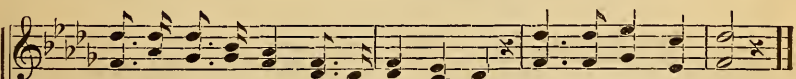
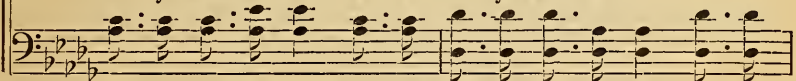
He hon-ors my con-fes-sions, Since by His blood I'm whole.  
 'Tis through His blest a-tone-ment, That I may see His face.  
 He's with me in temp-ta-tion, He keeps me for His own.  
 He fills me with His glo-ry, He makes me white as snow.  
 For this I shall be grate-ful, And live in His em-plot.  
 That does not come from heav-en, The source of our new birth.

**CHORUS.**

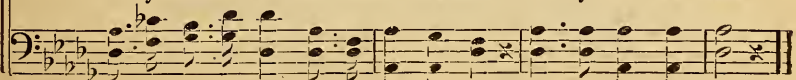
It is tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! It is



tru-ly won-der-ful! It is tru-ly won-der-ful! It is



tru-ly won-der-ful What the Lord has done! Glo-ry to His name.



# No. 69. JESUS WILL WASH IT AWAY.

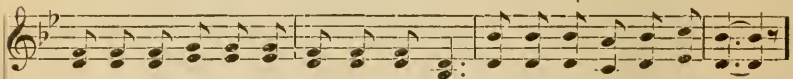
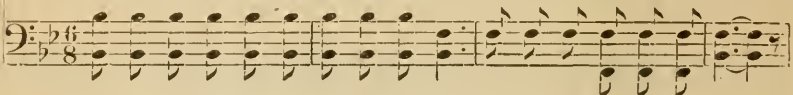
"Wash and be clean."—KINGS 5: 13.

E. E. HEWITT.

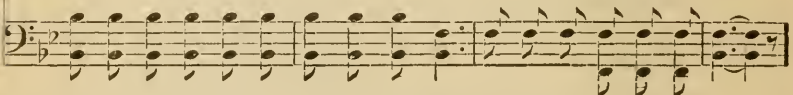
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



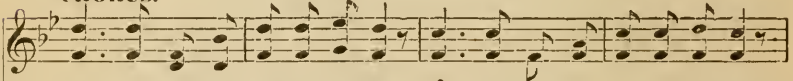
1. Bring all your sin to the Cru - ci - fied One, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
2. No oth - er fountain for sin can a - vail, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
3. O what an off'ring for sin He hath made, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
4. Sing, al! ye ransomed, ex-ult - ant o'er sin. Je - sus will wash it a - way;



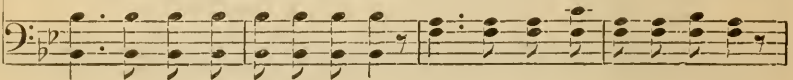
Haste for your life! un - to Cal - va - ry run, Je - sus will wash it a - way.  
 No oth - er comfort when fears shall as - sail, Je - sus will wash it a - way.  
 Come where the price of re-demp-tion was paid, Je - sus will wash it a - way.  
 This is the shout that will vic - to - ry win, Je - sus will wash it a - way.



## CHORUS.



Come, come and His bid-ding o - bey, Come, come and be - liev-ing you'll say,



Je-sus hath saved me, praise Him to-day, Je-sus hath washed my sins a - way.



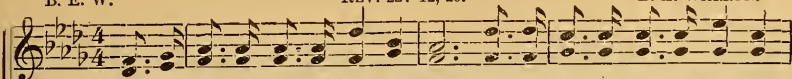
# No. 70.

# IF HE COMES.

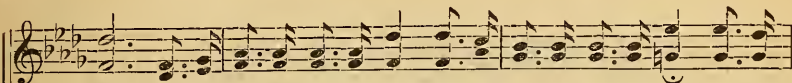
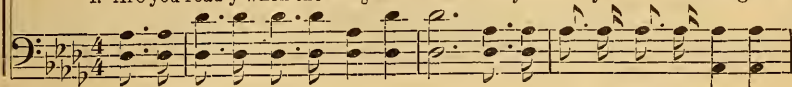
B. E. W.

REV. 22: 12, 20.

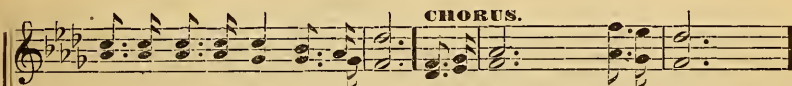
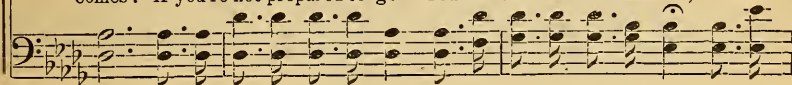
- B. E. WARREN.



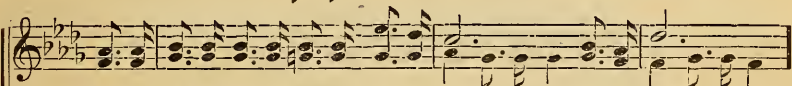
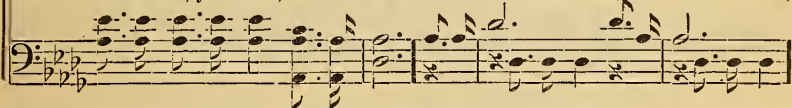
1. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
2. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
3. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
4. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom



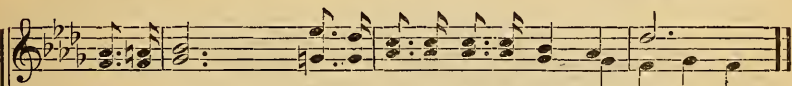
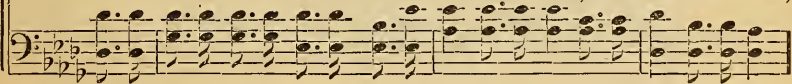
comes? If He comes at noon or night Will it fill you with de-light, Or will  
comes? If He comes without de-lay Will He find you in dis-may, Pleading  
comes? You will hear Him at the door Say-ing, "Time shall be no more, Your pro-  
comes? If you're not prepared to go You will sink to end-less woe, Be for-



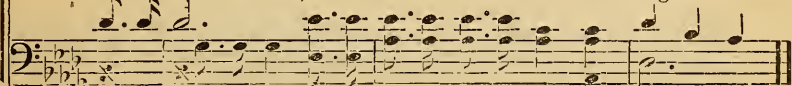
you de-plore the sight, If He comes? If He comes, If He comes,  
for a chance to pray, If He comes?  
ba-tion now is o'er," If He comes?  
ev-er lost, you know, If He comes? If He comes, If He comes,



Are you read-y, watching, waiting If He comes, If He comes,  
If He comes, If He comes,

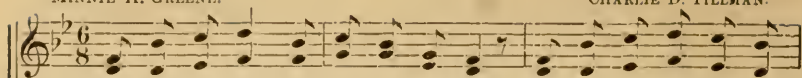


If He comes, Are you read-y if the Bridegroom comes?  
If He comes, Bridegroom comes?

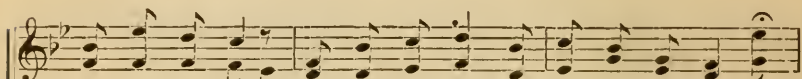


MINNIE H. GREENE.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

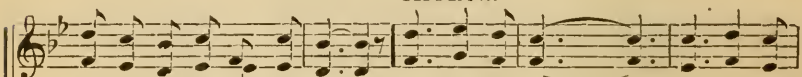


1. Come to the Sav - iour, O come to - day, He will re - ceive you, why  
 2. Come to the Sav - iour, sin - ner o - bey, Soft - ly He call - eth, O  
 3. Come to the Sav - iour, sin - ner be wise, Do not His pleading voice

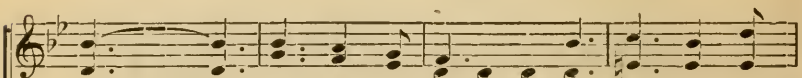


long - er de - lay; I have re - deemed thee, come un - to me, He's  
 come, come to - day; Safe - ly in me for - ev - er a - bide, I  
 long - er de - spise, Lest He for - ev - er turn from thy door, And

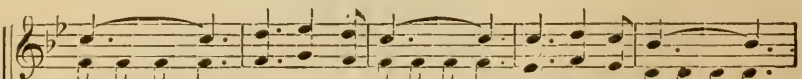
## CHORUS.



ten - der - ly plead - ing with thee. Come un - to me, . . . . Come un - to  
 love thee, for thee I have died.  
 nev - er to plead with thee more. Come, come, come un - to me, Come, come,



me, . . . . . Je - sus is plead - ing, sin - ner, with  
 come un - to me, Je - sus is plead - ing with thee, sin - ner, He's



thee, . . . . . Fountains of mer - cy, Free - ly they flow . . . . .  
 pleading with thee, Fountains of mer - cy still flow, Free - ly, yes, freely they flow.

# COME TO THE SAVIOUR. Concluded.

Where you may wash And be whit - er than snow.....  
Where you may wash and be clean, Be whit - er, yes, whit-er than snow.

## No. 72. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns which pierce my feet,  
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast;  
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

**Fine.**  
One thought re-mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!  
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!  
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!

D. S. What need I fear, when Thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me!

**CHORUS.** **D. S.**  
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou think - est, Lord, of me;  
of me, of me;

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Buds and blossoms sing the summer song, Balm-y breez-es bear their breath along;  
 2. Nature's voic-es sing the summer song, Birds and brooklets, ocean billows strong;

Woodland warblers trill their car-ols sweet, Mer-ry streams the joy re-peat.  
 All a-round us proves His faith-ful care, Tell His love in grate-ful pray'r.

**Girls.**

We'll join the sing-ing, Ho-san-nas ring-ing, Our tribute bring-ing To God a-bove.  
 Our hearts are blending, In thanks ascending, A song un-end-ing To God a-bove.

**Boys.****All.**

We sing the sto-ry, Our Fa-ther's glo-ry, Lov's precious sto-ry—Love.  
 With pure de-vo-tion, With glad e-mo-tion, Sing with de-vo-tion—Love.

**CHORUS. Unison.**

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

# THE SUMMER SONG. Concluded.

Love watch - es o'er us, Join in the beau - ti - ful cho - rus;

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

Sing hap - py prais-es, And wake the hal - le - lu - jah chord.

## No. 74.

## I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;  
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earth - ly store;  
3. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am;

D. C.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

**D. C. for Chorus.**  
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
Soul and bod - y, Thine to be,—Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.  
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

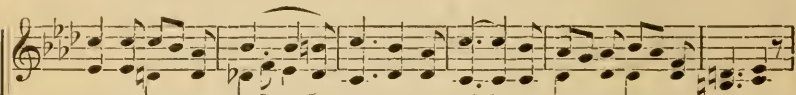
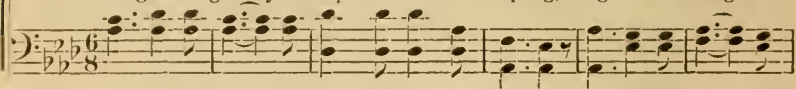
Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.  
*For last verse.* Save me Je - sus, save me now.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

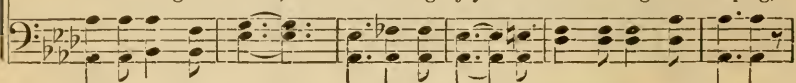


1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls! for
3. Rest comes at length! tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
4. An - gels! sing on: your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing, Sing us sweet fragments

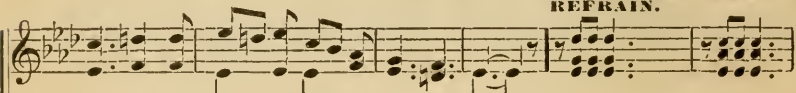


ocean's wave-beat shore:  
Je-sus bids you come!"  
darksome night be past;  
of the songs a - bove;

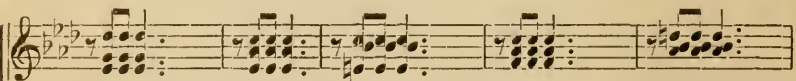
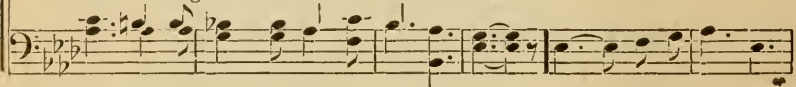
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,  
Faith's journey ends in wel-come to the wea-ry,  
Till mornings joy shall end the night of weeping,



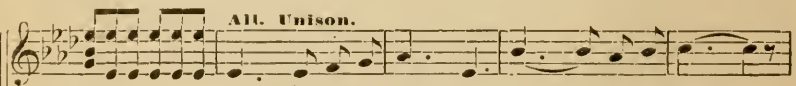
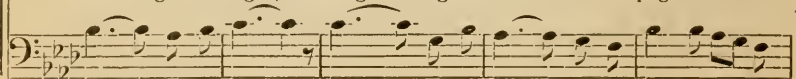
**Male Voices. Unison.  
REFRAIN.**



Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,  
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.



An - gels of light; Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the



**All. Unison.**

night, An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,



# HARK! HARK! MY SOUL. Concluded.

Harmony.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

## No. 76. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With feeling.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

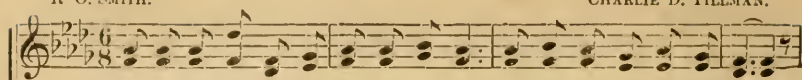
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

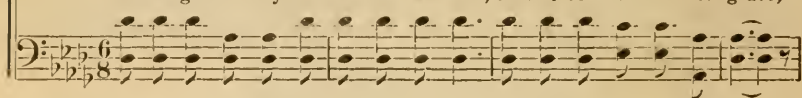
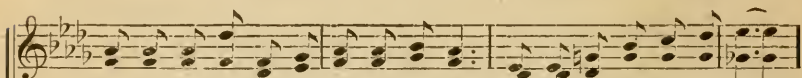
# No. 77. GLAD TIDINGS OF SALVATION.

R O. SMITH.

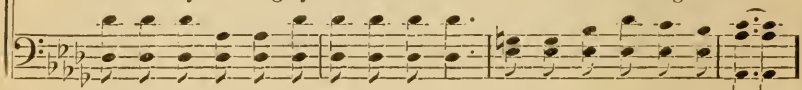
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



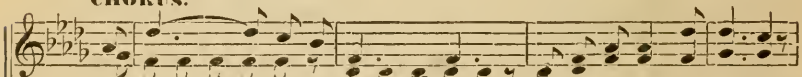
1. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus can save, Save from all e - vil and woe,  
 2. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus will save, Save ev - er - more from thy sin;  
 3. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus has saved, Saved thro' His in - fin - ite grace;

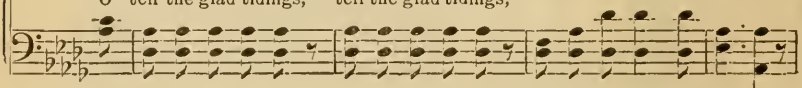
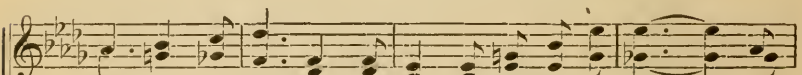
And from the shadows of sin and the grave, Tell it wher - ev - er you go.  
 Yes, He will give you the par - don you crave, If you will bid Him come in.  
 Tak - en thy soul long by e - vil en - slaved In - to His lov - ing em - brace.



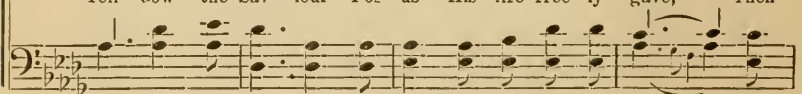
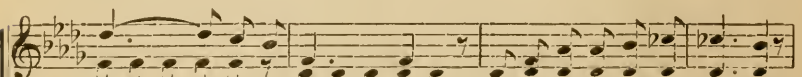
## CHORUS.



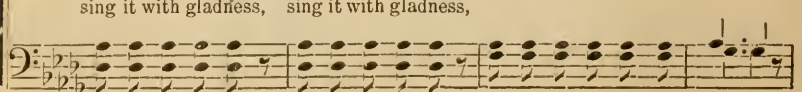
O tell . . . . . the glad ti - dings, Tell of this great sal - va - tion,  
 O tell the glad tidings, tell the glad tidings,

Tell how the Sav - iour For us His life free - ly gave, Then

sing . . . . . it with glad - ness, Shout it and sing it for - ev - er,  
 sing it with gladness, sing it with gladness,



# GLAD TIDINGS OF SALVATION. Concluded.

How the Re-deem - er is might - y to save.....  
Tell how the bless-ed is might-y to save.

## No. 78.

## HE LOVES ME.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?  
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?  
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,  
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears;  
6. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

**Fine.**  
Would He de - vote that sac - red head For such a worm as I?  
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.  
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.


D. S. He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so!

**REFRAIN.** **D. S.**  
He loves me, he loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)

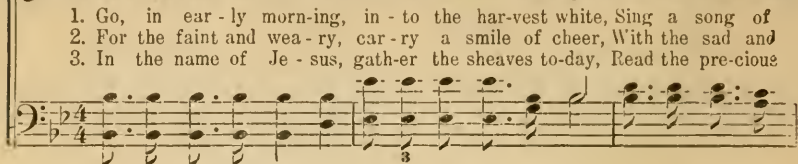
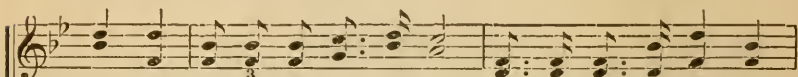
# No. 79. BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING.

F. L. EILAND.

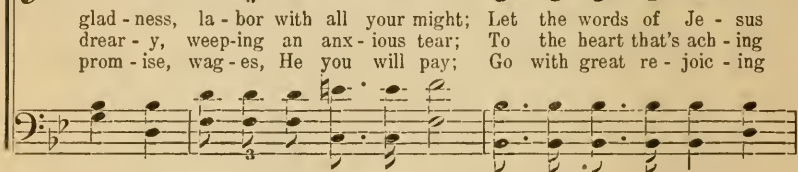
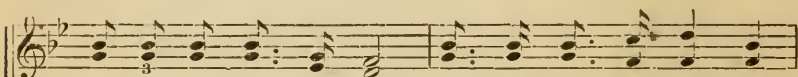
J. W. ACUFF.




1. Go, in ear - ly morn-ing, in - to the har-vest white, Sing a song of  
 2. For the faint and wea - ry, car - ry a smile of cheer, With the sad and  
 3. In the name of Je - sus, gath-er the sheaves to-day, Read the pre-cious

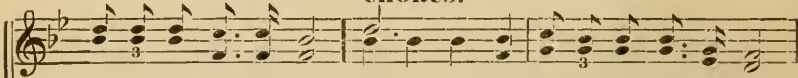
glad - ness, la - bor with all your might; Let the words of Je - sus  
 drear - y, weep-ing an anx - ious tear; To the heart that's ach - ing  
 prom - ise, wag - es, He you will pay; Go with great re - joice - ing

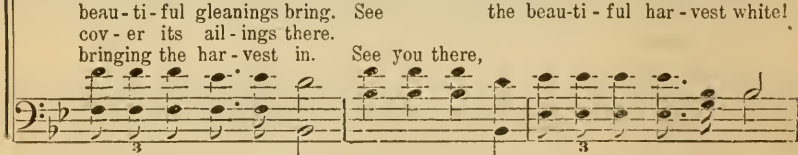
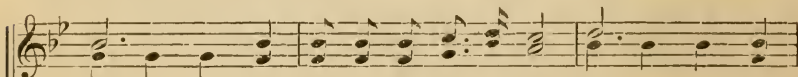
o - ver the na - tion ring, With the com - ing eve - ning,  
 un - der a load of care, Lend a hand of com - fort,  
 glean-ing from fields of sin, Thrust thy glow - ing sick - le,



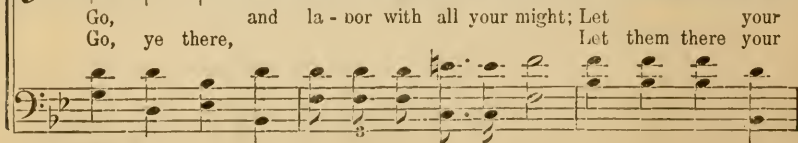
## CHORUS.



beau - ti - ful gleanings bring. See the beau - ti - ful har - vest white!  
 cov - er its ail - ings there.  
 bringing the har - vest in. See you there,

Go, and la - bor with all your might; Let your  
 Go, ye there, Let them there your



# BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus softly.

anthems of glad-ness ring, Go,..... and beau-ti-ful glean-ings bring!  
Go, ye now,

## No. 80.

## NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!  
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him, No, not one! no, not one!  
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!  
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!  
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!  
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

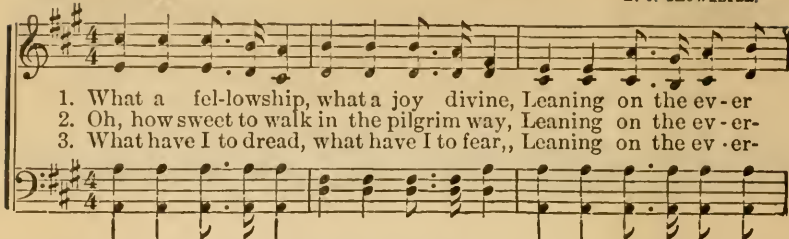
### CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

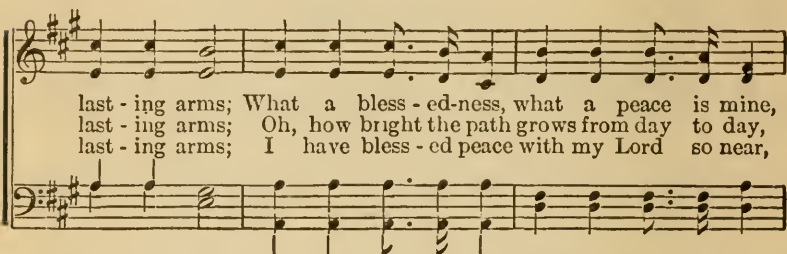
# No. 81. Leaning On The Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

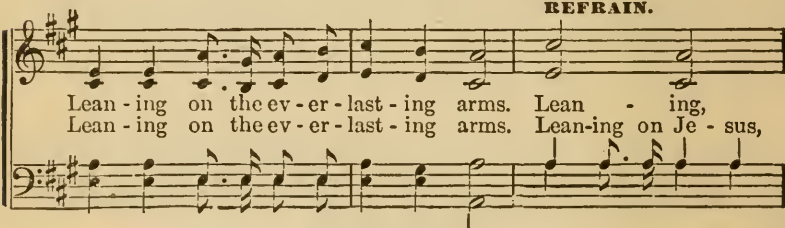


1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear,, Leaning on the ev-er-

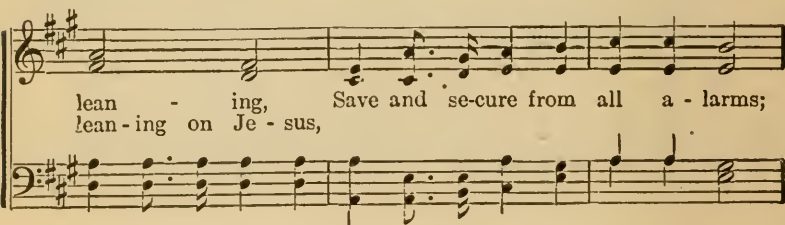


last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last-ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

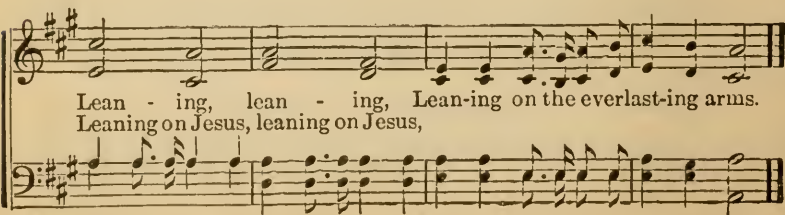
## REFRAIN.



Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,  
 Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,



lean-ing, Save and se-secure from all a-larms;  
 lean-ing on Je-sus,



Lean-ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the everlast-ing arms.  
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

## No. 82.

## JESUS IS PASSING BY.

Arr. by REV. J. H. W.

"Jesus passed by."—JOHN 9: 1.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. "Je - sus is pass - ing," the blind man was told, Who by the  
 2. "Je - sus, my Sav - iour, have mer - cy on me! O - pen my  
 3. "Je - sus is pass - ing," if, feel - ing your need, Ear - nest en-

way - side was beg - ging of old, Wish - ing that Je - sus His  
 eyes, and from sin set me free; Help - less and need - y, I  
 treat - ies He sure - ly will heed; If you but ask Him, your

sight would un - fold, "Je - sus is pass - ing by."  
 come un - to Thee, Je - sus is pass - ing by."  
 soul shall be freed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.

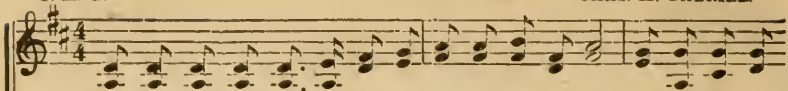
## CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass - ing, He's passing this way, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

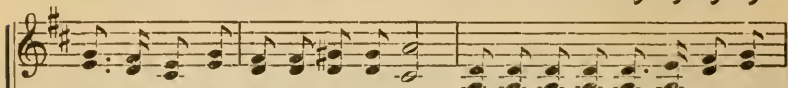
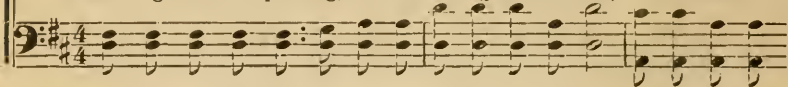
Thou Son of Da - vid, have mercy on me; Je - sus is pass - ing by.

C. H. G.

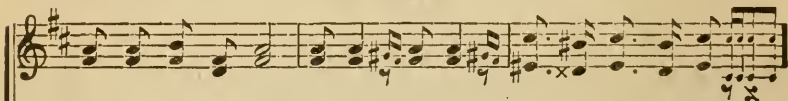
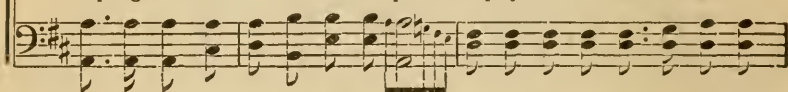
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



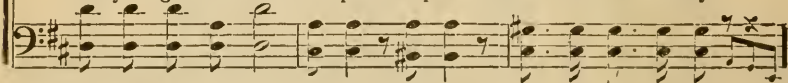
1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the evening fol-lows fast; Soon the time of



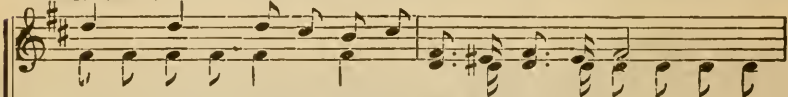
"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma - ny loi - ter, while the  
hope to wear in yon-der world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are  
reap-ing will for - ev - er-more be past. Em-py hand-ed to the Mas-ter



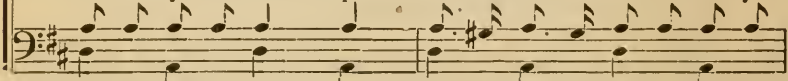
Mas-ter calls a - new—"Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"  
pre-cious in His sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"  
will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"



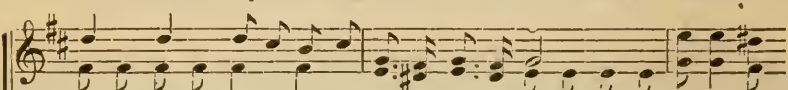
## CHORUS.



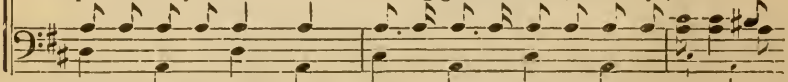
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand  
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y



Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all




Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O  
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,

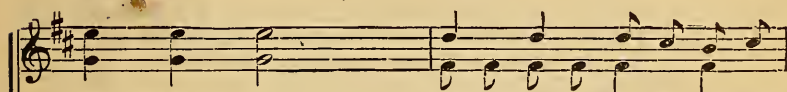


Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

# REAPERS ARE NEEDED. Concluded.



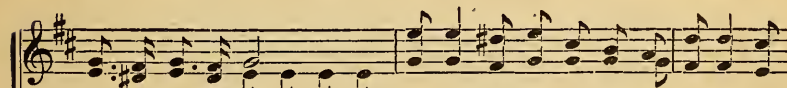
sleepers ! Ye are needed as reapers ! Who will be the first to answer, "Mas-ter, quickly



here am I." "Mas-ter, here am I." O an-swer! Far and wide the rip-ened  
Far and wide the rip - ened  
Far and wide the



grain is bend-ing low, in the breez-es gen-tly  
grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen - tly  
grain bends low, and In the breeze waves



wav-ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleepers! Ye are need-ed as  
wav-ing to and fro, O rouse ye,  
to and fro, O



reap-ers, And the gold - en har-vest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

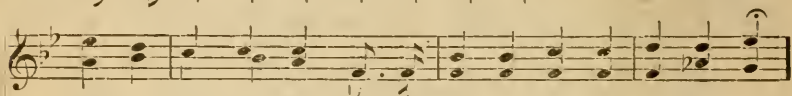
# No. 84. AT THE ROLL CALL I'LL BE THERE.

E. C. A.

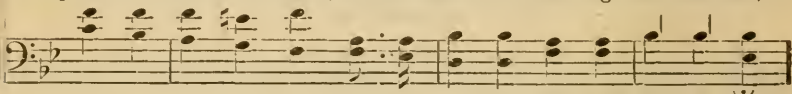
E. C. AVIS.



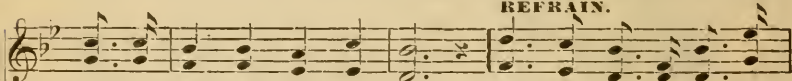
1. When the roll is called in heav'n a - bove, And the ma - ny
2. When the Sav - ior speaks for whom He died, And on Cal - v'ry's
3. When the saved of a - ges stand and sing, Prais - es un - to
4. When the Lord shall come to take His own To a place pre-



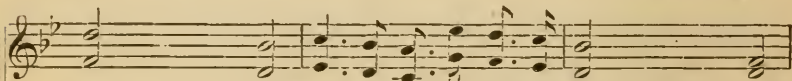
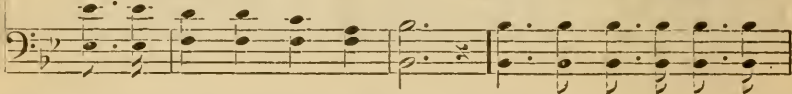
saved thro' won - drous love, Shall be seen to stand all white and fair,  
 cross was cru - ci - fi - ed, Of His fin - ished work I too shall share,  
 Christ, the Lord and King, 'Mid the heav'n - ly hosts all free from care,  
 pared of which we've known, With the saints as - cend - ing in the air,



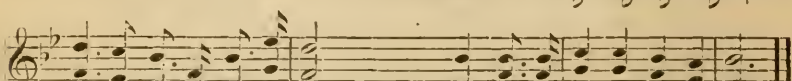
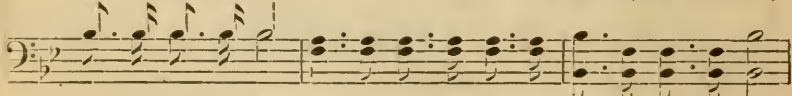
## REFRAIN.



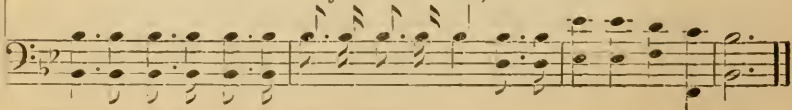
At the roll call I'll be there. When the roll is called in



heav - - - en, When the roll is called in heav - - - en,  
 heav - en, I'll be there, heav - en, I'll be there;



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - - - jah! At the roll call I'll be there.  
 hal - le - lu - jah! I'll be there,



# No. 85. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
654. 684. 781.

JOHANN C. H. RINE.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign; }  
 E - ter-nal day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. }  
 3. { Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; }  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. }

2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er fad-ing flow'rs,  
 4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides That heav'nly land from ours.  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood, Shoul'd fright us from the shore.

# No. 86. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
910. 476. 950.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work, thro' the morning hours; }  
 Work, while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit. . . . .*) Work 'mid springing flow'rs;  
*D. C.*—Work, for the night is com-ing, (*Omit. . . . .*) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun:

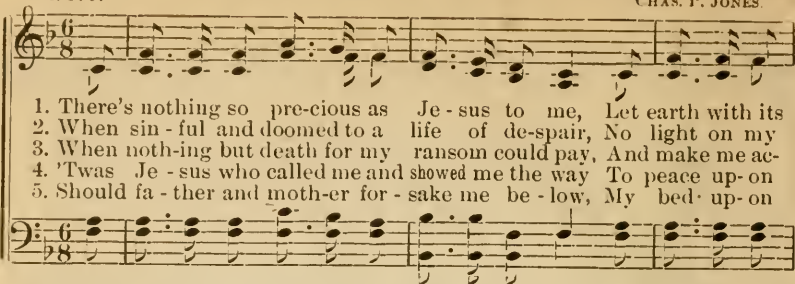
2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work in the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store:  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

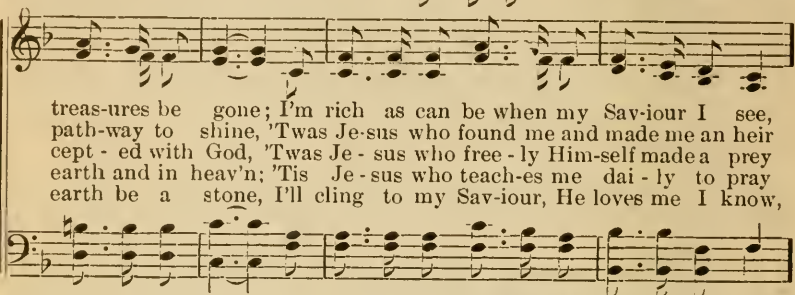
# No. 87. I'M HAPPY WITH JESUS ALONE.

C. P. J.

CHAS. P. JONES

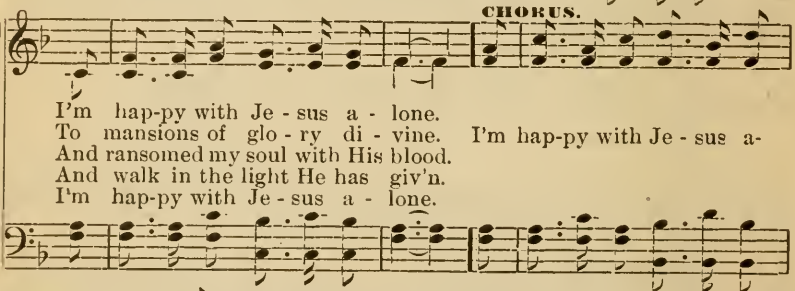


1. There's nothing so pre-cious as Je - sus to me, Let earth with its  
 2. When sin - ful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my  
 3. When noth-ing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-  
 4. 'Twas Je - sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up-on  
 5. Should fa - ther and moth-er for - sake me be - low, My bed up-on

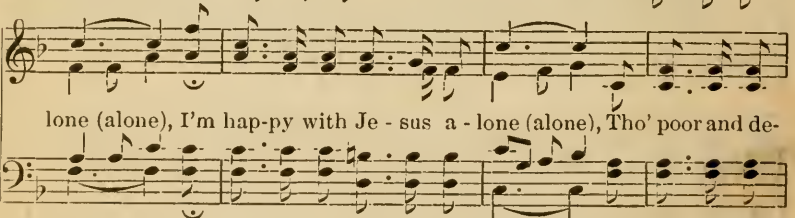


treas-ures be gone; I'm rich as can be when my Sav-iour I see,  
 path-way to shine, 'Twas Je-sus who found me and made me an heir  
 cept - ed with God, 'Twas Je - sus who free - ly Him-self made a prey  
 earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach-es me dai - ly to pray  
 earth be a stone, I'll cling to my Sav-iour, He loves me I know,

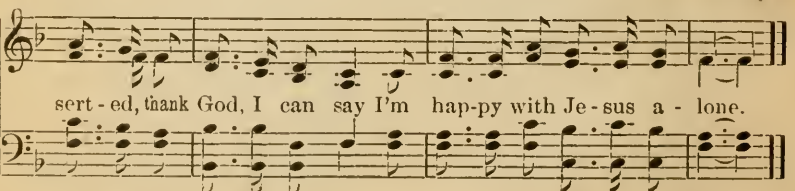
**CHORUS.**



I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.  
 To mansions of glo - ry di - vine. I'm hap-py with Je - sus a -  
 And ransomed my soul with His blood.  
 And walk in the light He has giv'n.  
 I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.



lone (alone), I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone (alone), Tho' poor and de-



sert - ed, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone.

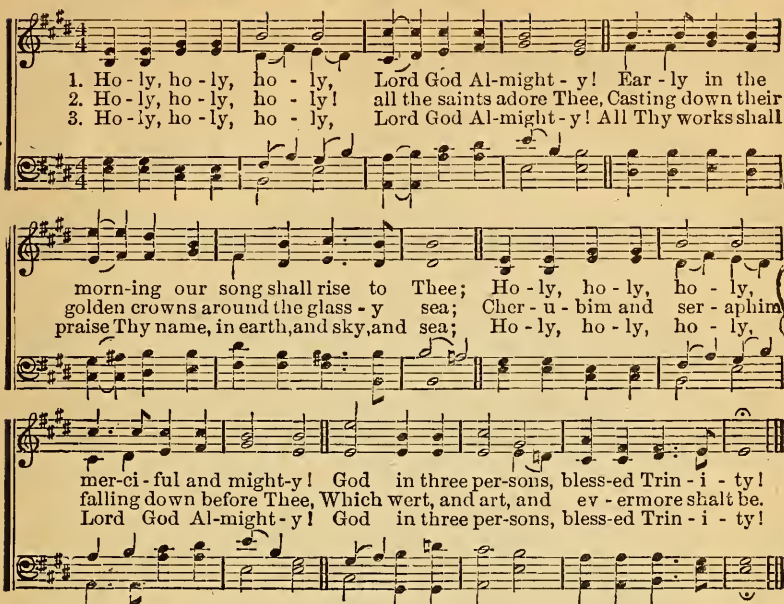
# No. 88.

# HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
4. 209. 527.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the  
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their  
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall  
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,  
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-aphim  
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,  
mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!  
falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.  
Lord God Al-might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

# No. 89.

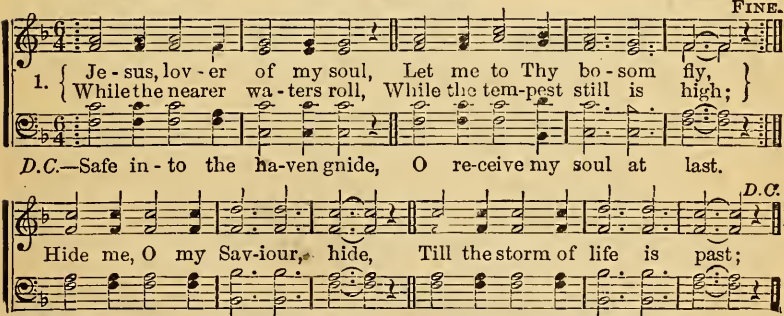
# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
354. 499. 305.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, }  
{ While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }  
D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-vengnide, O re-ceive my soul at last.  
Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
D.C.

- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

- Just and holy is Thy Name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of Lif the Fountain art;  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

# No. 90.

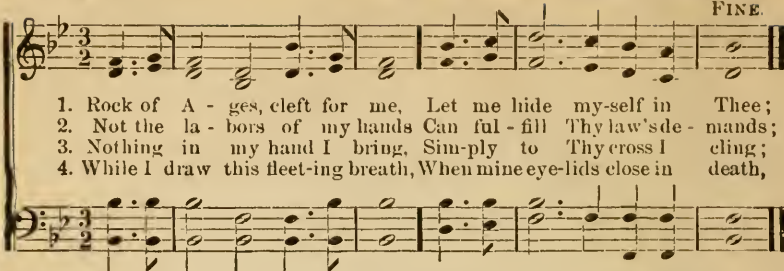
# ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
106. 496. 301.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

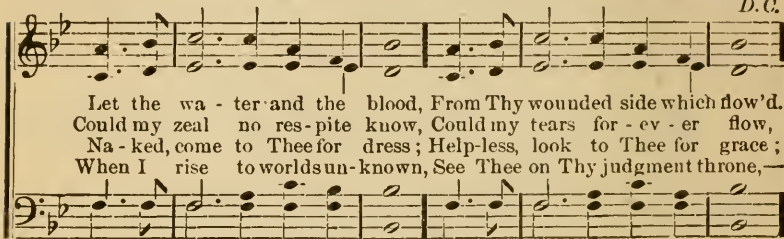
FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,

- D.C.—1. Be of sin the doub-le cure Save from wrath and make me pure.  
D.C.—2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
D.C.—3. Vile, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.  
D.C.—4. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

D. C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd.  
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;  
When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

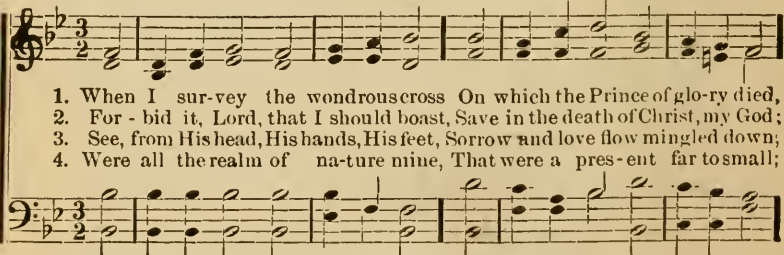
# No. 91.

# WHEN I SURVEY.

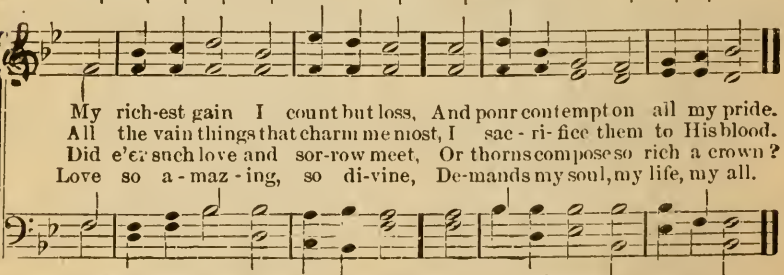
ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
102. 442. 147.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns composeso rich a crown?  
Love so a - maz - ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

S. F. SMITH.

\* M. H. B. H.  
728. 696.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal  
 4. Our father's God, to Thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

father's died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.  
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## No. 93. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Arr. by Jos. F. BUTLER.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;  
 3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;  
 4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - lad - en, Bruis'd and man-gled by the fall,

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

*D.C. Chorus.*

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.  
 True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.  
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

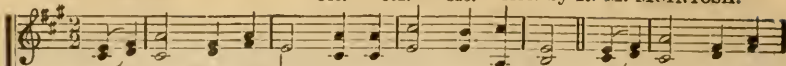
In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

# No. 94. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

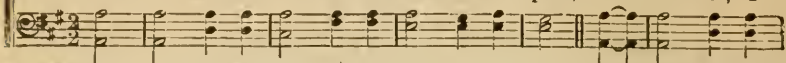
GEO. KEITH.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
546. 502. 325.

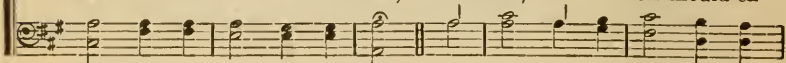
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



1. How firm a founda - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sickness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. Fear not: I am with thee: O be not dismayed: I, I am thy
4. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov'reign, e -
5. The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to  
vale or a - bounding in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the  
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
ter - nal, unchange - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their  
can - not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -



you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
land, on the sea— As your days may demand, shall thy strength e'er be.  
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
tem - ples a - dore, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.  
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake.

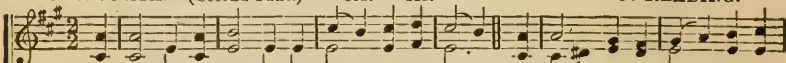


# No. 95. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

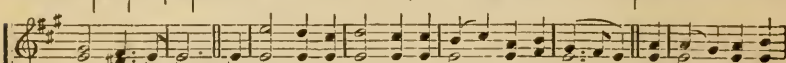
GEO. KEITH. (Second Tune.)

\* B. H. P. H.  
502. 111.

J. READING.



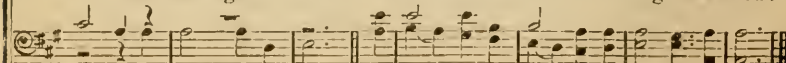
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His



excellent word; What more can He say than to you He hath said,—You who unto



Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for refuge have fled?



## No. 96.

## A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

\*M. H. 486. B. H. 454. P. H. 456.

LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,  
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill—  
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;  
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!  
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.  
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

## No. 97.

## ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

\*M. H. 738. B. H. 40. P. H. 15.

G. F. HANDEL.

(Second Tune.)

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,

A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

## No. 98. GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND!

\*M. H. 161. B. H. 93. P. H. 544.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!<br/>         Harmonious to my ear!<br/>         Heaven with the echo shall resound,<br/>         And all the earth shall hear.</p> <p>2 Grace first contrived the way<br/>         To save rebellious man;<br/>         And all the steps that grace display<br/>         Which drew the wondrous plan.</p> | <p>3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet<br/>         To tread the heavenly road;<br/>         And new supplies each hour I meet<br/>         While pressing on to God.</p> <p>4 Grace all the work shall crown,<br/>         Through everlasting days:<br/>         It lays in heaven the topmost stone,<br/>         And well deserves the praise.</p> |
|--|---|

PHILIP DODDGE.

\*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

## No. 99.

## AMAZING GRACE.

JOHN NEWTON.

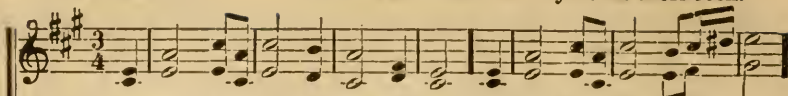
\* M. H. B. H. P. H.

570.

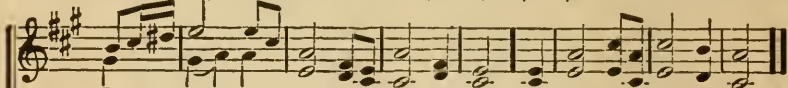
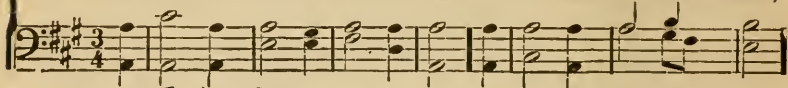
492.

519.

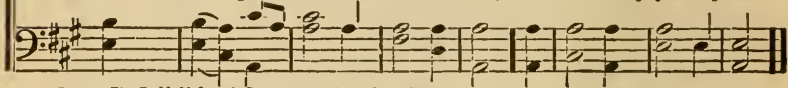
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



1. A - maz-ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read-y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me; His word my hope se - cures:
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre - cious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
 He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life endures.  
 I shall pos - sess, with-in the vail, A life of joy and peace.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

## No. 100.

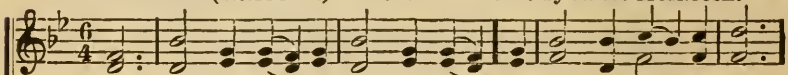
## HARP. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. (Second Tune.)

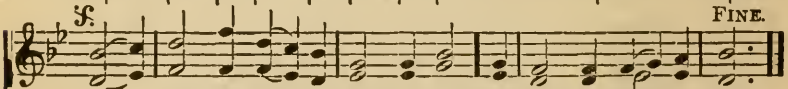
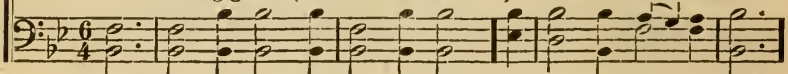
\* M. H.

570.

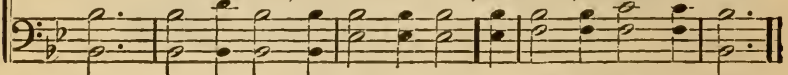
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



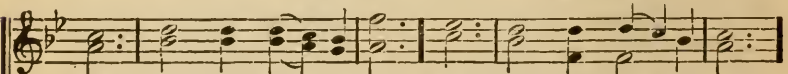
1. A - mazing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!



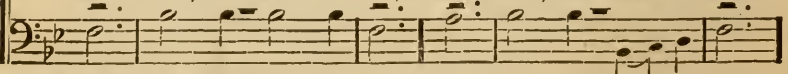
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.



Close with second strain D.S.



Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

## No. 101.

## THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. \* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
107. 231. 136. ART. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;  
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,  
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,  
5. Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
And there-may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more,  
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.  
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more.  
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.  
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave.

## No. 102. SALVATION! O THE JOYFUL SOUND.

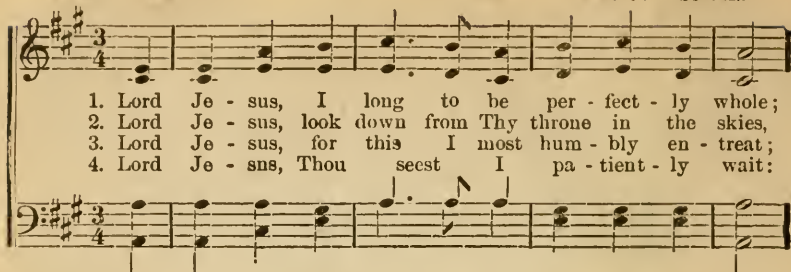
ISAAC WATTS. \* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
65. 234. 871. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears,  
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;  
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round,

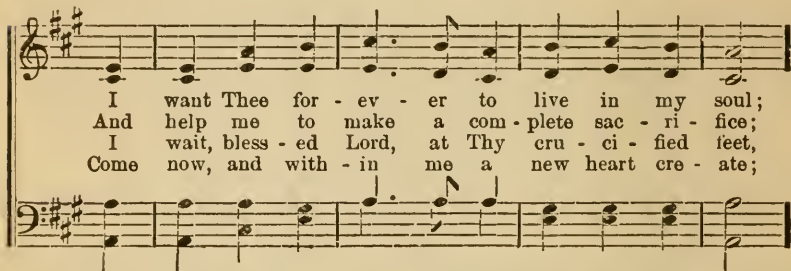
A sov'reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.  
But we a-rise, by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.  
While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

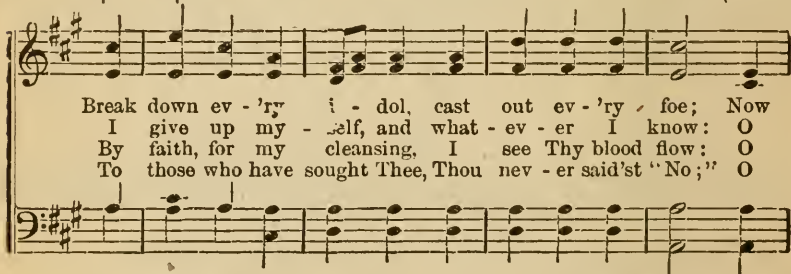
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;  
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,  
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;  
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait:

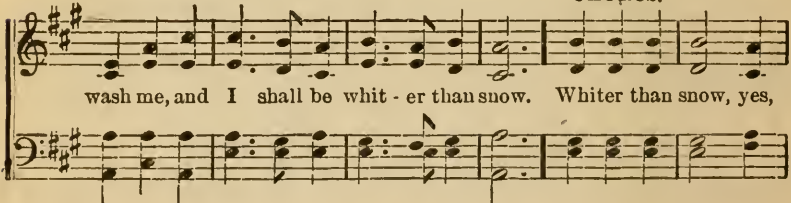


I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;  
 And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;  
 I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,  
 Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

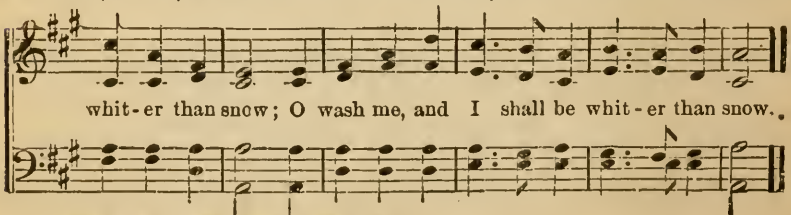


Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now  
 I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: O  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: O  
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No;" O

## CHORUS.



wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,



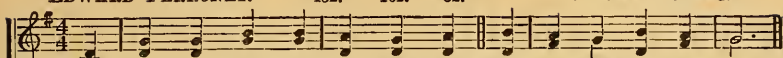
whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

# No. 104. ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

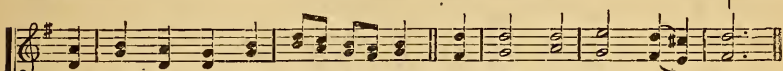
EDWARD PERRONET.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
132. 161. 32.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



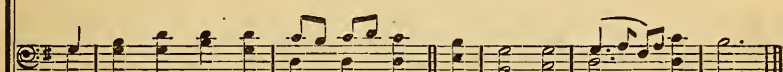
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.



2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

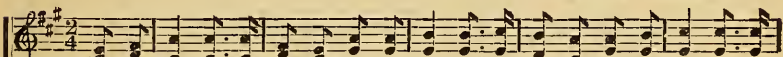
3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 105. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.

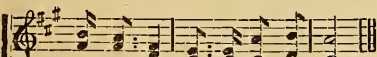
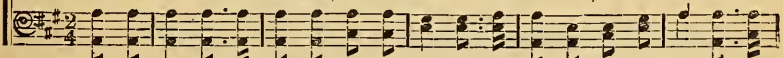


CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-

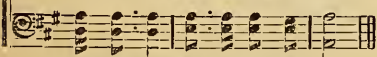
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our

2. Makes me love ev'-ry-bod - y, Makes me love ev'-ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev'-ry -

3. It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our



ligion, It's good enough for me.  
mothers, It's good enough for me.  
bod-y, It's good enough for me.  
fathers, It's good enough for me.



4 : It was good for the Prophet Daniel. :||  
It's good enough for me.

5 : It was good for the Hebrew Children, :||  
It's good enough for me.

6 : It was tried in the fiery furnace, :||  
It's good enough for me.

7 : It was good for Paul and Silas, :||  
It's good enough for me.

8 : It will do when I am dying, :||  
It's good enough for me.

9 : It will take us all to heaven, :||  
It's good enough for me.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman..

M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

# No. 106. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
398. 384. 335.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,  
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's  
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire.  
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

# No. 107. ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.

Anon.

Unknown.

1. There are an - gels hov - ring 'round, There are an - gels hov - ring 'round,  
2. They will carry the ti - dings home; They will carry the ti - dings home;

There are an - gels, an - gels hov - ring 'round.  
They will car - ry, car - ry the ti - dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

6 There's glory all around etc.

# No. 108. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. \* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
580. 425. 951.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;  
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;  
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;  
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:  
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

*D.S.* - Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
*D.S.* - Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
*D.S.* - He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,  
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,  
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

# No. 109. BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
751. 463. 597.

GEO. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our  
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
we shall still be joined in heart, And, hope to meet a - gain.

GEO. ROBINSON.

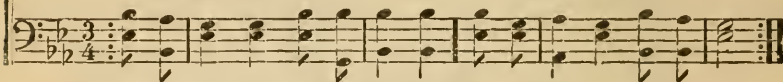
M. H. B. H. P. H.  
525. 177. 94.

Unknown.

FINK



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace }  
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }
2. { Here I'll raise my Eb-e-ne-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; }  
 { And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. }
3. { Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! }  
 { Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee; }



D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

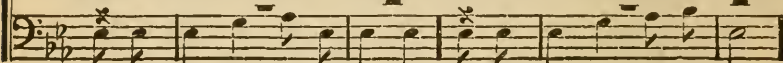
D.C.—He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-terposed His pre-cious blood.

D.C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.



D.C.

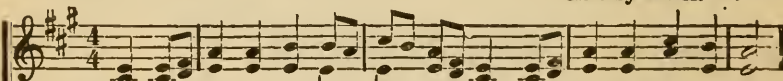
Teach me some me-lo-dious sen-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.  
 Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,  
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—



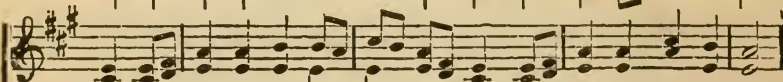
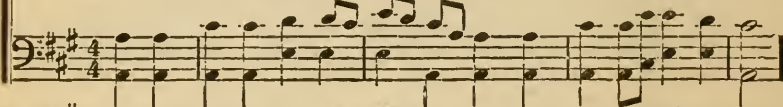
## No. 111.

## LORD, REVIVE US.

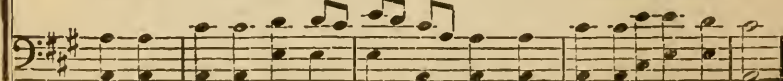
Arr. by W. A. W.



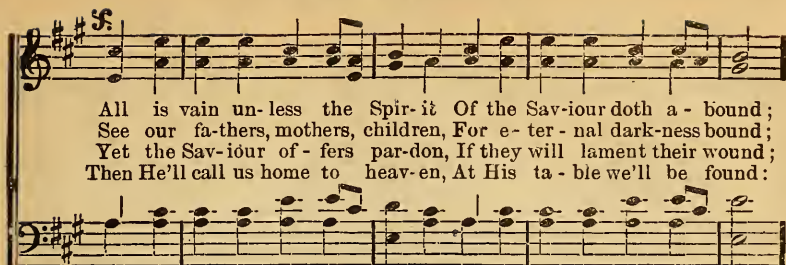
1. Brethren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sin-ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe!
3. Brethren, here are poor back-slid-ers, Who were once near heaven's door;
4. Let us love our God su-preme-ly; Let us love each oth-er, too;



Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?  
 Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?  
 But they have betrayed their Sav-iour, And are worse than e'er be-fore;  
 Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new;

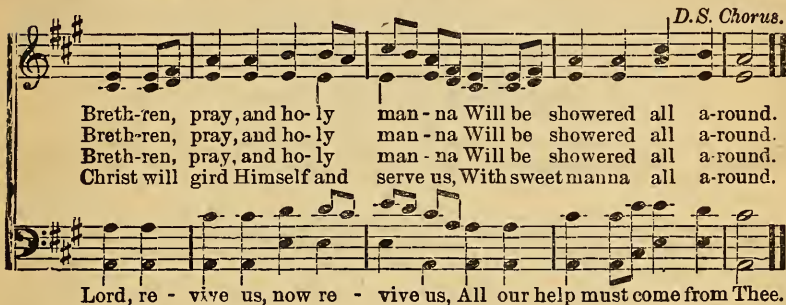


# LORD, REVIVE US.



All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Sav-iour doth a - bound;  
See our fa-thers, mothers, children, For e - ter - nal dark-ness bound;  
Yet the Sav-iour of - fers par-don, If they will lament their wound;  
Then He'll call us home to heav-en, At His ta - ble we'll be found:

CHO.—Lord, re - vive us, Oh, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee :



*D.S. Chorus.*

Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly	man-na Will be showered all a-round.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly	man-na Will be showered all a-round.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly	man-na Will be showered all a-round.
Christ will gird Himself and	serve us, With sweet manna all a-round.

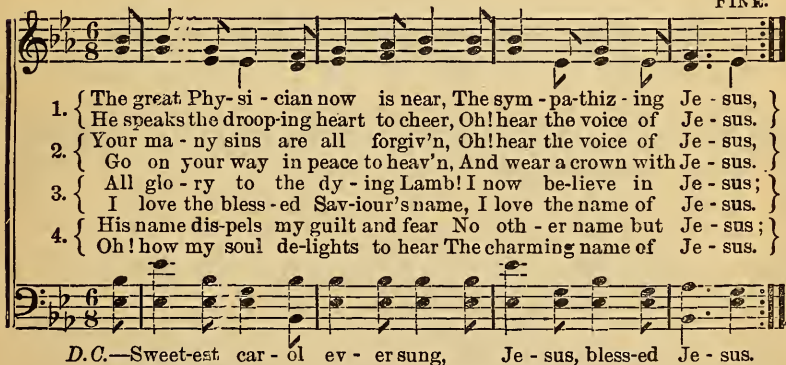
Lord, re - vive us, now re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

## No. 112. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

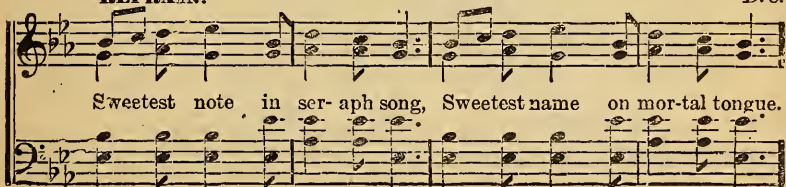


1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus, }  
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }  
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }
3. { All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus; }  
I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus. }
4. { His name dis-pels my guilt and fear No oth - er name but Je - sus; }  
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus. }

*D.C.*—Sweet-est car - ol ev - ersung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

**REFRAIN.**

*D.C.*



Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue.

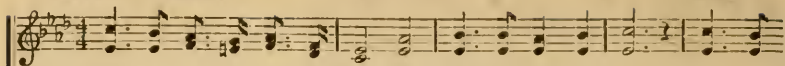
## No. 113.

## PASS ME NOT.

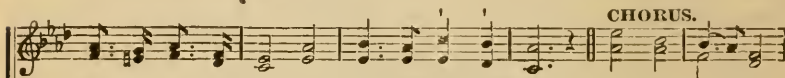
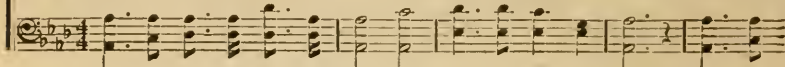
FANNY J. CROSBY.

\* M. H. B. H.  
852. 361.

W. H. DOANE.

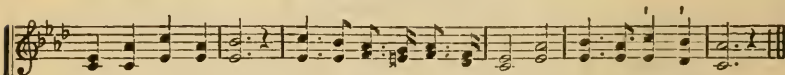
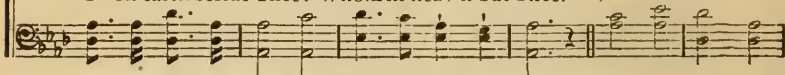


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

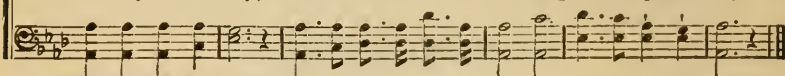


CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.  
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.  
wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,  
I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.



Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.



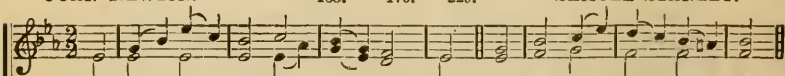
Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane, used by permission.

## No. 114. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

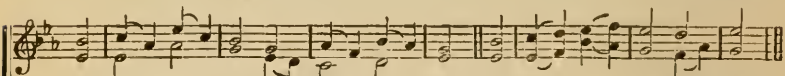
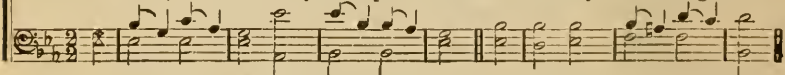
JOHN NEWTON.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
153. 170. 229.

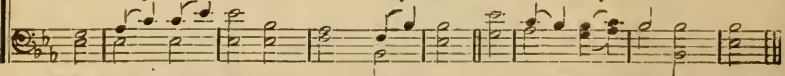
SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't;
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro-claim With ev-'ry fleet-ing breath;



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.  
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.  
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.  
And may the mu-sic of Thy name Re-fresh my soul in death.

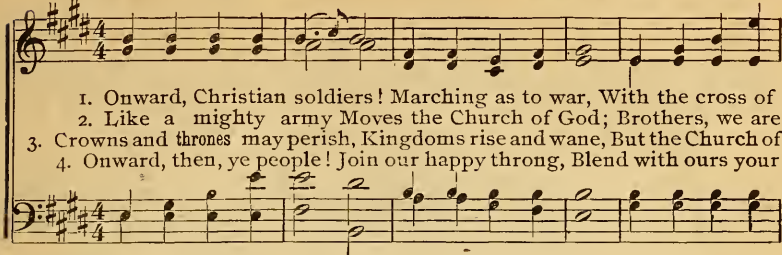


\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

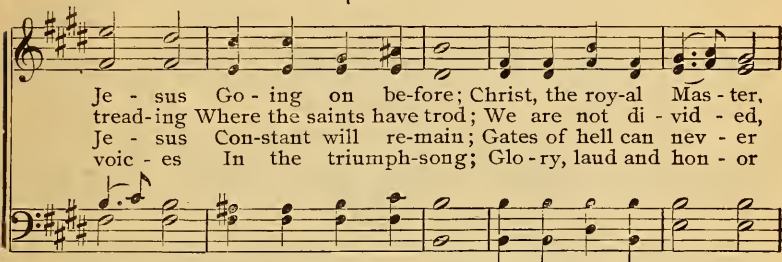
# No. 115. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by S. B. GOULD.

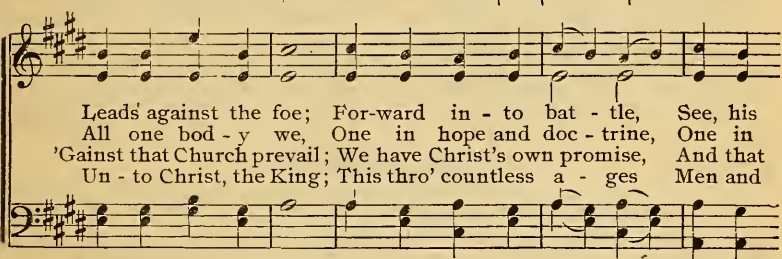
Music by A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of  
 2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of  
 4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

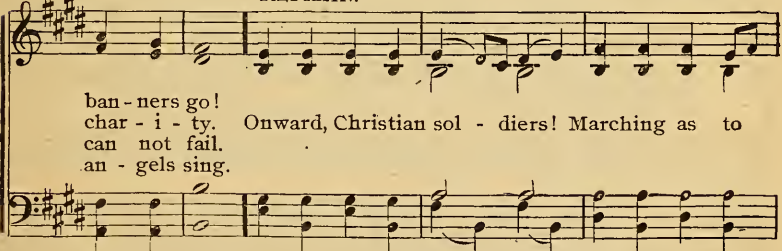


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er  
 voic - es In the triumph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

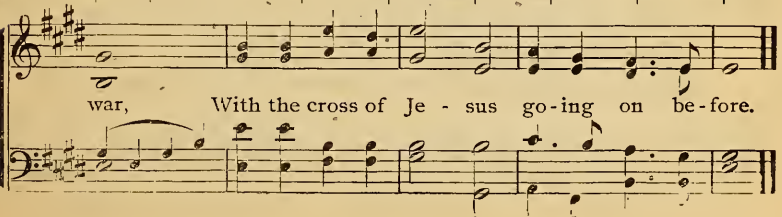


Leads' against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his  
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in  
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that  
 Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

## REFRAIN.



ban - ners go!  
 char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to  
 can not fail.  
 an - gels sing.



war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

## No. 116.

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

W. W. WALFORD.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
789. 405. 49.

W. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit. . .*) wishes known :

D. C. — And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet (*Omit. . .*) hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting souls to bless;  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share;  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing thro' the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

## No. 117.

## ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

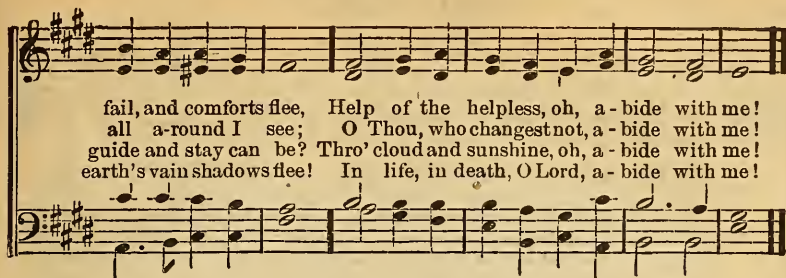
\* B. H. P. H.  
362. 923.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide, The dark-ness  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy  
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self, my  
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and

# ABIDE WITH ME.—Concluded.



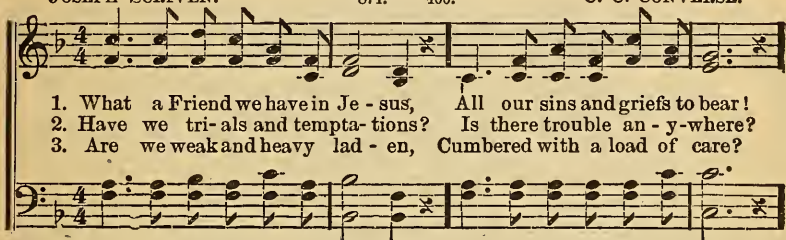
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me!  
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!  
 earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

## No. 118. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

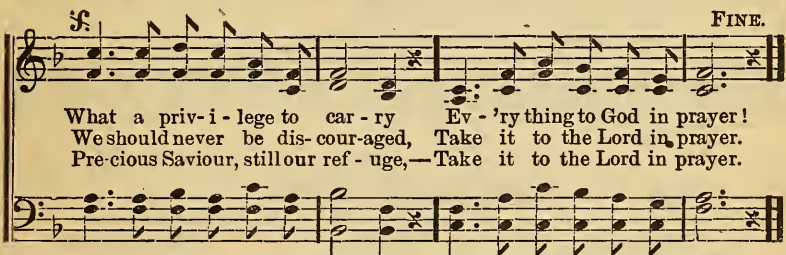
JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

\* M. H. B. H.  
 874. 406.

C. C. CONVERSE.



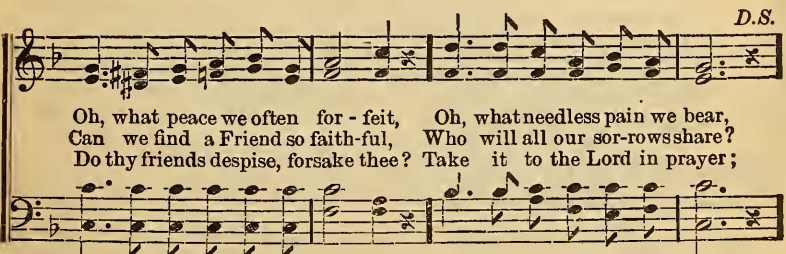
1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri-als and tempta-tions? Is there trouble an-y-where?  
 3. Are we weak and heavy lad-en, Cumbered with a load of care?



**FINE.**

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer!  
 We should never be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref-uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D.S.—All because we do not car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer!  
 D.S.—Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
 D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.



**D.S.**

Oh, what peace we often for-feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
 Can we find a Friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-row share?  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

EDWARD MOTE.

• M. H. B. H.  
819. 309.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteous-ness ; }  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Jesus' name ; }  
 2. { When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace ; }  
 In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vail : }  
 3. { His oath, His cov-e-nant and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood : }  
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay : }

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

\* M. H.  
895.

WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair ; Nor pain nor death can enter there ; }  
 It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine ; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }  
 2. { My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the starry sky ; }  
 When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be. }  
 3. { Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ; }  
 Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne. }

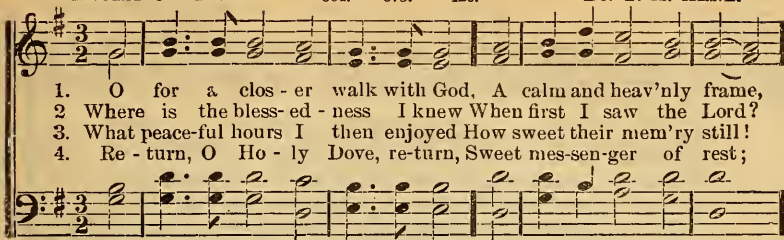
CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more ! }  
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more ! }

# No. 121. O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

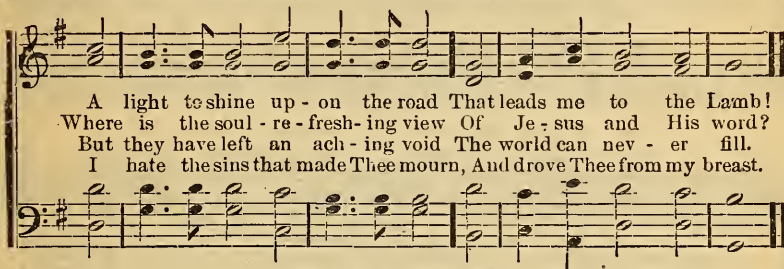
WILLIAM COWPER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
364. 375. 426.

Dr. T. A. ARNE.



1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,  
2 Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?  
3. What peace-ful hours I then enjoyed How sweet their mem'ry still!  
4. Re-turn, O Ho-ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;



A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!  
Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word?  
But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill.  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

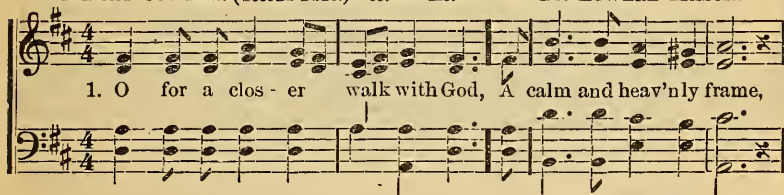
## No. 122.

## NAOMI. C. M.

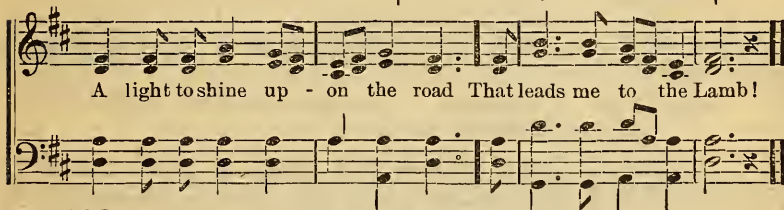
WILLIAM COWPER. (Second Tune.)

\* B. H. P. H.  
85. 423.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,



A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

## No. 123.

## O FOR A FAITH.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
454. 379. 739.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O for a faith that will not shrink,<br/>Though pressed by every foe,<br/>That will not tremble on the brink<br/>Of any earthly woe;—</p> <p>2 That will not murmur nor complain<br/>Beneath the chastening rod,<br/>But, in the hour of grief or pain,<br/>Will lean upon its God;—</p> | <p>3 A faith that shines more bright and clear<br/>When tempests rage without;<br/>That, when in danger, knows no fear,<br/>In darkness feels no doubt.</p> <p>4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,<br/>And then, whate'er may come,<br/>We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss<br/>Of an eternal home.</p> |
|--|--|

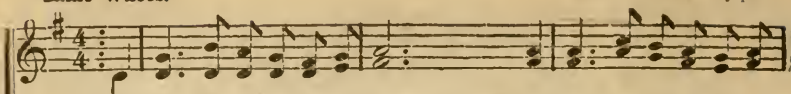
WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

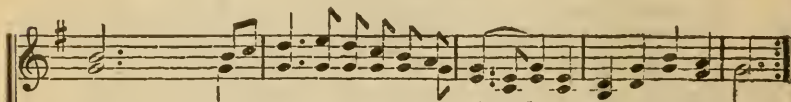
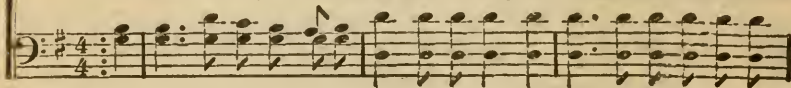
# No. 124. WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS.

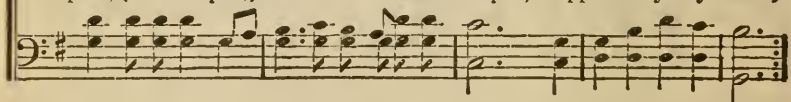
T. C. O'KANE. By per.



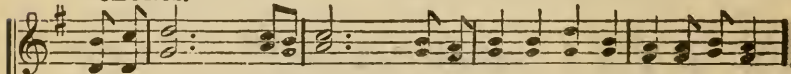
1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the  
And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His
2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign, (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the



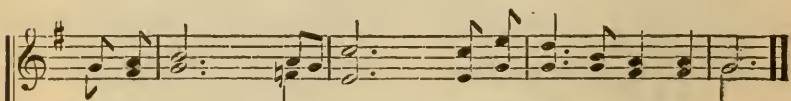
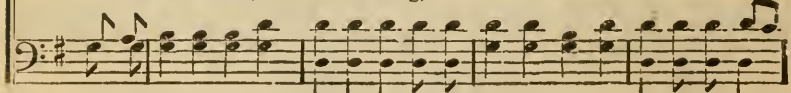
cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb, }  
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }  
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood? }  
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? }  
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! }  
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word. }



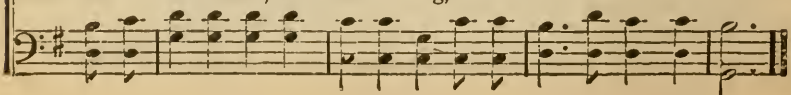
## CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;  
the storm, 'Twill not belong,



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.  
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

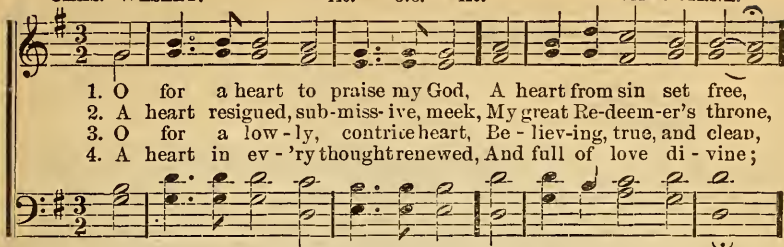


# No. 125. O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD.

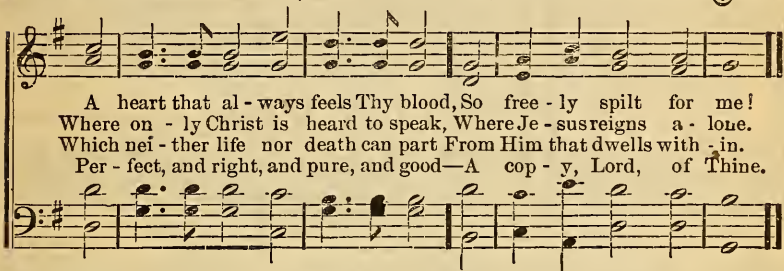
CHAS. WESLEY.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
440. 378. 410.

THOMAS ARNE.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,  
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,  
3. O for a low-ly, contrite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,  
4. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine;



A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!  
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.  
Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.  
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good—A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.

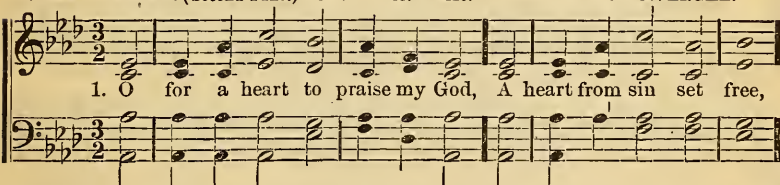
# No. 126.

EVAN. C. M.

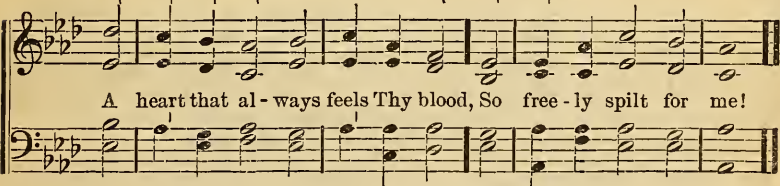
CHAS. WESLEY. (Second Tune.)

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
342. 163. 410.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,



A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!

# No. 127. HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

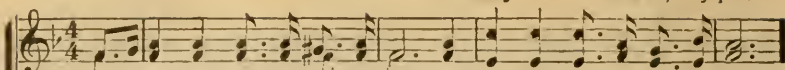
(See Music above.)

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
735. 465. 595.

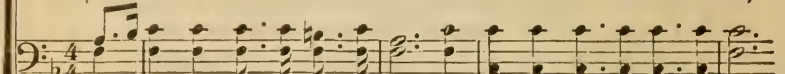
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,<br/>When those who love the Lord<br/>In one another's peace delight,<br/>And thus fulfill His word;—</p> <p>2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,<br/>And with him bear a part;<br/>When sorrow flows from eye to eye,<br/>And joy from heart to heart;—</p> | <p>3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride<br/>Our wishes all above,<br/>Each can his brother's failings hide,<br/>And show a brother's love.</p> <p>4 Love is the golden chain that binds<br/>The happy souls above;<br/>And he's an heir of heaven that finds<br/>His bosom glow with love.</p> |
|--|--|

JOSEPH SWAIN.

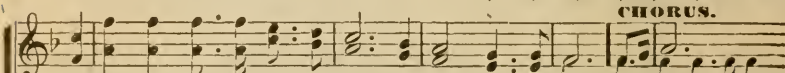
J. CALVIN BUSHEY, By per.



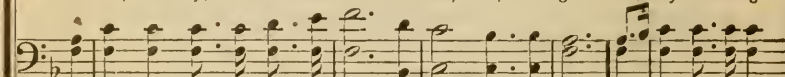
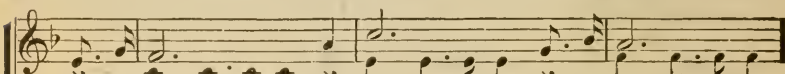
1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;  
 2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;  
 3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re - quite?  
 4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - ed none Who would to him their souls u - nite;



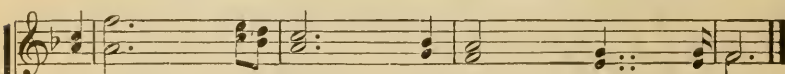
**CHORUS.**



Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why  
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.  
 Renounce at once thy stub-born will. Be saved, oh, to-night.  
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why not to-night?

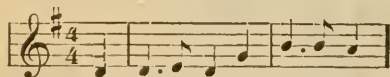
not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? not to-night? why not to-night?  
 why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

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## No. 129. COME, EVERY SOUL.



1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,  
 There's mercy with the Lord,  
 And He will surely give you rest,  
 By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
 Only trust Him now;  
 He will save you, He will save you,  
 He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood  
 Rich blessings to bestow;

Plunge now into the crimson tide  
 That washes white as snow.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
 Come to Jesus now;  
 He will save you, He will save you,  
 He will save you now.

3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,  
 I'm coming now to Thee,  
 Since Thou hast made the way so clear  
 And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,  
 I will trust Him now;  
 He will save me, He will save me,  
 He will save me now.

The next NINE Revival songs are from THE ELEVENTH HOUR SONGS, title of which is explained by the first piece in it, (the one on this page.) The greatest ten-cent book published. Contains 120 songs; no filling.

**Over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND already in use.**

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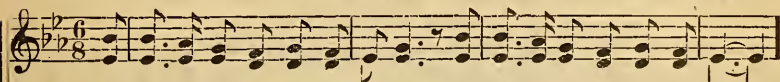
Kansas City, Mo.

## No. 130. ELEVENTH HOUR LABORERS.

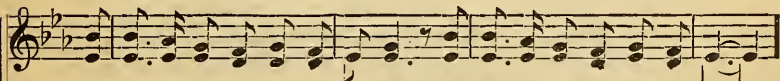
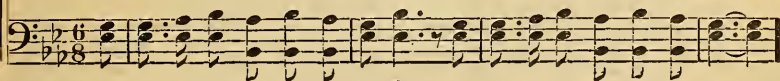
B. D. T.

Matt. 20: 1-16.

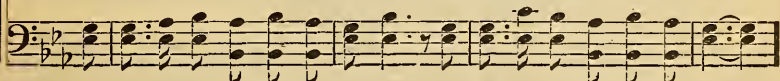
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



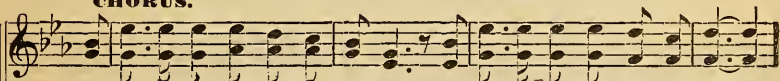
1. A keep - er went out in the morning, For lab'rors to work by the day,
2. While those in the morning worked faithful, At noon they who went did the same,
3. While we who have long been in service, And toiled thro' the heat of the day,



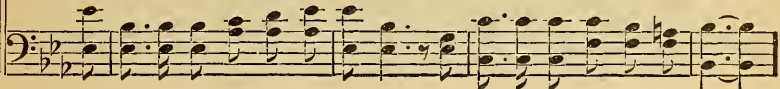
And said to those standing by i - dly, Go work and re-ceive thy full pay.  
At eve-ning one hour on - ly giv - en, They worked for such pay He should name.  
We're glad that the last ones who enter, Are e-qualified with us in their pay.



### CHORUS.



The Lord of the harvest stands waiting, Tho' late in the day He needs you,

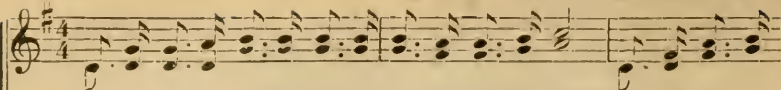


*Rit. Ad lib.*

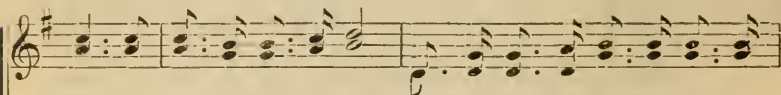


Go forth in the strength that He giv-eth, For work He has saved you to do.

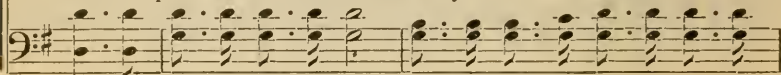




1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him



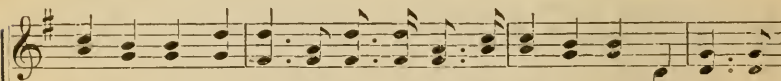
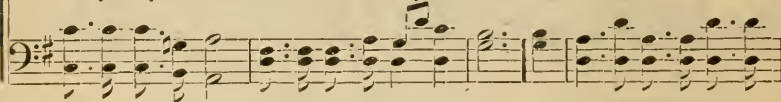
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,  
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that  
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His ser - vice la - bor



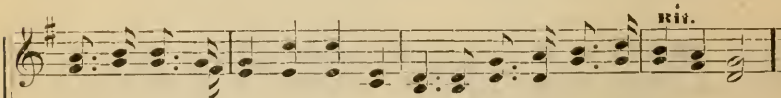
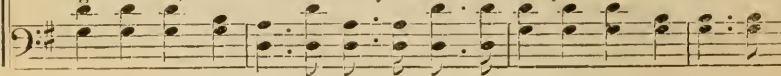
## CHORUS.



car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.  
you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you  
al-ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

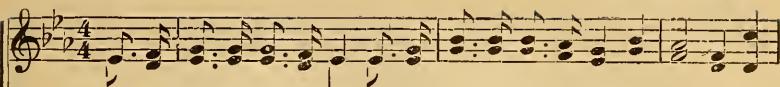


fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with theo.

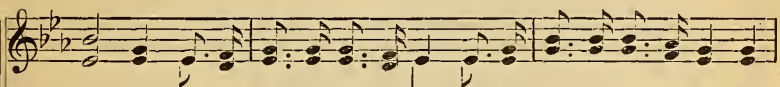
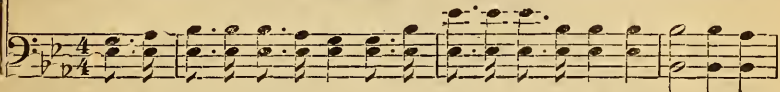


A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



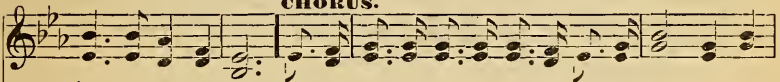
1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Saviour, my
2. I will la - bor, I will pray, I will trust Him ev - 'ry day, My Saviour, my
3. When I'm weary and distressed, I will go to Him for rest, My Saviour, my
4. May I nev - er, nev - er stray From Thy precious side away, My Saviour, my



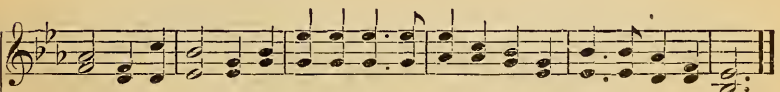
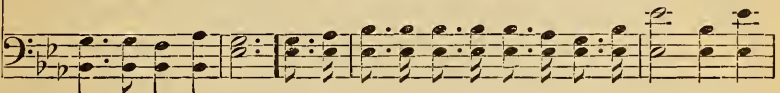
Sav-iour; He will give me strength to bear Ev-'ry grief that may appear; My  
 Sav-iour; I will look to Him in faith, I will trust Him un-til death; My  
 Sav-iour; To His lov-ing arms I'll fly, Ev-'ry need He will sup-ply, My  
 Sav-iour; Naught of e-vil will I fear, While I have my Saviour near; My



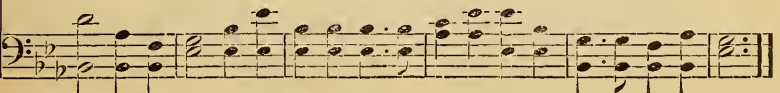
## CHORUS.



all in all is He. Yes, a sat-is-fy-ing portion is my Sav-iour, My



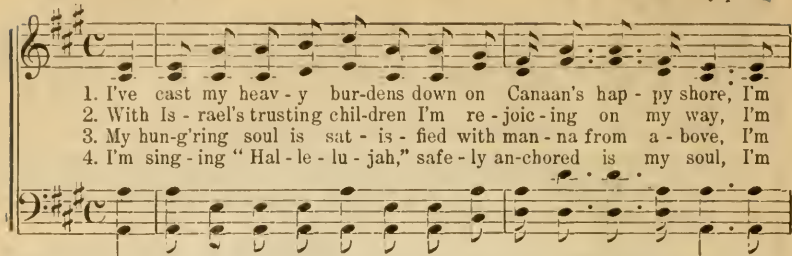
Saviour, my Saviour; My rock, my stay, by night and day, My all in all is He.



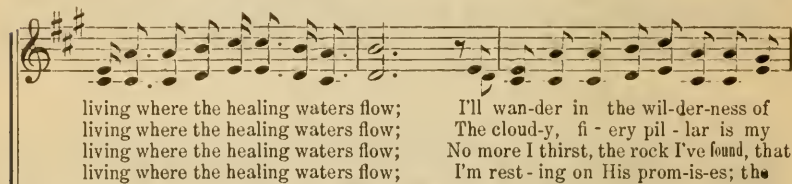
# 133. LIVING WHERE THE HEALING WATERS FLOW.

INA DULEY OGDEN.

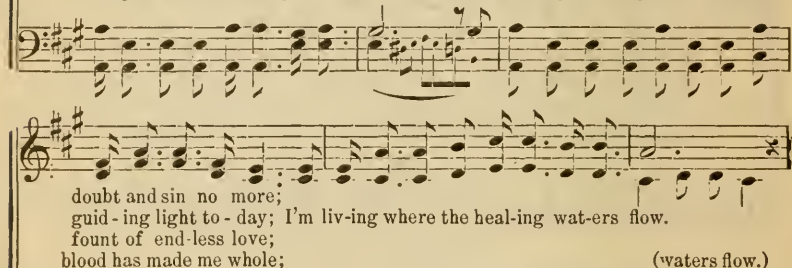
P. P. BILHORN. By per.



1. I've cast my heav-y bur-dens down on Canaan's hap-py shore, I'm  
 2. With Is-rael's trust-ing chil-dren I'm re-joic-ing on my way, I'm  
 3. My hun-g'ring soul is sat-is-fied with man-na from a-bove, I'm  
 4. I'm sing-ing "Hal-le-lu-jah," safe-ly an-chored is my soul, I'm

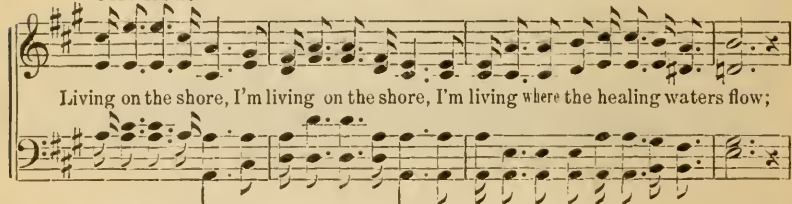


living where the healing waters flow; I'll wan-der in the wil-der-ness of  
 living where the healing waters flow; The cloud-y, fi-ery pil-lar is my  
 living where the healing waters flow; No more I thirst, the rock I've found, that  
 living where the healing waters flow; I'm rest-ing on His prom-is-es; the

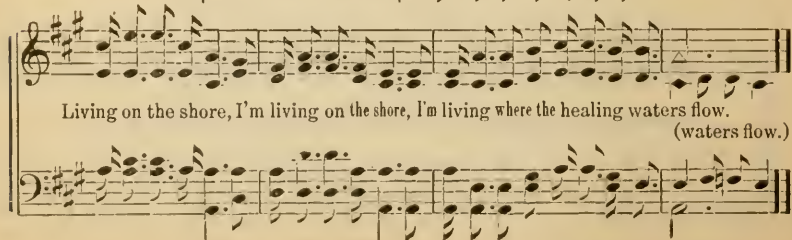


doubt and sin no more;  
 guid-ing light to-day; I'm liv-ing where the heal-ing wat-ers flow.  
 fount of end-less love;  
 blood has made me whole; (waters flow.)

## CHORUS.



Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow;

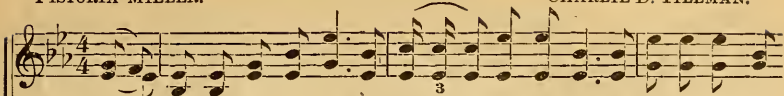


Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow.  
 (waters flow.)

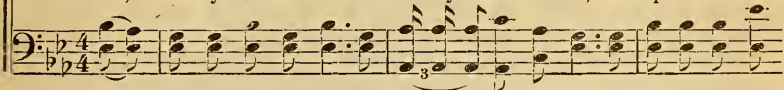
# No. 134. SINCE JESUS CAME TO STAY.

FISTORIA MIELEER.

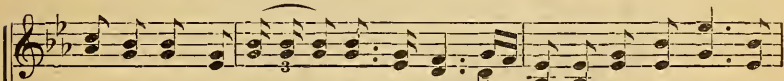
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



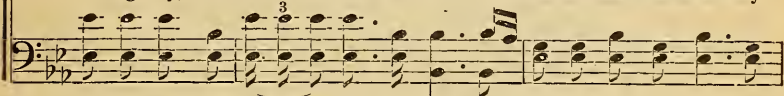
1. If you'll list-en un - to me, A sto-ry to you I'll tell, How Jesus Christ the
2. Be - fore He came to stay I had my "ups and downs," The least thing got my
3. Since Je - sus came to stay Old Satan has lost his grip; I sail no more on
4. Yes, since my Saviour came With-in my heart to dwell, He helps me learn the



CHO. I bless the hap-py day When Je-sus came to stay, And tho' my sins were



son of God Came in my heart to dwell; And by His might y pow'r, He's tem-per up, In-stead of a smile a frown; But Satan's cleared right out, And sinking wreck, But I sail on the gos-pel ship; She's rigged in splendid style, In liv-ing way, And do His bless-ed will. And when at last He sees My

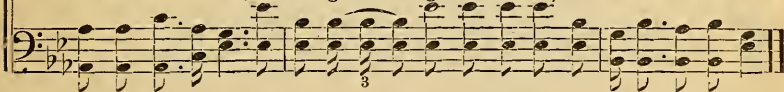


crimson red, He's taken them all a-way, And by His mighty pow'r, He's

D. C. for Chorus.



changed my night to day, And now I've a life that's fill'd with joy, Since Jesus came to stay. tak-en His traps away, And now I've a life that's fill'd with joy, Since Jesus came to stay. a full salvation way, The folks on board are singing now, Since Jesus came to stay. work on earth is done, I'll then go shout-ing home to God, To receive the crown I've won.



changed my night to day, And now I've a life that's fill'd with joy, Since Jesus came to stay.

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## No. 135.

## BEWARE. (Bass Solo.)

(Sung to music, "Asleep in the Deep.")

- 1 Sinner, God calls thee to come to Him,  
Come that thy soul may live,  
That a safe way may be made for you,  
His only son He gave;  
See, at your hearts door He patiently stands,  
Lovingly knocking with nail-pierced hands,  
Wilt thou not hear while He is near?  
List to the warning from God's word so clear.

CHORUS.

Heed now the call and thou shalt be saved,  
Time is fast rushing thee on to the grave,  
Sinner, now hear, danger is near,  
Danger is near thee, beware, beware, beware, beware.

Copyright, 1901, by Charlie D. Tillman.

- Many poor souls have gone down in the  
deep, so beware, beware,  
Many poor souls have gone down in the  
deep, so beware, beware.

- 2 Life with its pleasures and toils and cares,  
Too soon must pass away,  
Then at the bar of the Judge on high,  
You'll stand on that great day;  
Can you then offer one reason why,  
God should not say to the "soul thou  
must die!"

For thou would'st not hear, my son so dear,  
Tho' thro' thy life He besought thee with tears.

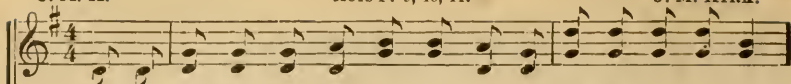
Written and sung by L. McCONNELL.

# 136. OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.

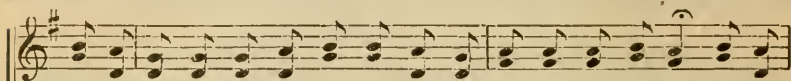
J. M. K.

ACTS 1: 9, 10, 11.

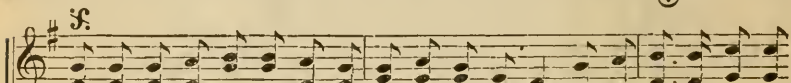
J. M. KIRK.



1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,  
 2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,  
 3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,  
 4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,



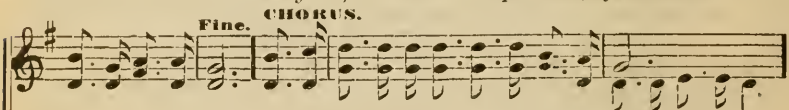
When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch his wait-ing Bride a-way; Oh! my  
 For the knowl-edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall  
 And in all His ho-ly mount-ain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect  
 In a glo-rious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace; All the



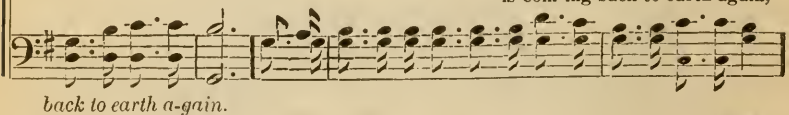
heart is fill'd with rapture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing  
 take a-way all sick-ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come  
 peace shall reign in ev-ry heart, and love with-out al-loy, Aft-er Je-sus shall come  
 earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je-sus to come

*D.S. will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come*

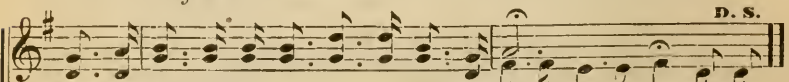
**Fine. CHORUS.**



back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,  
 is com-ing back to earth again,



back to earth a-gain.



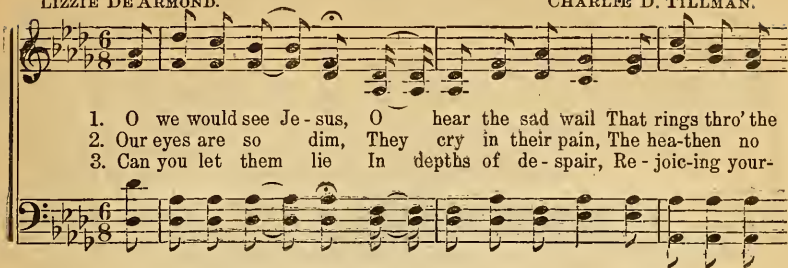
**D. S.**  
 Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain, Sa-tan  
 is com-ing back to earth a-gain,

# No. 137. THE HEATHEN'S PRAYER.

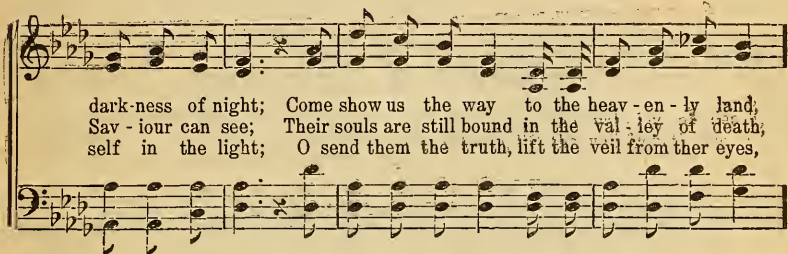
(Good as mixed Quartet or Solo and Quartet.)

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

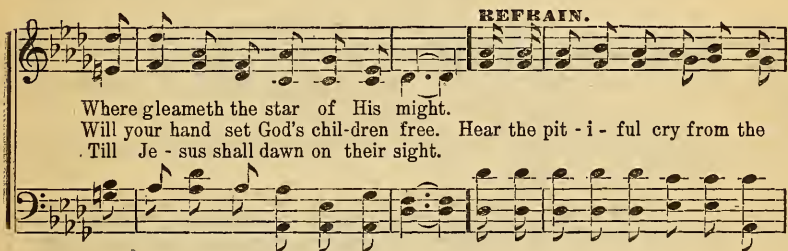


1. O we would see Je - sus, O hear the sad wail That rings thro' the  
 2. Our eyes are so dim, They cry in their pain, The hea - then no  
 3. Can you let them lie In depths of de - spair, Re - joic - ing your -

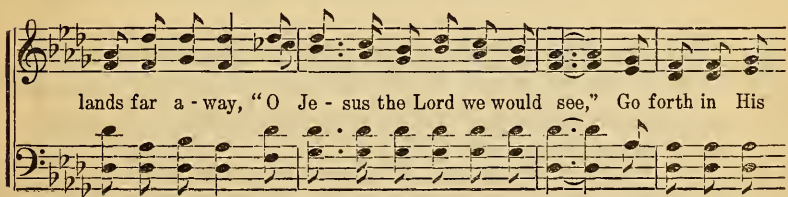


dark - ness of night; Come show us the way to the heav - en - ly land,  
 Sav - iour can see; Their souls are still bound in the val - ley of death,  
 self in the light; O send them the truth, lift the veil from their eyes,

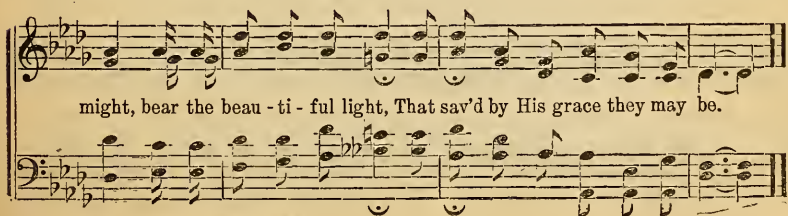
**REFRAIN.**



Where gleameth the star of His might.  
 Will your hand set God's chil - dren free. Hear the pit - i - ful cry from the  
 Till Je - sus shall dawn on their sight.



lands far a - way, "O Je - sus the Lord we would see," Go forth in His



might, bear the beau - ti - ful light, That sav'd by His grace they may be.

## No. 138.

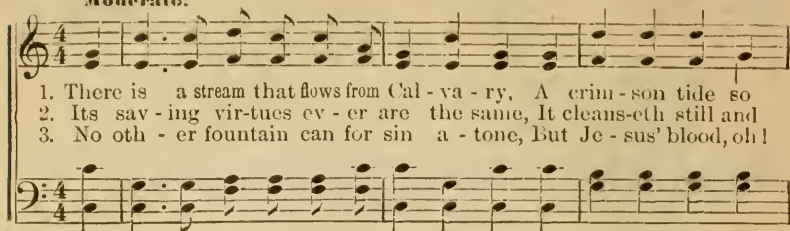
## IT CLEANSETH ME.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1. JOHN 1: 9.

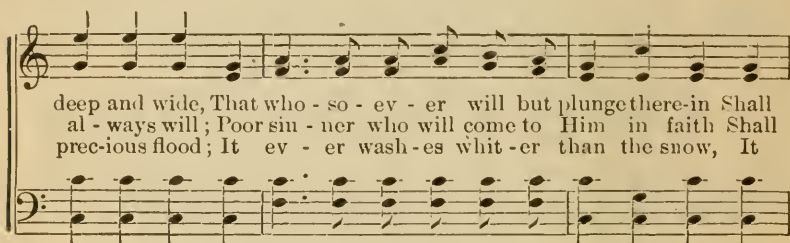
REV. F. L. SNYDER, Chorus by A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

*Moderato.*

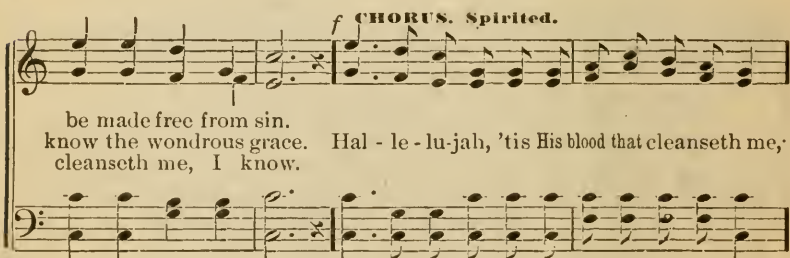


1. There is a stream that flows from Cal - va - ry, A crim - son tide so  
2. Its sav - ing vir - tues ev - er are the same, It cleans - eth still and  
3. No oth - er fountain can for sin a - tone, But Je - sus' blood, oh!



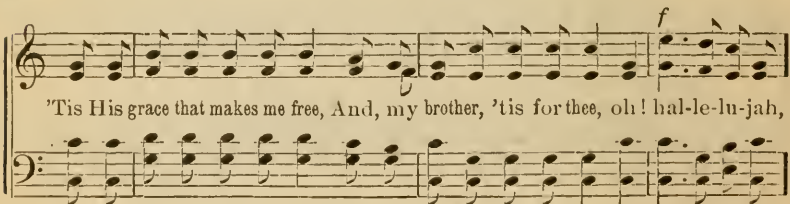
deep and wide, That who - so - ev - er will but plungethere-in Shall  
al - ways will; Poor sin - ner who will come to Him in faith Shall  
prec - ious flood; It ev - er wash - es whit - er than the snow, It

*f* **CHORUS. Spirited.**

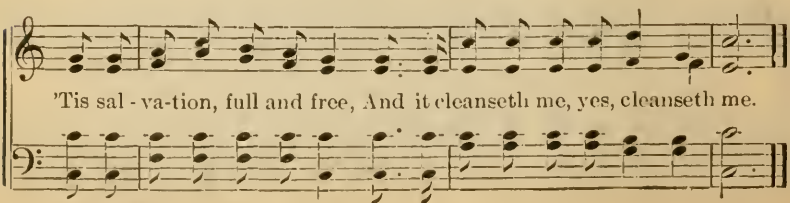


be made free from sin.  
know the wondrous grace. Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis His blood that cleanseth me,  
cleanseth me, I know.

*f*




'Tis His grace that makes me free, And, my brother, 'tis for thee, oh! hal-le-lu-jah,



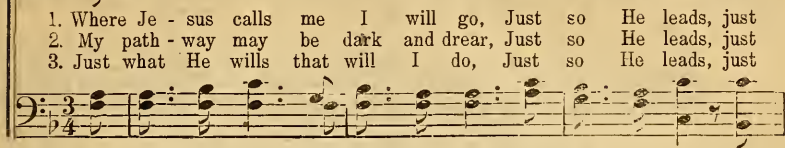

'Tis sal - va - tion, full and free, And it cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

NELLIE EDWARDS.

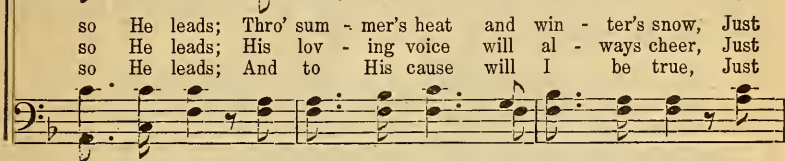
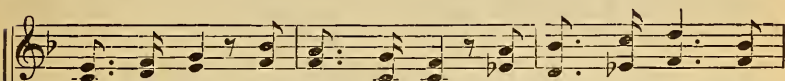
JNO. R. BRYANT.



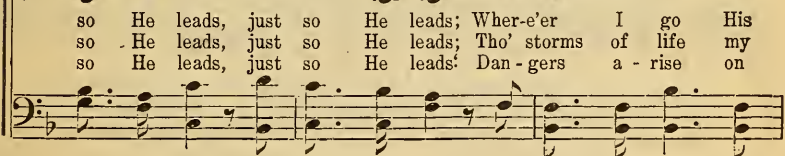
1. Where Je - sus calls me I will go, Just so He leads, just  
 2. My path - way may be dark and drear, Just so He leads, just  
 3. Just what He wills that will I do, Just so He leads, just

so He leads; Thro' sum - mer's heat and win - ter's snow, Just  
 so He leads; His lov - ing voice will al - ways cheer, Just  
 so He leads; And to His cause will I be true, Just

so He leads, just so He leads; Wher-e'er I go His  
 so He leads, just so He leads; Tho' storms of life my  
 so He leads, just so He leads; Dan - gers a - rise on




hand will guide, My ev - 'ry want will be sup - plied, I'll  
 soul as - sail, My pray'rs with Him shall yet pre - vail, His  
 ev - 'ry hand, But still I'll heed His blest com - mand, "My



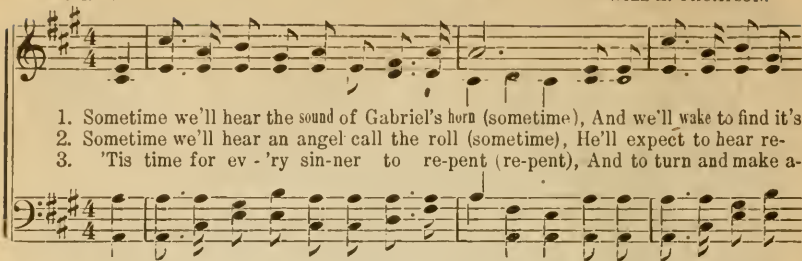

in His prom - ise e'er con - fide, Just so He leads, just so He leads.  
 prom - is - es can nev - er fail, Just so He leads, just so He leads.  
 gos - pel preach in ev - 'ry land," For He will lead, yes, He will lead.



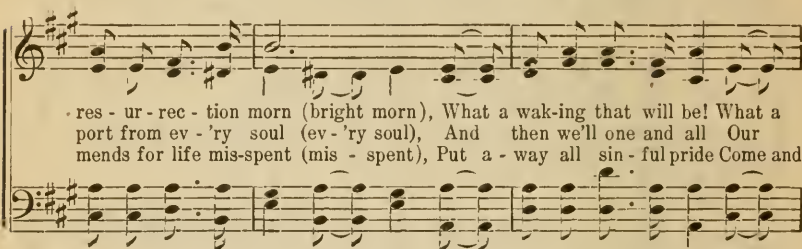
# No. 140. HOW WILL IT BE WITH YOU AND ME?

W. L. T.

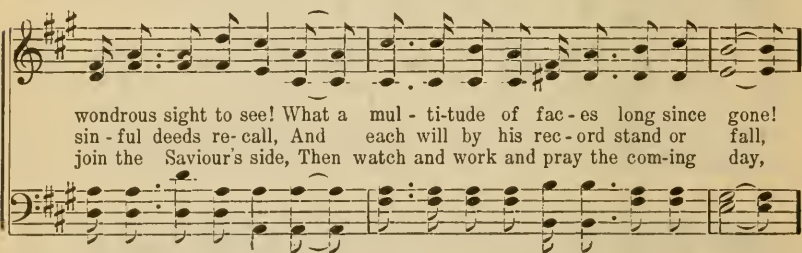
WILL L. THOMPSON.



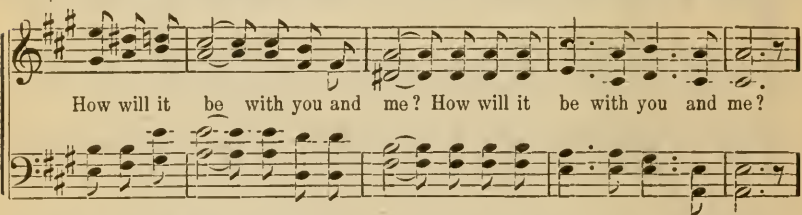
1. Sometime we'll hear the sound of Gabriel's horn (sometime), And we'll wake to find it's  
 2. Sometime we'll hear an angel call the roll (sometime), He'll expect to hear re-  
 3. 'Tis time for ev-'ry sin-ner to re-pent (re-pent), And to turn and make a-



res-ur-rec-tion morn (bright morn), What a wak-ing that will be! What a  
 port from ev-'ry soul (ev-'ry soul), And then we'll one and all Our  
 mends for life mis-spent (mis-spent), Put a-way all sin-ful pride Come and

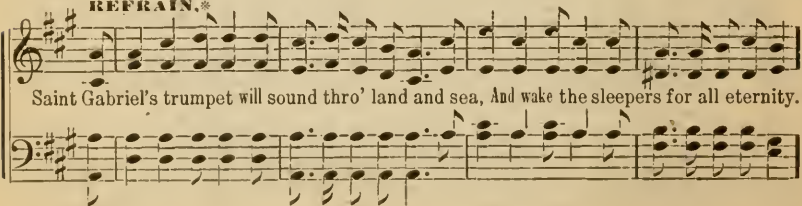


wondrous sight to see! What a mul-ti-tude of fac-es long since gone!  
 sin-ful deeds re-call, And each will by his rec-ord stand or fall,  
 join the Saviour's side, Then watch and work and pray the com-ing day,



How will it be with you and me? How will it be with you and me?

## REFRAIN.\*



Saint Gabriel's trumpet will sound thro' land and sea, And wake the sleepers for all eternity.

# HOW WILL IT BE? Concluded.

*pp*

When we hear the silver trumpet in the morning, How will it be with you and me?

## No. 141. JUST ASK HIM IN TO STAY.

SILAS FARMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Our hearts are light and cheer - ful, We're full of joy to - day,  
 2. Each day is full of glad - ness, And ev - 'ry month is May,  
 3. Swing ev - 'ry heart wide o - pen, For Christ, the Truth, the Way,

The Sav - iour is our wel - come guest, We've asked Him in to stay.  
 The Sav - iour is our help - ful Friend, We've asked Him in to stay.  
 Is wait - ing with a bless - ing rare, Just ask Him in to stay.

### CHORUS.

We've asked Him in to stay,..... He bright - ens ev - 'ry day,.....  
 We've asked Him in to stay, He bright - ens ev - 'ry day,

His grace is so a - bound - ing, He drives all gloom a - way.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

S. O. LOWE.

1. How shall I know I'm a child of God? If I be-lieve in the  
 2. How shall I know that my debt was paid? Know that my sins on the  
 3. Yield not my soul then to dark despair, My Lord shall give thee His

pre - cious blood, This is the prom - ise found in His word,  
 Lamb were laid, This is the proof the a - tonement's made,  
 con - stant care; When faith is weak-ened He doth ap - pear,

## REFRAIN

"My peace..... I give un - to you." "My peace..... my  
 "My bless-ed peace I give un - to you." "My bless-ed peace, my

peace, My peace I give un-to you,".... For this is the  
 bless-ed peace, to you,"

prom-ise found in His word, "My peace.... I give un - to you."  
 "My bless-ed peace I give un - to you."

Words and Music arr. by REV. W. McDONALD.

*Fine.*

1. Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en? }  
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long summer's giv - en : }

*D. C.*—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.

*D. C.*  
Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit-ting,

2 Where the saints robed in white,  
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,  
Shining beauteous and bright,  
They inhabit the mountain.  
Where no sin nor dismay,  
Neither trouble or sorrow,  
Will be felt for a day,  
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—  
Sinner, canst thou believe it?  
And invites thee to come,  
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
O come, sinner, come,  
For the tide is receding,  
And the Saviour will soon  
And forever cease pleading.

## No. 144.

## REMEMBER ME.

Music and Chorus by ASA HULL.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?  
*Cho.*—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I am from sin set free.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

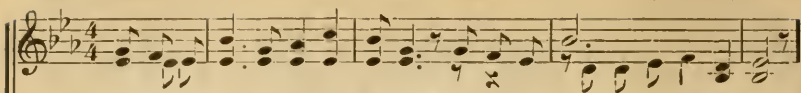
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt away my tears.

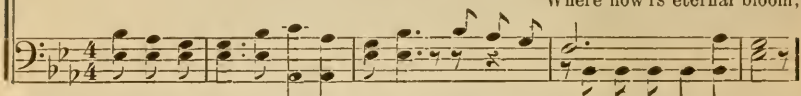
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

NELLIE EDWARDS.

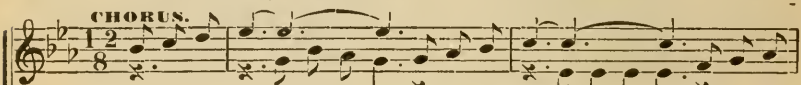
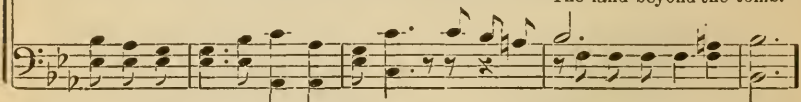
JNO. R. BRYANT.



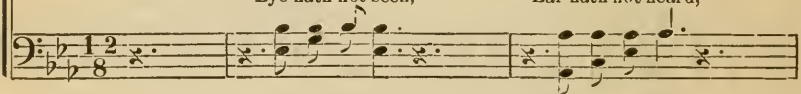
1. There is a land of wondrous beauty, Where flow'rs eter - nal bloom;
  2. The King of glory reigns for-ev-er, Where joys su-preme doth flow;
  3. Its splendors rise beyond compar-ing, Its beauties are un - told;
- Where flow'rs eternal bloom;



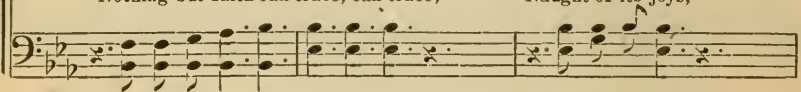
No mortal eye hath seen its glo-ries, The land be-yond the tomb.  
 And they who dwell with Him shall never Again earth's sor - row know.  
 When thro' its gates we shall be going, Its splendors shall un - fold.  
 The land beyond the tomb.



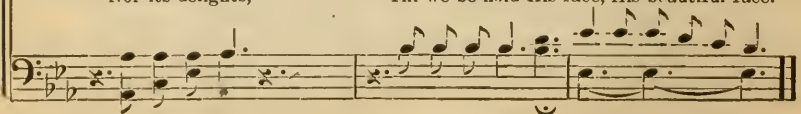
Eye hath not seen,..... Ear hath not heard,..... Nothing but  
 Eye hath not seen, Ear hath not heard,



faith..... can trace;...Naught of its joys,..... Nor its de-  
 Nothing but faith can trace, can trace; Naught of its joys,



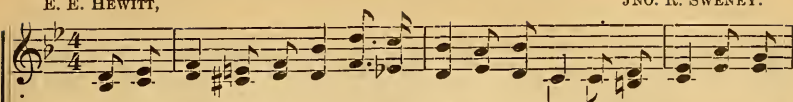
lights..... Till we be - hold..... His face.....  
 Nor its delights, Till we be-hold His face, His beautiful face.



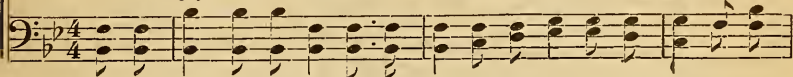
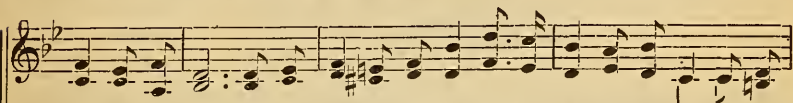
# No. 146. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS.

E. E. HEWITT,

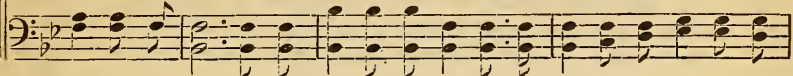
JNO. R. SWENEY.



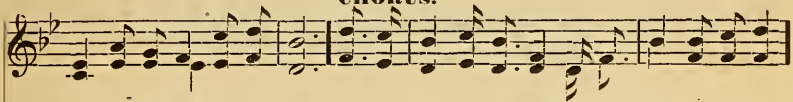
1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the  
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a  
 3. O what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

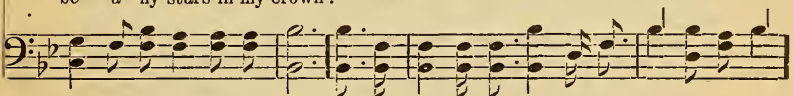
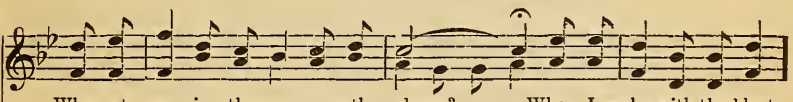
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there  
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His  
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there



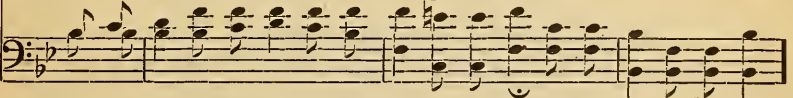
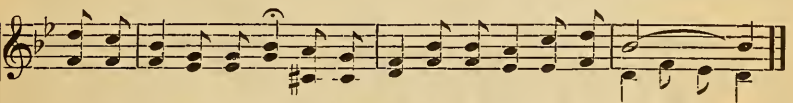
## CHORUS.



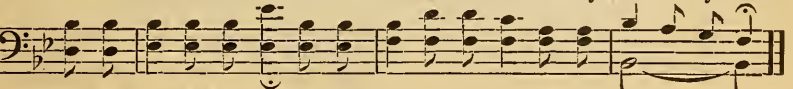
be a-ny stars in my crown?  
 praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown,  
 be a-ny stars in my crown?

When at even-ing the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest,  
 go-eth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?.....  
 a-ny stars in my crown?



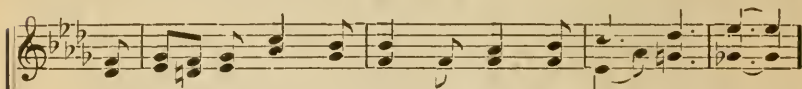
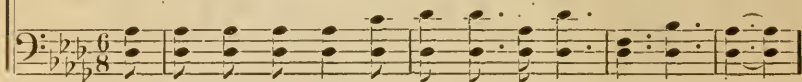
# No. 147. THERE'S SOME ONE IN HEAVEN,

W. L. T.

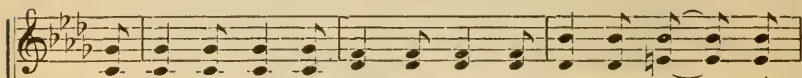
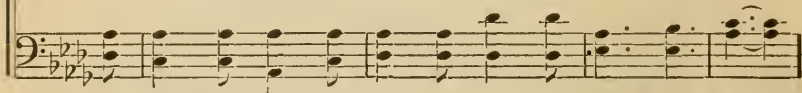
WILL L. THOMPSON.



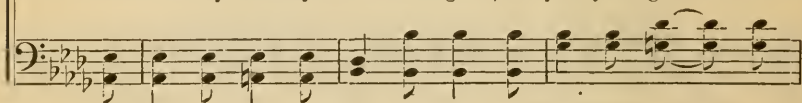
1. There's some one in heav-en think-ing of me, O how sweet
2. There's some one in heav-en think-ing of me, Now I know,
3. The Sav-iour in heav'n is think-ing of me, Bless-ed thought.



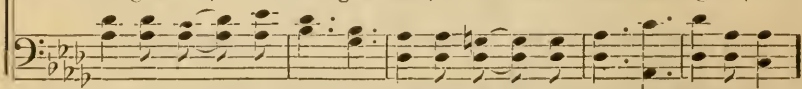
To have a friend in heav-en whom I soon shall greet.  
I've more dear friends in heav'n a - bove, than earth be - low.  
He knows I need Him dai - ly, He for-gets me not.



I know a dear one wait-ing there To give a hand of  
But here is where the race is run, And here I'll fin-ish the  
The ma - ny earth-ly friends now gone, They may for-get me as



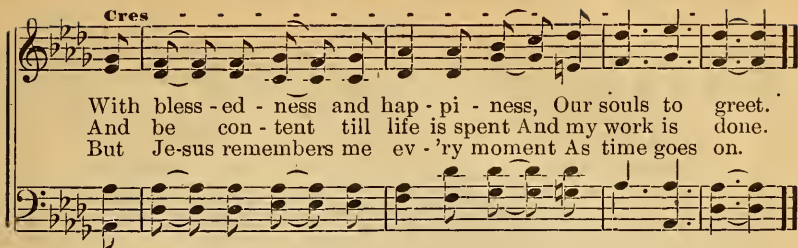
welcome where the an - gels sing,.... and the ech - oes ring,  
work begun, till my race is run,.... and my work is done,  
time goes on, as time goes on,..... and friends are gone,



an-gels sing, echoes ring.  
is run, is done.  
goes on, are gone.

# THERE'S SOME ONE IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

**Cres**

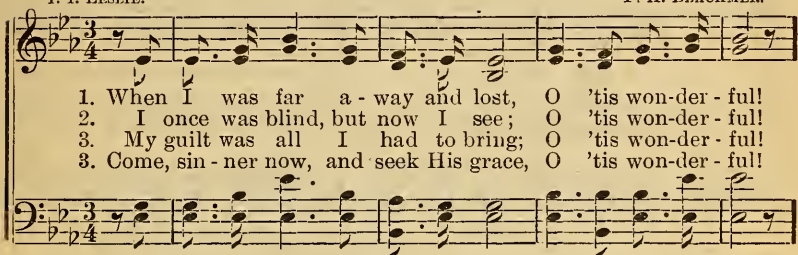


With bless - ed - ness and hap - pi - ness, Our souls to greet.  
And be con - tent till life is spent And my work is done.  
But Je - sus remembers me ev - 'ry moment As time goes on.

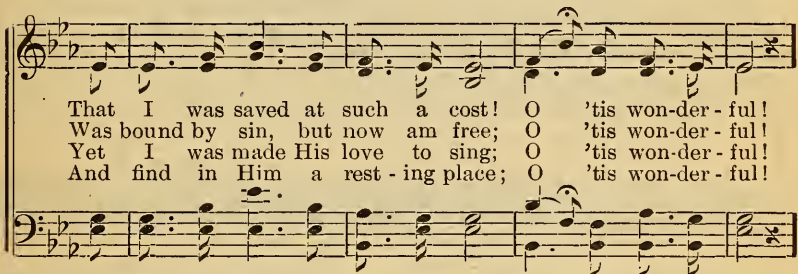
## No. 148. O 'TIS WONDERFUL!

I. I. LESLIE.

F. A. BLACKMER.

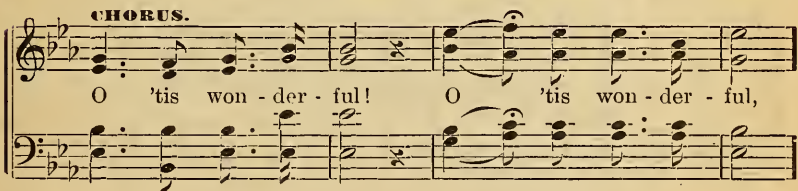


1. When I was far a - way and lost, O 'tis won - der - ful!  
2. I once was blind, but now I see; O 'tis won - der - ful!  
3. My guilt was all I had to bring; O 'tis won - der - ful!  
3. Come, sin - ner now, and seek His grace, O 'tis won - der - ful!

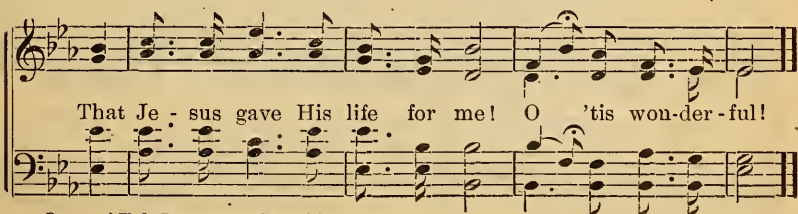


That I was saved at such a cost! O 'tis won - der - ful!  
Was bound by sin, but now am free; O 'tis won - der - ful!  
Yet I was made His love to sing; O 'tis won - der - ful!  
And find in Him a rest - ing place; O 'tis won - der - ful!

### CHORUS.



O 'tis won - der - ful! O 'tis won - der - ful,

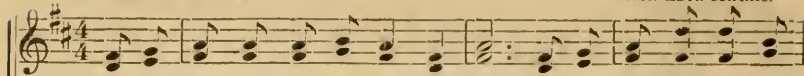


That Je - sus gave His life for me! O 'tis won - der - ful!

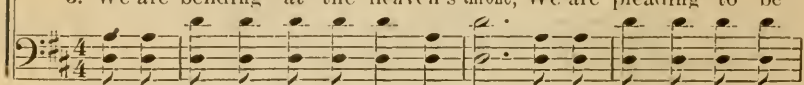
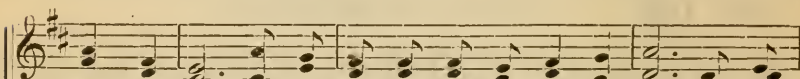
# No. 149. LET US TARRY TILL THE BLESSING.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



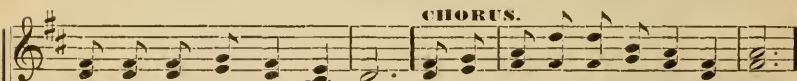
1. We are thirsting for re-fresh-ing show'rs, We are yearning for His  
 2. We are hung'ring now to be made pure, We are long-ing more of  
 3. We are bending at the heaven's throne, We are pleading to be

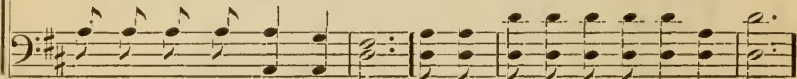
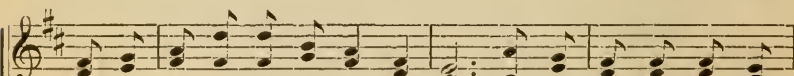
grace to - day, Let us tar - ry till the bless-ing comes, Lo! the  
 love to know, Let us tar - ry till the bless-ing comes, And the  
 all - renewed; Let us tar - ry till the bless-ing comes, And with



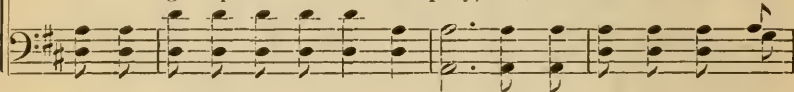
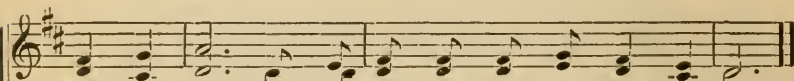
**CHORUS.**



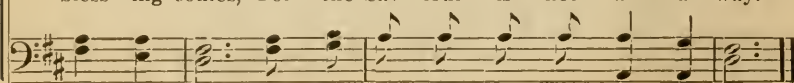
Sav-iour is not far a - way.  
 waves of full sal - va - tion flow. Let us tar - ry till the blessing comes,  
 pow-er we are all en - dued.

Let us go up - on our knees and pray, Yes, we'll wait un - til the

bless - ing comes, For the Sav - iour is not far a - way.

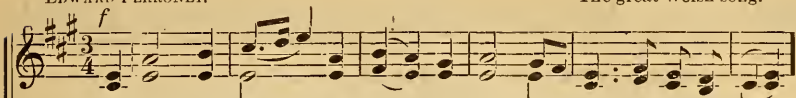


150.

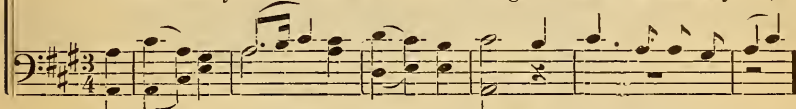
# DIADEM.

EDWARD PERRONET.

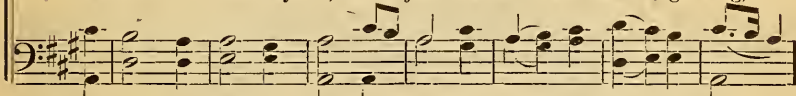
The great Welsh song.



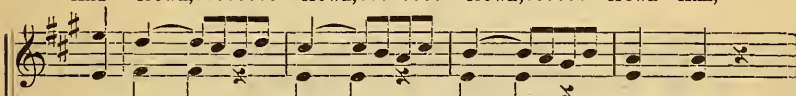
1. All hail the pow'r of Jes - sus' name ; Let an - gels prostrate fall ;
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call ;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
4. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball
6. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros-trate fall ; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,  
Who from His al - tar call ; Of Jes - se's stem ex - tol the rod,  
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your tro - phies at His feet,  
On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,  
We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



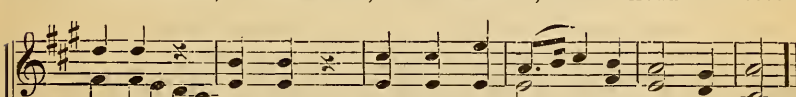
And crown,..... crown,... .. crown,..... crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,  
And crown..... Him,....



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....



crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

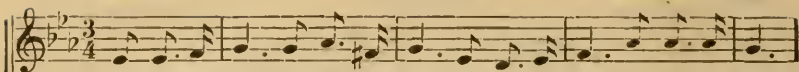


..... Him,

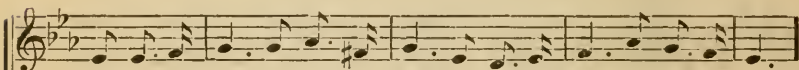
# No. 151. I WONDER IF JESUS CARES?

W. W. McCORD.

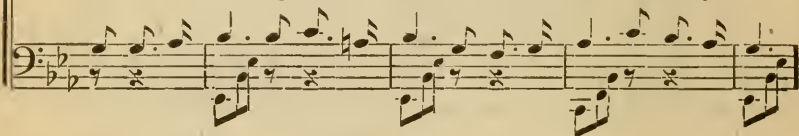
MISS MYRTIE DURRETTE.



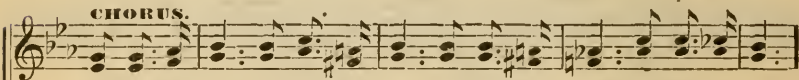
1. When cares of life press down on us, And we are tempt-ed un - a-ware,
2. When friends forsake and foes as-sail, And doubtings threaten all our pray'rs;
3. When trouble sore - ly try us here, Our lot no one with us e'er shares;
4. At last when death's cold sullen stream We've tided o'er, beyond earth's snares;



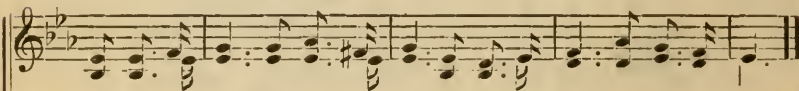
This question we at once should ask: "I won-der then if Je - sus cares.  
Let's look to Him, He is our King, And then we know that Je - sus cares.  
If we but call up - on our Lord, 'Tis then we feel that Je - sus cares.  
We'll en - ter that bright home a - bove, And be with Him who al - ways cares.



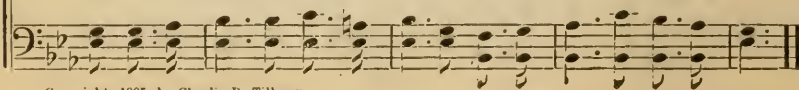
## CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus cares, He lov - eth all, All things for us He sweetly bears;



He e - ven notes the spar-row's fall, For Je - sus cares, yes, Je - sus cares.



# No. 152.

# ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me, And

D. S.—*know that Jesus saves me, And*

**Fine. REFRAIN.** D. S.

that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! I

*that's enough for me!*

2 O wonderful salvation!  
From sin He makes me free!  
I feel the sweet assurance,  
And that's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,  
Poured out on Calvary!  
I feel its cleansing power,  
And that's enough for me!

# No. 153.

# SAFE IN BEULAH.

Arr. by J. W. B.

Arranged.

1. I'm a sol-dier bound for glo-ry, I'm a sol-dier marching on,  
2. Now I'll tell you what in-duc'd me, For the bet-ter world to start,  
CHO.—Hal-le-lu-jah! bound for glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!

Come and hear me tell my sto-ry, All who long in sin have gone.  
'Twas the Saviour's lov-ing kindness O-vercame and won my heart.  
I have crossed the riv-er Jor-dan, Now I'm safe in Beu-lah land.

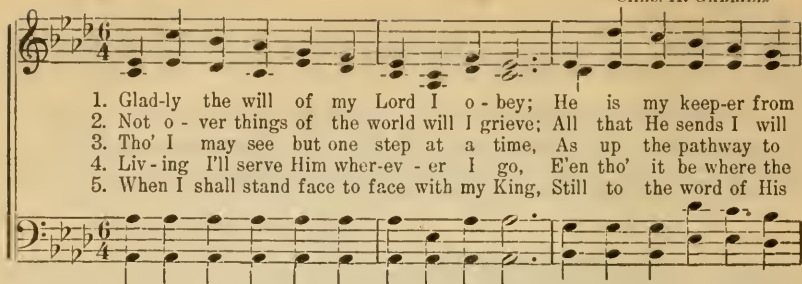
3 When I first with Christ enlisted,  
Many said I'd turn again,  
But I through each day resisted—  
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,  
But I know the reason why;  
And if they but felt the glory,  
They would shout as well as I.

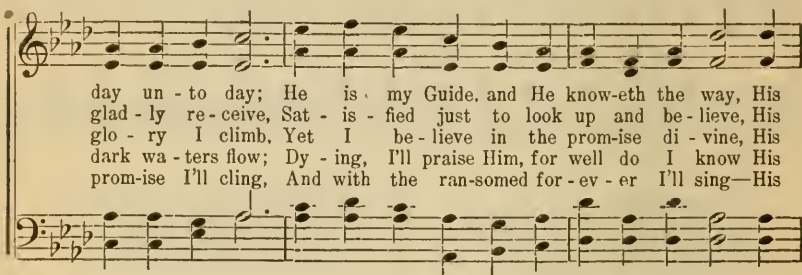
# No. 154. HIS GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR ME.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

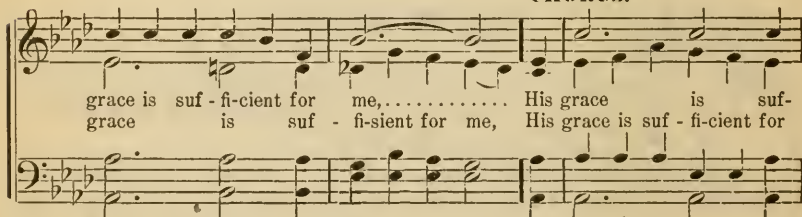


1. Glad-ly the will of my Lord I o - bey; He is my keep-er from  
 2. Not o - ver things of the world will I grieve; All that He sends I will  
 3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time, As up the pathway to  
 4. Liv-ing I'll serve Him wher-ev - er I go, E'en tho' it be where the  
 5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His

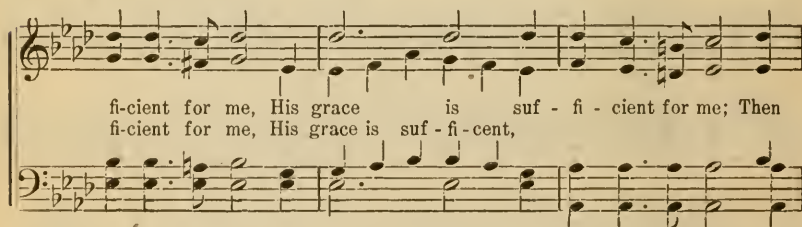


day un - to day; He is my Guide, and He know-eth the way, His  
 glad - ly re - ceive, Sat - is - fied just to look up and be - lieve, His  
 glo - ry I climb, Yet I be - lieve in the prom - ise di - vine, His  
 dark wa - ters flow; Dy - ing, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His  
 prom - ise I'll cling, And with the ran - somed for - ev - er I'll sing—His

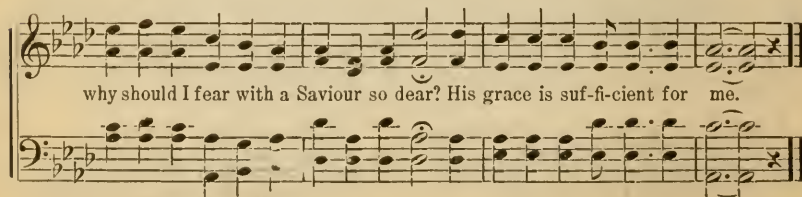
## CHORUS.



grace is suf - fi - cient for me,..... His grace is suf -  
 grace is suf - fi - sient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient for



fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me; Then  
 fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cent,

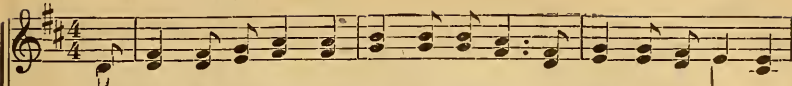


why should I fear with a Saviour so dear? His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

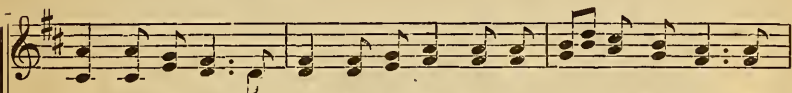
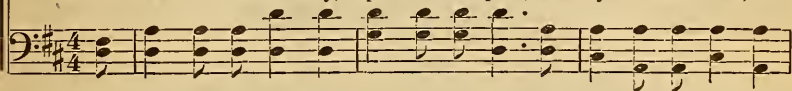
# No. 155. TAKE OFF THE OLD COAT.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

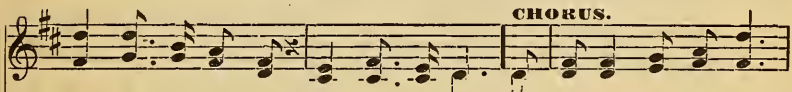
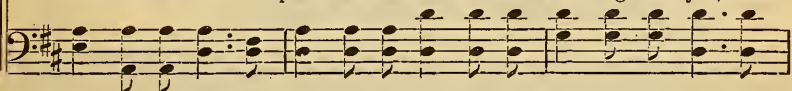
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. The feast is prepared, you're urged to come in, Long years you have worn that
2. The old coat has bro't you sor - row and care, It led you to shame, it
3. The old coat is soiled with-out and with-in, All covered with guilt, all
4. The new coat is love - ly, spot - less and pure, Ar - rayed in that coat, a

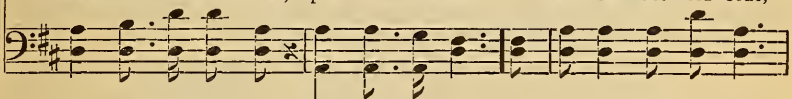


old coat of sin; But for such a feast this old garment won't do, Then  
led to de-spair; It nev - er has been a bless-ing to you, Then  
spot - ted with sin; To wear to the ban - quet it nev - er will do, Then  
wel - come is sure: A place at the feast will be wait - ing for you, Then

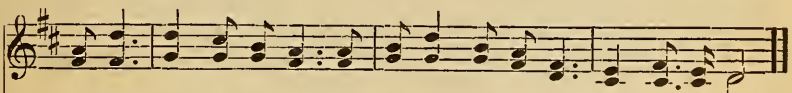
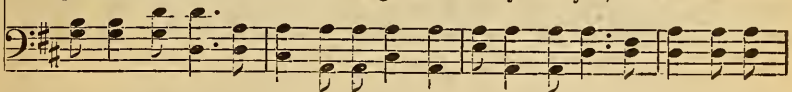


## CHORUS.

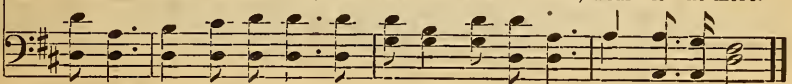
take off the old coat, put on the new. O take off the old coat,



put on the new, For Christ has a garment read-y for you; White robes of Sal-



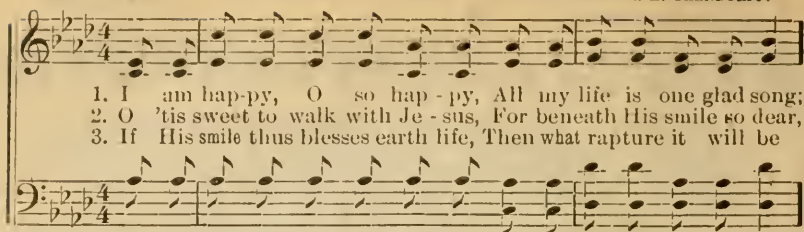
va-tion wait at the door, Then take off the old coat, wear it no more.



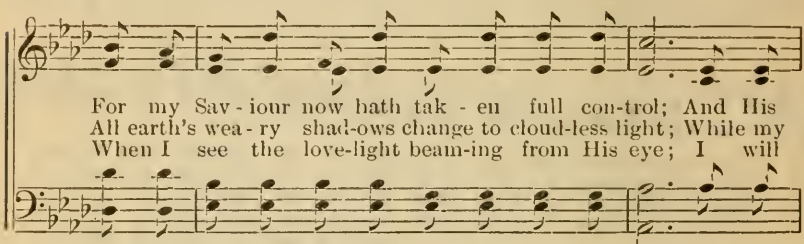
# No. 156. HIS LOVE WAKES HALLELUJAHS.

KATE ULMER.

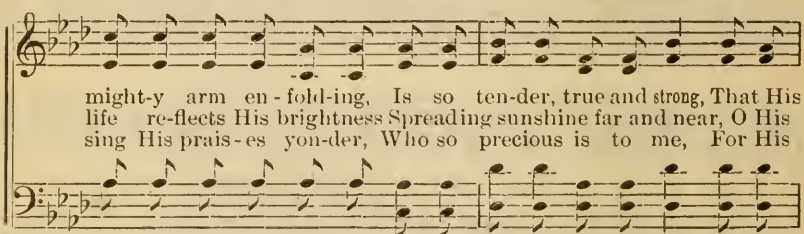
E. L. OZENDORFF.



1. I am hap-py, O so hap-py, All my life is one glad song;  
 2. O 'tis sweet to walk with Je-sus, For beneath His smile so dear,  
 3. If His smile thus blesses earth life, Then what rapture it will be

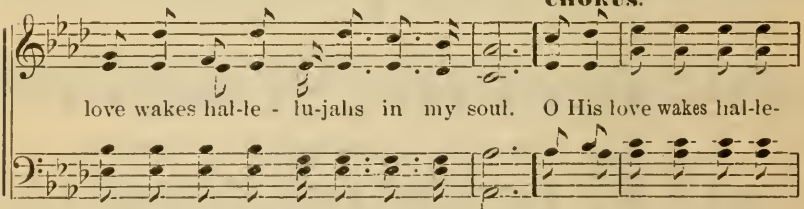


For my Sav-iour now hath tak-en full con-trol; And His  
 All earth's wea-ry shad-ows change to cloud-less light; While my  
 When I see the love-light beam-ing from His eye; I will

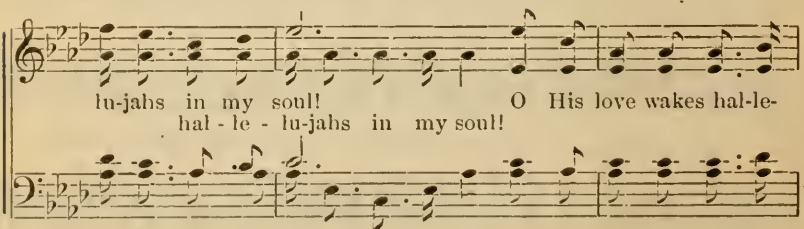


might-y arm en-fold-ing, Is so ten-der, true and strong, That His  
 life re-flects His brightness Spreading sunshine far and near, O His  
 sing His prais-es yon-der, Who so precious is to me, For His

## CHORUS.




love wakes hal-le-lu-jahs in my soul. O His love wakes hal-le-




lu-jahs in my soul! O His love wakes hal-le-  
 hal-le-lu-jahs in my soul!

# HIS LOVE WAKES HALLELUJAHs. Concluded.



lu-jahs in my soul; Love unchanging, boundless, free,  
hal - le - lu-jahs in my soul!



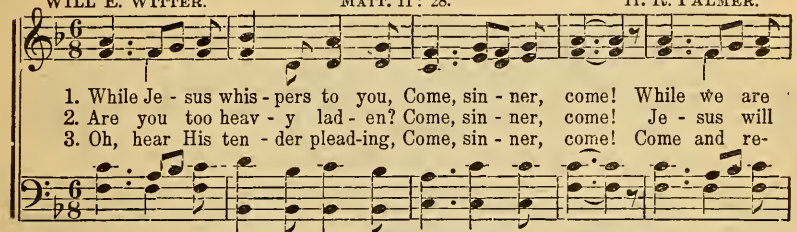
Without measure filling me, O His love wakes hallelujahs in my soul.

## 157. COME, SINNER, COME.

WILL E. WITTER.

MATT. 11 : 28.

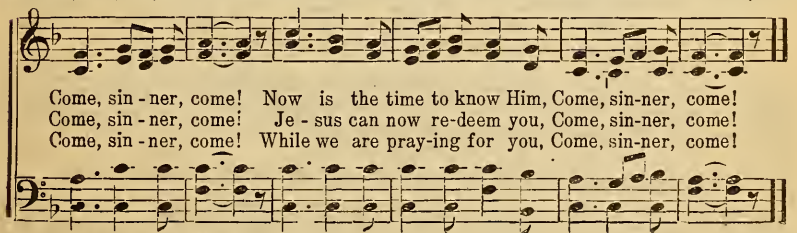
H. R. PALMER.



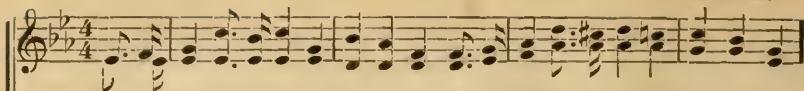
1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are  
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will  
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -




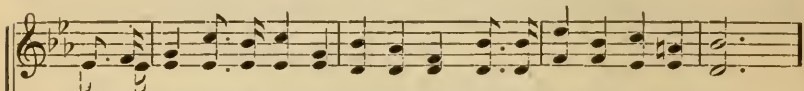
pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,  
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you,



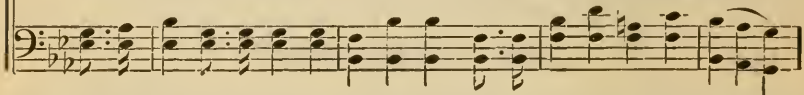
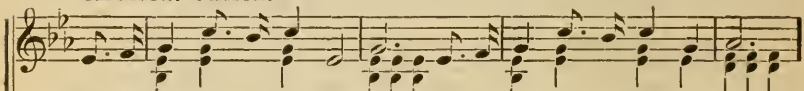
Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!



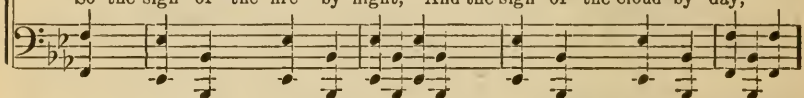
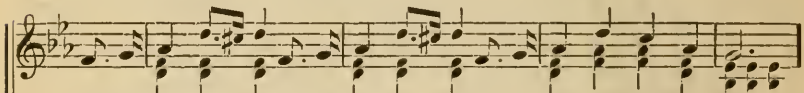
1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-ness to dwell,
2. To and fro, as a ship without a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the promise they were led;

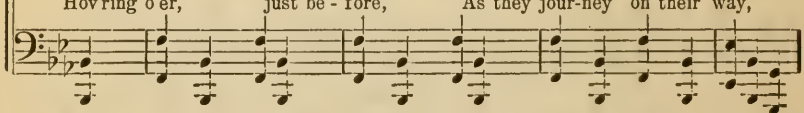
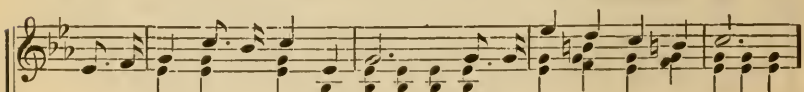
Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of per-fect day;  
But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.  
By the hand of the Lord in guidance sure, They were bro't to Ca-naan's shore.


**CHORUS. Unison.**


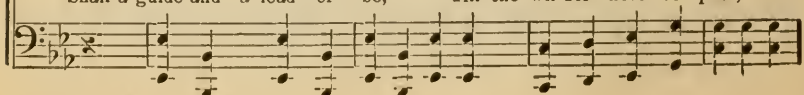
So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

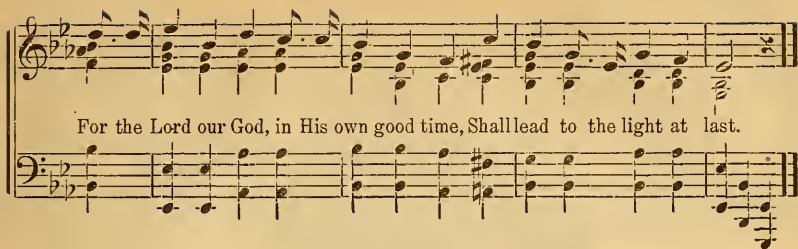
Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they jour-ney on their way,

Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil-der - ness be past,



# THE CLOUD AND FIRE. Concluded.

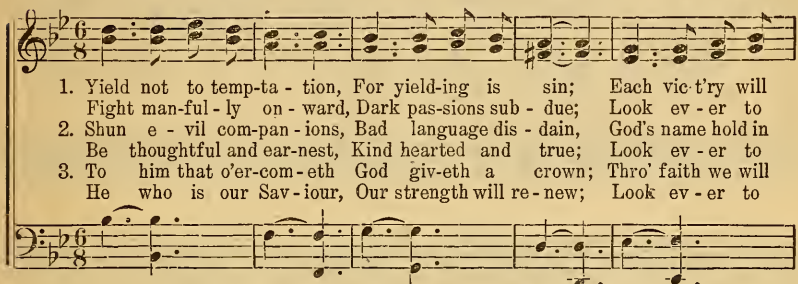


For the Lord our God, in His own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

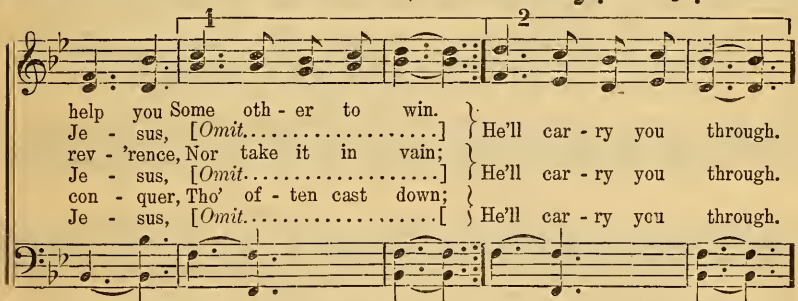
## No. 159. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

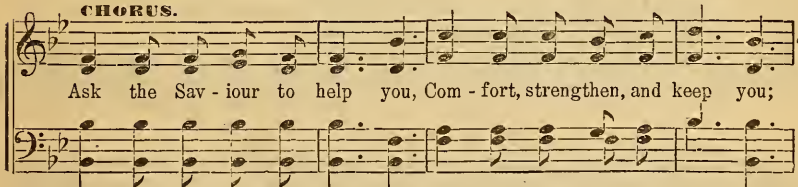


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic'try will Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas-sions sub - due; Look ev - er to
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in Be thoughtful and ear-nest, Kind hearted and true; Look ev - er to
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to

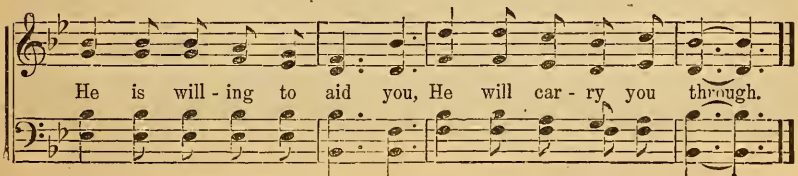


help you Some oth - er to win. } He'll car - ry you through.  
 Je - sus, [Omit.....] } He'll car - ry you through.  
 rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; } He'll car - ry you through.  
 Je - sus, [Omit.....] } He'll car - ry you through.  
 con - quer, Tho' of - ten cast down; }  
 Je - sus, [Omit.....] }

### CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

MINNE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Be stead - fast and true like Dan - iel tried of old, Who  
 2. No harm can be - fall a prec - ious child of God, If  
 3. If foes of the Lord should com - pass thee a - round, Ne'er

cared not for the King's command, But served the liv - ing God, They  
 he shall put his trust in Him, And ful - ly do His will; For  
 yield to one un - just de - mand, But to thy God be true; Be

sought for His life, But Daniel brave and bold, Es - caped all harm and  
 He will pro - tect, We read it in His word, No dan - ger should our  
 firm to His cause, In line with right be found, 'Gainst darkened princi -

**CHORUS.**

so shall we Who love and trust the Lord.  
 souls affright, Each promise He'll ful - fill. Then stand ye like Dan - iel  
 pals and pow'rs, As Dan - iel stood must you.

stand ye like Dan - iel, Stand ye like Dan - iel of old; Then stand ye like

# STAND YE LIKE DANIEL. Concluded.

Dan-iel, stand ye like Dan-iel, Stand ye like Dan-iel so bold.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

## No. 161.

## I REMEMBER CALVARY.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,  
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,  
3. Onward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Happy with Christ my Saviour near,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece includes triplet markings in both staves.

And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.  
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Calvary.  
Trusting that I some day shall see, Je-sus my Friend of Cal - va - ry.

The musical score continues with the same key signature and time signature. It includes triplet markings in both staves.

### CHORUS.

Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way,

The musical score for the chorus is written for voice and piano. It includes triplet markings in both staves.

He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

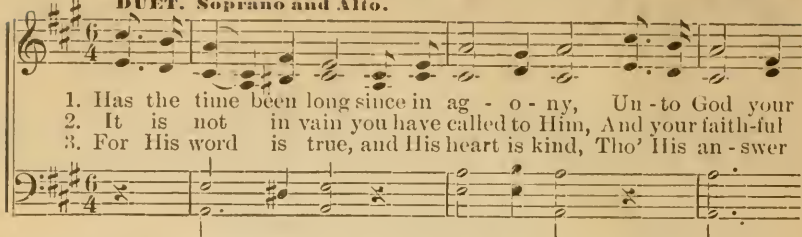
The musical score concludes with the same key signature and time signature. It includes triplet markings in both staves.

# No. 162. GOD WILL ANSWER A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

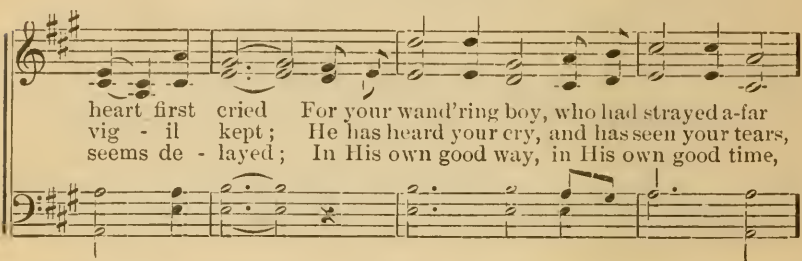
C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

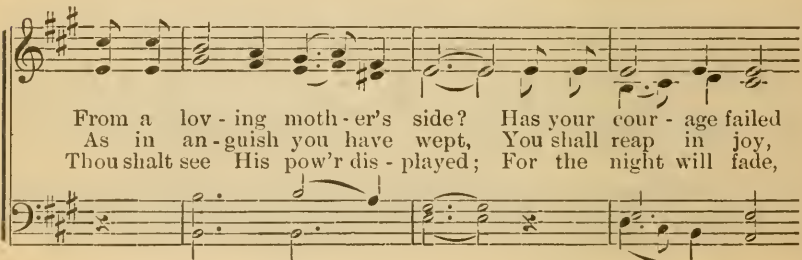
DUET. Soprano and Alto.



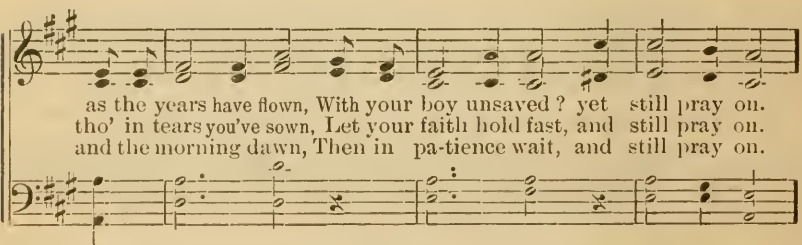
1. Has the time been long since in ag - o - ny, Un - to God your  
 2. It is not in vain you have called to Him, And your faith-ful  
 3. For His word is true, and His heart is kind, Tho' His an - swer



heart first cried For your wand'ring boy, who had strayed a-far  
 vig - il kept; He has heard your cry, and has seen your tears,  
 seems de - layed; In His own good way, in His own good time,

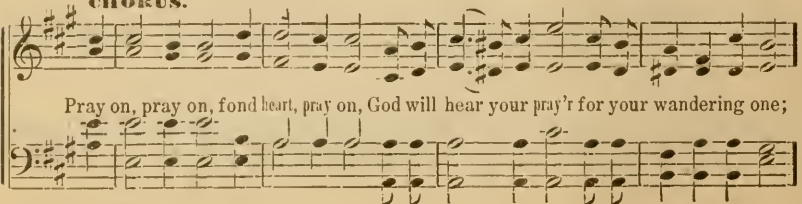


From a lov - ing moth - er's side? Has your cour - age failed  
 As in an - guish you have wept, You shall reap in joy,  
 Thou shalt see His pow'r dis - played; For the night will fade,



as the years have flown, With your boy unsaved? yet still pray on.  
 tho' in tears you've sown, Let your faith hold fast, and still pray on.  
 and the morning dawn, Then in pa-tience wait, and still pray on.

CHORUS.



Pray on, pray on, fond heart, pray on, God will hear your pray'r for your wandering one;

# GOD WILL ANSWER A MOTHER'S PRAYER. Concluded.

Tho' the years have been long, do not despair, God will an-swer a moth-er's pray'r.

## No. 163. I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.

C. P. J.

GEN. 32: 24-28.

C. P. JONES.

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,  
2. As Jac - ob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,  
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.  
And in-stant with a cour-age bold, I stood up - on His word.  
But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ, the Lord is here.

### CHORUS.

I would not be de - nied, I would not be de - nied,  
de - nied, de - nied,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.  
de-nied.

F. E. R.

F. E. RIMANOCZY. Alt. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. If you list - en you will hear a ten-der voice (hear a sweet voice),  
 2. Ma - ny wea - ry years have passed since first you heard (since you first heard),  
 3. List - en now to mer-cy's voice and then o - bey (hear and o-bey),

That will make your ver-y in-most soul re - joice (soul rejoice),  
 Of that wondrous love re - cord - ed in His word (pre - cious word),  
 Do not wait un - til a more con-ven-ient day (con-ven-ient day),

"Son I have purchased thee Sal - va - tion rich and free, I wait to  
 Love that still calls to thee, "Son, I have purchased thee" Sal - va - tion  
 Time is fast fleet-ing by, Judgment is draw-ing nigh, Do not your

**CHORUS.**

welcome thee," Come home to-night.  
 rich and free, Come home to-night. For the angels are sweetly singing,  
 God de - fy, Come home to-night.

He comes to-night, Shouting o'er the soul repenting He comes to-night;

# HE'S SAVED TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

All the hosts of heaven swell the chorus loud and bright, O glory he's saved to-night.

## No. 165. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

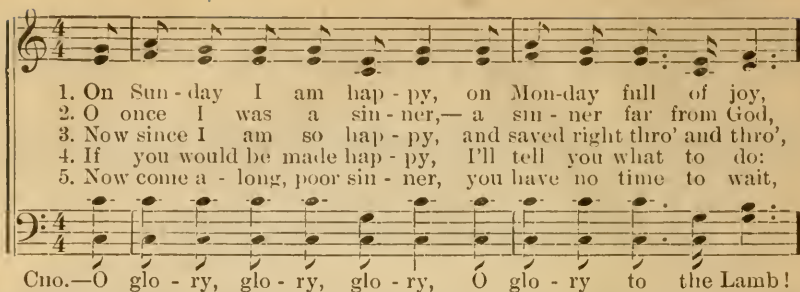
Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?  
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Is thy soul wearing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

### CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood, Cleansed and made

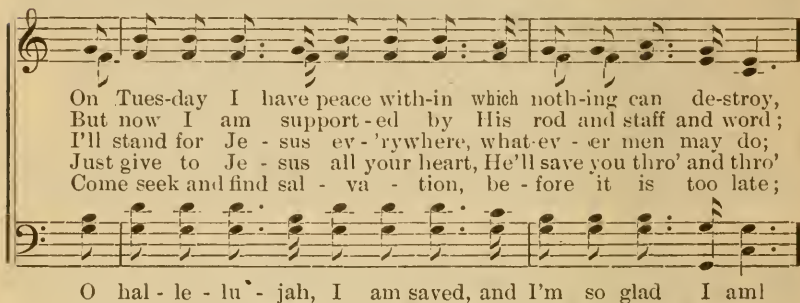
ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?....  
 of God?

Arr. for this Work.



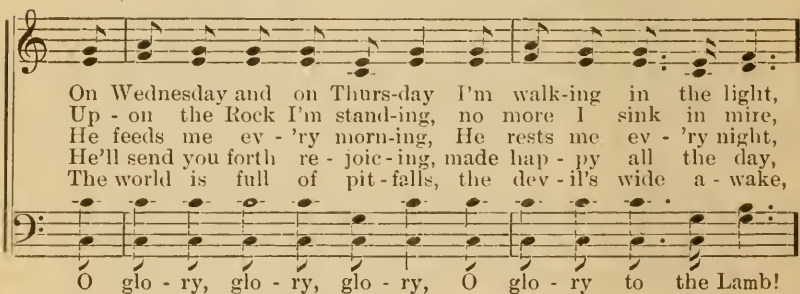
1. On Sun-day I am hap-py, on Mon-day full of joy,  
 2. O once I was a sin-ner,—a sin-ner far from God,  
 3. Now since I am so hap-py, and saved right thro' and thro',  
 4. If you would be made hap-py, I'll tell you what to do:  
 5. Now come a-long, poor sin-ner, you have no time to wait,

Cno.—O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O glo-ry to the Lamb!



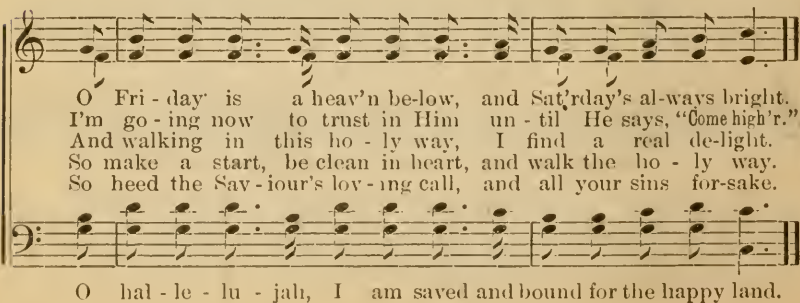
On Tues-day I have peace with-in which noth-ing can de-destroy,  
 But now I am support-ed by His rod and staff and word;  
 I'll stand for Je-sus ev-'rywhere, what-ev-er men may do;  
 Just give to Je-sus all your heart, He'll save you thro' and thro'  
 Come seek and find sal-va-tion, be-fore it is too late;

O hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved, and I'm so glad I am!



On Wednesday and on Thurs-day I'm walk-ing in the light,  
 Up-on the Rock I'm stand-ing, no more I sink in mire,  
 He feeds me ev-'ry morn-ing, He rests me ev-'ry night,  
 He'll send you forth re-joic-ing, made hap-py all the day,  
 The world is full of pit-falls, the dev-il's wide a-wake,

O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O glo-ry to the Lamb!

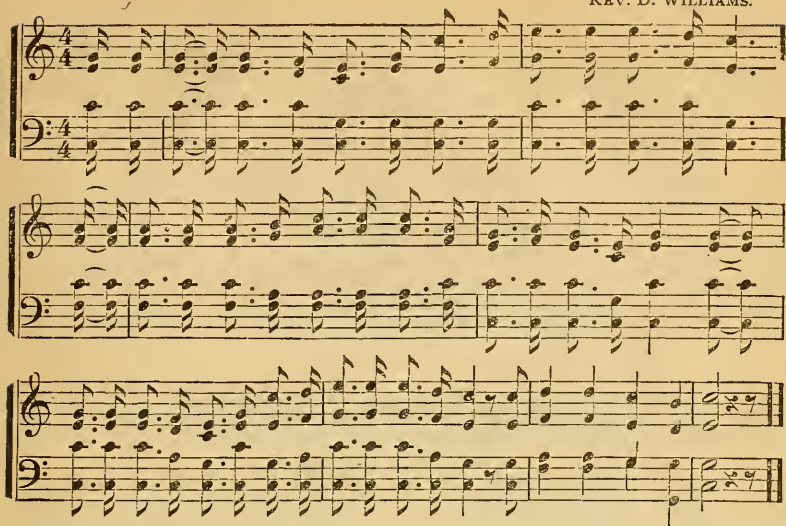


O Fri-day is a heav'n be-low, and Sat'rday's al-ways bright.  
 I'm go-ing now to trust in Him un-til He says, "Come high'r."  
 And walking in this ho-ly way, I find a real de-light.  
 So make a start, be clean in heart, and walk the ho-ly way.  
 So heed the Sav-iour's lov-ing call, and all your sins for-sake.

O hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved and bound for the happy land.

# No. 167. Salvation's Rolling On.\*

REV. D. WILLIAMS.



1 On the mountain of vision, what a glory  
we behold,  
A hundred years of victory are tinging  
earth with gold;  
And the glorious time is coming which the  
prophets long foretold.  
The Truth is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Salvation's rolling on.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley  
taught beyond the sea,  
And preached the great salvation which  
delivers you and me;  
And a million voices shout it,—“Redem-  
ption's full and free.”  
Salvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the  
vaulted city dome,  
From the dark and briny ocean, where our  
sailor brothers roam,  
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy  
harvest home.  
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hun-  
dred years of song,  
The Conqueror advances, and the time will  
not be long  
When he shall claim the heathen and over-  
throw the wrong.  
Our God is marching on.

5 And when the war is over, with the saints  
for evermore,  
On the blissful heights of Glory we will  
shout the battle o'er,  
And in the Golden City we will join the  
Conqueror.  
Forever marching on.

\*The Chorus, “Glory, hallelujah,” is so familiar that the music need not be repeated.

# No. 168. His Church is Marching On.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage  
Where the grapes of wrath are stored  
He has loosed the faithful lightnings  
Of his great two-edged sword.  
His church is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
His church is marching on.

2 He has sounded forth the trumpet  
That shall never call retreat,  
He's sifting out the hearts of men  
Before the judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him,  
Be jubilant, my feet.  
His church is marching on.

3 From morning's early watches,  
Till the setting of the sun,  
We will never flag nor falter  
In the work we have begun,  
Till the forts have all surrendered,  
And the victory is won.  
His church is marching on.

4 Our trust is in Jehovah,  
And our cause is in his care;  
With Almighty arms to help us,  
We have faith to do and dare,  
While confiding in the promise  
That the Lord will answer prayer.  
His church is marching on.

5 In an humble place of refuge,  
Christ was born across the sea,  
With the glory in his bosom  
That transfigures you and me;  
Since he died to make men holy,  
Let us strive to holy be.  
His church is marching on.

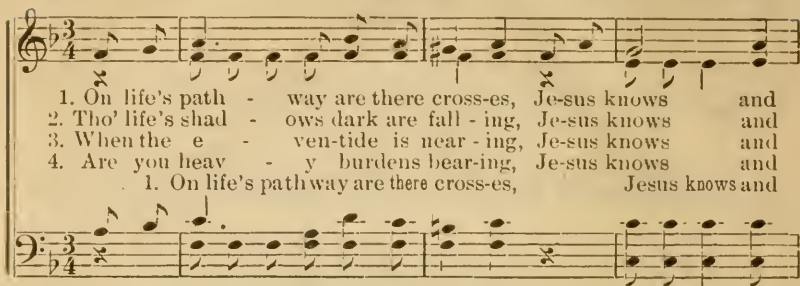
# No. 169. JESUS KNOWS AND CARES.

Sung at the funeral of our sainted W. A. Dodge, as a comforting message to

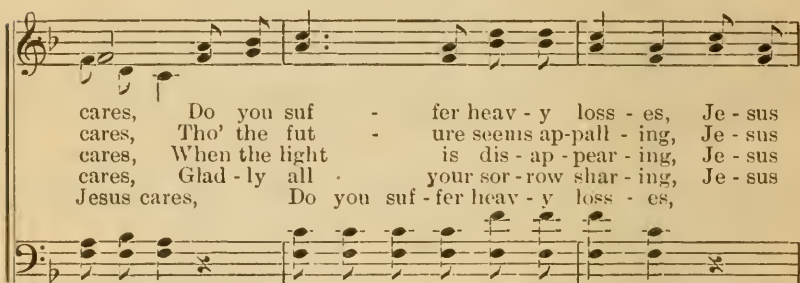
M. S.

those he left.

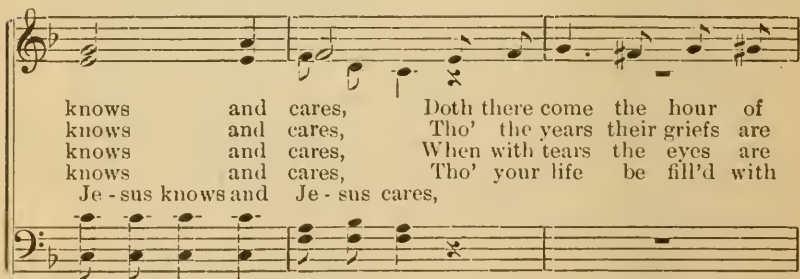
MARGARET SCHULTZ.



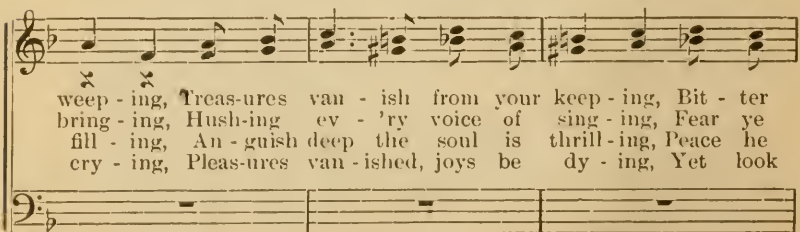
1. On life's path - way are there cross-es, Je-sus knows and  
 2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall - ing, Je-sus knows and  
 3. When the e - ven-tide is near - ing, Je-sus knows and  
 4. Are you heav - y burdens bear-ing, Je-sus knows and  
 1. On life's pathway are there cross-es, Jesus knows and



cares, Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es, Je - sus  
 cares, Tho' the fut - ure seems ap-pall - ing, Je - sus  
 cares, When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus  
 cares, Glad - ly all your sor - row shar - ing, Je - sus  
 Jesus cares, Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es,



knows and cares, Doth there come the hour of  
 knows and cares, Tho' the years their griefs are  
 knows and cares, When with tears the eyes are  
 knows and cares, Tho' your life be fill'd with  
 Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares,



weep - ing, Treas - ures van - ish from your keep - ing, Bit - ter  
 bring - ing, Hush - ing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing, Fear ye  
 fill - ing, An - guish deep the soul is thrill - ing, Peace he  
 cry - ing, Pleas - ures van - ished, joys be dy - ing, Yet look

# JESUS KNOWS AND CARES. Concluded.

pain your heart be reap-ing; Je-sus knows and cares.  
 not, the cry is ring-ing; Je-sus knows and cares.  
 brings, his heart is will-ing; Je-sus knows and cares.  
 up be-yond the sigh-ing; Je-sus knows and cares.  
 bitter pain your heart be reap-ing; Jesus knows and Jesus cares.

## No. 170. I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

Words and music adapted and arranged by W. J. K.

1. O I left it all with Je-sus, long a - go, long a - go, My  
 2. O I leave it all with Je-sus, for He knows, for He knows, Just  
 2. O I leave it all with Je-sus, day by day, day by day, My

*D.C.* From my wea-ry heart the bur-den roll'd a - way, roll'd a - way, And  
*D.C.* Then with all my weakness, leaning on His might, on His might, My  
*D.C.* And O! it is joy of heav-en to a - bide, to a - bide, Close

**Fine.**

sin - ful-ness I brought Him and my woe; And when by faith I  
 how to take the bit - ter from life's woes, And how to guild the  
 faith can firm - ly trust Him, come what may, For hope has dropped her

now I'm sing-ing glo - ry, hap - py day.  
 soul sings hal - le - lu - jah, all is light.  
 to my dear Re-deem-er, at His side.

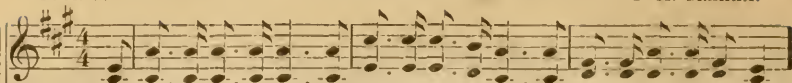
**D. C.**

saw Him on the tree, And heard His still small whisper, "Tis for thee,"  
 tear-drop with His smile, To make the des-ert gar - den bloom a-while;  
 an-chor, found her rest, With - in the calm sure ha - ven of His breast;

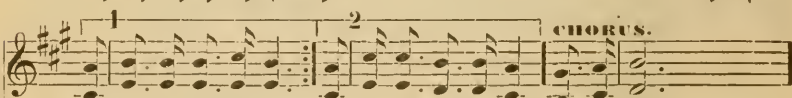
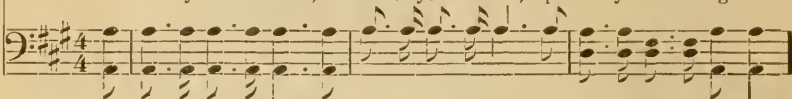
# No. 171. THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G.

F. M. GRAHAM.



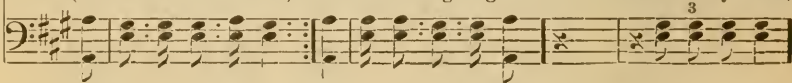
1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,  
My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,  
But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,  
Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set- tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,  
I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,  
And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it



For sins yet un-for-giv'n;  
(Omit . . . . .) And set-tled long a-go.  
And nev-er tried to pay;  
(Omit . . . . .) And set-tled long a-go.  
And can not find a thing;  
(Omit . . . . .) And set-tled long a-go.  
And praise Him for His love;  
(Omit . . . . .) And set-tled long a-go.  
If you would en-ter in;  
(Omit . . . . .) You set-tled long a-go.

Long a-go,

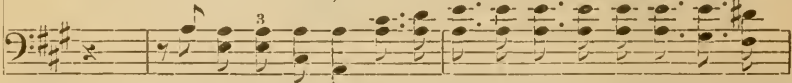
Down on my knees,



Long a-go,

I set-tled it all,

Yes, the old ac-count was set-tled long a-



go;

Hal-le-lu-jah!

And the rec-ord's clear to-day, For He



# THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO. Concluded.

washed my sins a-way, When the old account was set-tled long a-go.

## No. 172. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,  
child to re-ceive, Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gen-tly;  
grace can re-store: Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,  
Lord will provide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.  
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. } Res-cue the per-ish-ing,  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has come.

Care for the dy-ing: Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

# No. 173. NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"He looked for a city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—

HEB. 11: 10.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN.

Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.

1. Christ went a build-ing to pre - pare, Not made with hands, And 'twill be decked with  
 2. Put on the ar - mor of our God, Not made with hands, And take the path our  
 3. With shield of faith de - fy the foe, Not made with hands, Un - til you hear the  
 4. That cit-y's built with precious stone, Not made with hands, With-in we'll gath-er

CHORUS.

jew - els rare, Not made with hands. I know, I know, I  
 Cap-tain trod, Not made with hands.  
 trum-pet blow, Not made with hands.  
 round the throne, Not made with hands. I know, I know,

have an-oth-er build-ing; I know, I know, Not made with hands.  
 I know, I know,

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# No. 174. OLD HUNDRED.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels guide, uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;  
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

**CHORUS.**

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;  
 Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Till we meet, till we meet again,

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